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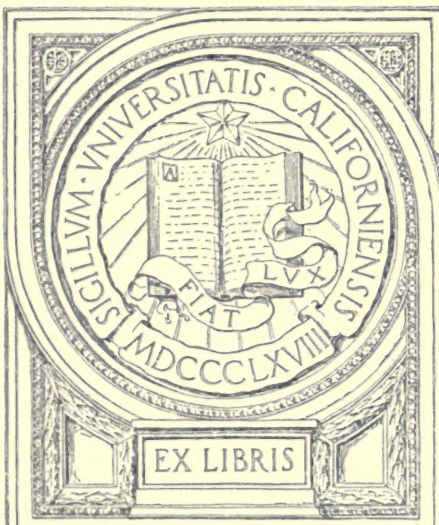

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COLLECTION

OF

PLAYS.

VOL. 12.

EURIPIDES'S

Alcestis Burlesqued.

BY

ISSACHAR STYRKE, Gent.

Laudatus abundè,
Si fastiditus non tibi, Lector, ero.
Ovid.

LONDON:
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1816

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

EURIPIDES'S

Electra & Orestes.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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THE ARGUMENT.

READER, the subject of this drama,
Written in *Alpha-Beta-Gamma*
By one *Euripides*, a wight
Who thought he could make money by 't,
Is after this sort and condition,
As *Gaisford* has 't in his edition. —
There some one eked it out in *Greek* hath,
But here it in plain *English* speaketh. —
Admetus, tempted by fine weather,
Thought fit to rake his hay together,
So trotted it afield. When, lo!
From head to foot, from top to toe
The clouds, that could not hold their water,
Must needs *His Mightiness* bespatter.
And 't would have slain him, sure as fate,
Had not *Apollo* hied him straight
To where the *Wisards* live, — to ask
That he might yet in sunshine bask;
Which they permitted him to do,
If some one else would die in lieu.
This, when his father and his mother
Refused, and made about 't much pother,
His rib consented to. On this
She set out on the road to *Dis*,
Escorted by a lank, lean dunce,
Nicknamed *Rawheadandbloodybones*.

And

430561

And thither she'd arrived, — had not
A broadback'd, weatherbeaten sot,
Hight *Hercules*, by some good chance
Ta'en 't into 's head that way to dance.
He, having learn'd the state of th' case,
Arm'd him of pistols with a brace,
And, with a hanger by his side,
Went to fetch back *Admetus'* bride,—
O'ertook *Rawheadandbloodybones*,
And laid him sprawling on the stones.
Alceste, recover'd in this wise,
He muffles up in strange disguise,
So that *Admetus* could not ken
The partner of his bed agen.
Moreover he proceeds to pass
Her off for some sleek, smockfaced lass,
Whom he had won, all fair and plump,
At game ycleped *hop-stride-and-jump*;
And so requests that he 'd take care of
The prize he had the luck to bear off,
Until from *Hyberborean* bourn
(Where 's bus'ness lay) he should return.
At this *Admetus* humm'd and ha'd,
With doleful teen all sick and sad,
Thinking that it would be amassing
Woe on woe, if he took this lass in;
For well he knew, that oft to scandal
Minutest things will lend a handle.
While he was gnawing 's mutton fist,
Like gamester hard put to 't at whist,
Old *Hercules* unveils the face
Of this strange, mumming, hoodwink'd lass,

When

When — who d' you think should stand confess'd
But *King Admetus'* rib *Alceste?* ——
Such is the plot of this great play,
That I 've deck'd out in droll array,
Or burlesque, — which to understand
I beg you 'll take the *Greek* in hand
By *Gaisford* clad in *Oxford* dress, or
As cleansed by th' *Cambridge Greek Professor.*
The num'rals, of each page at th' head,
Will guide you to 't, like clue of thread.
If you have any fault to find
With th' author of 't, nor to your mind
He order'd has his *q's* and *p's*,—
Don't blame me, but *Euripides.*
The fault 's with him,— I'm his succeeder;
So fare you well, good *Master Reader.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

APOLLO; *the god of fiddling and fortunetelling, at this time shepherd to* Admetus.

RAWHEADANDBLOODYBONES; *Chaplain to the* Wisards, *Porter to the* Infernals, &c. &c.

CHORUS *of Tenants. In one passage of the play they divide into two parts; each of which acts separately, and from that circumstance is known by the appellation of*

SEMICHORUS.

LADY'S MAID; *to* Alcestis *to wit.*

ALCESTIS *or* ALCESTE (*see* Hudib. Part I. cant. 1. 457—62); *daughter of* Pelias, *and wife to* Admetus.

FOOTMAN; *to* Admetus.

ADMETUS; *King of* Pheræ.

EUMELUS; *son to the same.*

HERCULES; *a famed Knight-errant so called, and a friend to* Admetus.

PHERES; *father to* Admetus.

SCENE; Pheræ, *a town of* Thessaly.

EURIPIDES'S
ALCESTIS BURLESQUED.

1—10.

(Enter Apollo, *armed with a blunderbuss.)*

Apollo. KNOW ye, assembled here to greet us,
This house belongs to *King Admetus;*
Where I, each day's work done, am fed
On porridge thick, and coarse brown-bread,
God as I am: and how it is
That I've no better fare than this,
To tell you I am bound in justice.
Jove then, (d' ye know?) who hard as crust is,
One day, by purest malice led,
Made bold to knock my son o' th' head
With a stout broom-stick. I, on fire,
And glowing quite red-hot with ire,
Whipp'd it, as quick as some men fly,
To th' broom-stick manufactory,
Nor paused, till I had pinn'd to th' wall
'pprentices, journeymen, and all;
Which done in six min'tes or else seven,
Jove fairly kick'd me out of heaven.
On this, in quest of board and bed,
Expell'd from home, my way I sped
To *Pheres'* son, an honest man,
And here my shepherd's life began.
With him I have no fault to find,
For he 's a master to my mind.
It happen'd on *St. Swithin's* day,
As he was out a making hay,
A storm came down with rattling din,
And splash'd till he was wet to th' skin.

This

10——18.

This laid him up; and spite of quacking
His soul had well nigh gone a packing.
I, putting on a yard-long face,
As fearful I should lose my place,
Saddled *Old Meg* with might and main,
And gallop'd like a hurricane
To *Death's Head Hall;* — where th' *Wisard Sisters*
Sit throned, all squash'd with boils and blisters.
Arrived, I begg'd that they would spare
Old *Pheres'* hopeful son and heir,
His timeless death-warrant rescind,
Nor mix his life so soon with th' wind:
Yet, spite of all persuasive diction,
I gain'd not this without restriction:
'Tis true they did excuse the brute,
If he would find a substitute; —
They 'd grant no more, — nor swerve therefrom
For all the gold in *Christendom.*
Admetus straightway, with great pother,
First went to one friend, then another,
And tried them one by one; but they
Return'd him for their answer — Nay.
Next with his sire and dam he tampers,
But they both cry they 'll see him d——d first.
His rib he last of all then teased,
Liking to part with her the least;
And she, so much does she adore him,
Says that with pleasure she 'll die for him.

And

18——40.

And now, by th' cramp all bent and crooked,
She bids fair soon to kick the bucket.
I therefore, frighten'd for my nose,
T' escape the stench of death-bed cloaths,
Fancied it best to steer my course
Where th' air was sweeter than in-doors.
—What do I see? Hist! who comes here?
Rawheadandbloodybones, I swear—
Chaplain to th' *Wisards*. I'll be mess'd
If he 's not come to fetch *Alceste*.
Egad! he 's nick'd so well the day,
He must have done't by *Algebra*.

(*Enter* Rawheadandbloodybones.)

Rawh. Holla! holla! hoa! hoa! ha! ha!
What are you doing here? what bus'ness about?
I can do full as well your presence without.
I suppose by your calculations you have reckon'd
To cheat me again out of carcase the second.
Not content to have held back *Admetus*, my due,
Would you snatch from my fingers his bedfellow too, —
Who has pledged herself henceforth from this world to pass
For her spouse, like a true chip of old *Pelias*?

Apollo. Hark you, my friend, my cause is good,
By which I have so firmly stood.

Rawh. What? his cause good, or he love justice,
In blunderbuss and slugs whose trust is?

Apollo. These are no more than what befit us,
When we go fowling for *Admetus*.

Rawh.

Rawh. Humph! to all that: it looks not well
That thou should'st here stand centinel.
Apollo. My master is so woe-begone,
That he will be at home to none.
Rawh. Dost think again, in my despite,
To bilk me of my lawful right?
Apollo. I bilk thee? prithee, what dost mean?
The deed was honest, pure, and clean.
Rawh. How is 't then that *Admetus* is
I' th' upper world still? Solve me this.
Apollo. Because the partner of his bed
Has promised she 'll move off instead.
Rawh. Ay; and I 'm come to take her hence;
So meddle not, if thou hast sense.
Apollo. Then take her, and be d——d to thee,
Thou lump of sheer stupidity!
Rawh. Stupidity, as thou dost call 't,
When duty urges, is no fault.
Apollo. If at this trade thou 'lt still be trying,
Take those whose age is ripe for dying.
Rawh. Well said, i' th' name of all that 's witty!
I see thou know'st what 's young and pretty.
Apollo. Then I suppose *Alceste* may stay
Till her brown hair be turn'd quite grey.
Rawh. No — that she shan't. The younger she,
The better, worthier prize for me.
Apollo. How 's that? If young or old you kill,
A carcase is a carcase still.

Rawh.

54——67.

Rawh. True; but 'tis thought more creditable
To grapple with the young and able;
Clawing a beldam yields no honour,
When death, with all it's weight, 's upon her.
Apollo. But men, when age lays low their head,
Are buried in gold-dust, 'tis said;
Therefore 'twere better ten times told
To let them languish till they're old.
Rawh. Zlid! but 'twould be a law most foul,
If life and cash went cheek by jowl, —
Apollo. Ah! that 's a happy thought, I vow,
I knew not you could reason so.
Rawh. — For then 'twere not the hale and strongest,
But th' richest that would live the longest.
Apollo. Come, favour me this once. *Rawh.* I won't;
Nor would I, if your life were on't.
'Tis not my nature to grow mellow.
Apollo. Then you're a sturdy, churlish fellow.
Rawh. With all my heart, — as long as you
Cheat not your neighbours of their due.
Apollo. Egad! if I am not mista'en,
You 'll quickly low'r that haughty strain.
A wight will this way soon be hopping,
Who 'll clip your wings, and claw your topping:
He 's on his journey setting forth,
And means to pass this way for th' North
On bus'ness, — vested with full pow'r
To seize *King Di'med's* coach and four.

With

With us his purpose to take rest is,
So you 'll be sly to get *Alcestis*.
He 'll give *Admetus* back his bride,
And drub you heartily beside;
While you will have no credit given
For doing what to do you 're driven.

Rawh. Talk as you like; for all you 've said
Shall stand you in but little stead.
I 'll take her with me, you shall see;
The dev'l himself shan't hinder me.
And so I 'm gone to be at hand
To tap her with my magick wand;
Which talismanick mark once put on,
She 's mine forthwith, and dead as mutton.

(Exeunt.)

(*Enter* Chorus.)

Chor. 'Tis strange, by my soul, that of wind not a squall
Can be heard; 'tis so still, one might hear a pin fall.

Sem. 'Tis strange, sure enough; and there 's no one from whom
One may learn what 's the cause of this silence and gloom.
I wish that *Alceste*, if she must yield the ghost,
Would do it at once, without further time lost.
She was a good wife, and was young, more 's the pity,—
So, when dead, we will give her a superfine ditty.

Sem. List awhile, if mayhap ye the passing-bell hear;
Or hath whining i' th' house chanced to strike on your ear?

Sem. I hear not a whimper; — there 's no one about,
To extricate us from this trouble and doubt.

Sem.

90——113.

Sem. If she 's not too far gone, for *Admetus's* sake
I could wish she had some wholesome physick to take.
Sem. She 's alive still, depend on 't; or else from within
Of groaning and moaning we 'd heard the loud din:
Nor can I persuade me that, expence to save,
They would privately hug out her carcase to th' grave.
Sem. Why — that needs some proving: but tell me with speed
On what grounds and what reasons you 've founded your creed.
Sem. On what grounds? why — I deem it absurd, you must know,
To conceive he could bury so good a wife so.
Sem. Ne'ertheless, 'tis most odd that there 's no undertaker,
Nor sexton with spade into th' pitfall to rake her.
By my troth! not a symptom of death's in the house,
But all is as quiet and still as a mouse.
Sem. Yet I 've heard —
Sem. Ah! what 's that? You have heard — do you say?
Sem. — That the *Wisards* won't let her live over this day.
Sem. Then there is no chance left. — 'Tis a pity, G—d wot,
That *Alceste* should so soon be condemn'd to go rot.

Chor. Well; all we can do
Is to vent out our woe,
And blubber and sob
At this ill-fated job.
The louder we cheer her,
Our grief the sincerer.
Go all the world over,
There 's none can recover
What *Old Nick* has once thought
Ripe for going to pot.

Steer

Steer your course to *Avatskha*,
Where white bears are and rats grey;
Or put spurs on, and drive
To where th' *Hottentots* live,—
At the best 'twere but saunt'ring
After *Jack-with-a-lantern*.
What is to be, must;
And what dies will be dust,
Though you have the priest hired
To say pray'rs till he's tired.
Yet, if *Æsculapius*
Were but here and could see us,
Although she were dead,
And gone to her death-bed,
He would soon bring to life
King Admetus's wife,
And in his arms carry
Her away from *Old Harry*.
These pranks he would play,
When alive, ev'ry day.
He was some such thing doing,
When *Old Jove* work'd his ruin,
And, before he cried O!
With a broom laid him low.
But, as he 's out of th' way,
And will be so for aye,
She must do as she can,
There is no other plan.

131——148.

And besides, as the parson has tried all he could,
Has pray'd to no purpose, nor done any good,
'Twould be but a useless consumption of labour
To try to persuade *Old Rawhead* not to nab her.

(*Enter* Lady's Maid.)

But here comes one of th' maids, I see,
Weeping aloud most woefully.
'Tis a good mark in her; this distress
Shows her affection for her mistress.
How is it with *Alceste*, my lass?
Alive? or has she got her pass?

L. M. It is not easy to be said
Whether she be alive or dead.

Chor. Dead or alive, I 'm nothing loath
To say that she cannot be both.

L. M. It is a ticklish point; there 's doubt
Which leg is in for 't, and which out.

Chor. For th' nerves of th' husband most I fear,
Who will have such a loss to bear.

L. M. How that will be, one may tell best,
When 'tis all over with *Alceste*.

Chor. Is there some chance then that she may
Still come about again, I pray?

L M. Not much of that: if I am right,
She'll hop the twig before to-night.

Chor. What — then you mean to have her hurried
To th' grave directly, to be buried?

L. M

L. M. Yes, all is ready; mourning-rings,
And crape, and twenty other things.
Chor. Well; one may safely say, this done,
She was the best wife under th' sun.
L. M. That 's sure enough; who dares deny 't,
Deserves to be dispatch'd outright.
'Tis plain beyond dispute that no man
E'er wived it with so good a woman,
As by her conduct poor *Alceste*
Has fairly put it to the test.
Indeed through ev'ry part of th' town
Her character flies up and down:
But I 've a mind that you should hear
The bent of each particular;
For, when 'tis in your ear once sounded,
I 'm sure you will be quite astounded.
Then — you must know as soon as she
Saw clearly how it was to be,
And th' day had dawn'd, when she must go
To join hands with the shades below,
She stripp'd herself stark-naked to jump
Into a tub of water plump.
Next, putting on her Sunday cloaths,
Her best pelisse, and snow-white hose,
Which from her wardrobe out she took,
Thus to her guardian *Sylph* she spoke:
" Farewell, dear *Sylph*; for I this day
" Am going down to th' shades, they say,

" And

163——174.

" And so, before I 'm gone, commit
" To you my chitlings, as is fit;
" The one a lad, I 'd have you know,
" The other is a girl, I trow.
" Now, what I ask to give you 're able,
" And sure 'tis not unreasonable;
" For th' first, when he 's of man's estate,
" I beg you 'll seek a fitting mate;—
" And, as for th' girl, I hope you 'll find
" For her a husband to her mind.
" Then let them live till they are old,
" And three or four-score years have told;
" Nor seek that country, from whose bourn
" No traveller did e'er return,
" So soon as I, — who, 'stead of sev'nty,
" Am this day scarce turn'd two-and-twenty."
Her pray'r well sped, to th' *Sylph* she offers
Her trinkets, which she had in coffers:
Posies she next essays to bring,
With all the flow'ry bloom of spring;
Stockgilliflow'rs, and rosemary,
And sprigs pluck'd from the myrtle-tree; —
As knowing well that favours bought
Are surer than when ask'd for nought.
And, though 'twas fear'd grief would annul her,
She flinch'd not once, nor once changed colour;
But nathless look'd as lovely still
As she 'd had happiness at will.

174——186.

But when, as luck would have 't, she spied
The bed, where oft she lay by th' side
Of her good man, — she could contain
No longer, but to tears gave rein.
" Farewell, (quoth she) farewell, dear bed,
" Where erst I lost my maidenhead,
" In honest sort too, — which is more
" Than some folks have done heretofore, —
" Witness my spouse, for whom I die
" This day, and that most willingly.
" 'Tis true that had I ne'er been wedded,
" Nor on thee with *Admetus* bedded,
" I had not died thus immaturely;
" But that 's no fault of thine, most surely.
" And yet 'twere better I should die
" Than *King Admetus* by the by;
" For, had he drunk of death 's decoction,
" Thou 'dst been put up for sale by auction.
" But now some other dame will fall
" On thee instead of me, — that 's all;
" A better wife, i' faith! not she,
" Although a luckier p'rhaps than me."
She spoke; and fell flat as a flounder,
To th' 'stonishment of all around her;
While her big tears, as down they troll,
Wet blankets, counterpane, and all.
At last, when she could weep no more,
She trundled off from th' bed to th' floor:

And

186——197.

And, when she walk'd away and mourn'd,
To th' bed as often she return'd;
And stuck so close, 'twas thought that never
She could herself from it dissever.
Her brats too, one on either side,
Hung on her skirts, and sobb'd, and cried:
O! 't would have made a heart of rock
Of anguish feel the keenest shock,
T' have seen her clasp her babies tight
First to her left breast, then her right.
For, as her hour was coming fast,
She knew it would be squeeze the last;
And, as she 'd not much time to boast of,
Thought that it should be made the most of.
The servants next, who there might be,
Roar'd it aloud most lustily,
As little relishing the sight
Of *Alceste* in such woeful plight.
She on no scruples chose to stand,
But took us each and all by th' hand,
And chatted with us ev'ry one,—
E'en *Dandleslop*, the scullion.
This doleful news is not o'er-rated,
Nor is my tale exaggerated.
Now, had *Admetus* died at once,
And hang'd himself up for the nonce,
'Tis plain he would have gone to th' devil,
But 'twould have cut short all this evil;

And he had better have done thus
Than have occasion'd all this fuss.

Chor. What? does it move him then to see
His *Alceste* in such misery?

L. M. O! yes, the cuddy has some feeling,
As he shows clearly by his squealing.
Sometimes in both his arms he 'd seize her,
And with his mutton-fists would squeeze her, —
Call her his darling, — and entreat
That she would not forsake him yet.
But 'tis too late; for she, all sallow
And wan, dissolves away like tallow.
O! I shall ne'er forget when she,
Wishing the sun once more to see,
Tugg'd it, in spite of all her pain,
To cast her eyes that way again;
Well knowing she should ne'er behold
That glitt'ring lump of solar gold
I' th' nether globe, — where some men think
That all is dark, and black as ink.
And though, with much ado, she once
Managed to prop her drooping sconce,
This was no sooner done, alack!
Than her weak arm fell dangling back.
— But I 'll be off, and tell them straight
That you 're a waiting at the gate.
When th' landlord's fortune 's at an ebb,
And he himself is down i' th' neb,

210——224.

Then th' tenants seldom will stick true; —
But that is not the case with you.
And, therefore, since you are so handy,
You each shall have a glass of brandy.
(*Exit* Lady's Maid.)

Chor. There 'll be no end, I do aver,
Of this our lamentation,
Unless *Old Jove* will interfere,
And stop our tribulation.
I 'm thinking whether 'twould be best
To wait till she comes out again,
Or in our sable weeds get dress'd,
And th' funeral hymn now shout amain.
(*Redit* Lady's Maid.)

L. M. Odd's rabbit it! 'tis all a hum. —
If you were a mob-orator,
And were to pray till th' crack of doom,
You 'd ne'er be one whit forwarder.
Yet still we 'll leave the gods no rest
In spite of inutility,
But clapperclaw them, at the least,
To th' best of our ability.
Here goes then: — *Phœbus*, god of ills,
Professor of chirurgery,
Bring balsams, oxymel of squills,
And all the host of surgery.
'Tis now, or never, with *Alceste*, —
Emplasters fetch for salving her; —

Help!

224——236.

Help! save! or else she 'll be at rest
I' th' grave in less than half-an-hour.
The deeds, thou hast done heretofore,
Repeat, if words have any weight;
For, where there was of need before
A grain, there 's now a pennyweight.

(Exit in a canter.)

Chor. By *Fortune* thus cross'd,
What a wife you have lost,
Son of *Pheres;* — 'tis hard
That you should be so marr'd.
One had better be hang'd
Fifty times, or be bang'd
With bludgeons to death,
Till one lost all one's breath,
Than be overwhelm'd so
With a mountain of woe.
Such a woman is not
Nowadays to be got.
You 'll ne'er buy one so bonny
For love or for money;
Nor at any time meet
With a temper so sweet;
Nor by any chance find
Such a richly-stored mind.
By my troth! 'tis a true ill
To lose such a jewel.

(*Enter* Alcestis *attended by her two children and* Admetus.)

But,

But, see,—here she is
With her lantern-jaw'd phiz,
Ill-complexion'd, and pale,
And along scarce can trail.
Like a dab-chick lobsided
Poor *Admetus* too, nigh dead
With grief at the sight,
All in sorrowful plight,
Hobbles on as he can.
How I pity the man!
Ye mountains all yellow
With corn, cry and bellow:
For such lamentation
Well suits the occasion.
Matrimony 's but a pest,
And a painful thing at best;
It needs no pig-wisdom to see
That marriage is but misery.
Who 'd take *Admetus*' place just now?
None but a mad-man would, I trow.
Deprived thus of the best of wives,
He 'll ne'er be happy while he lives.

Alcest. O! Sun, endow'd with wings to fly,
Ye clouds, that wrack along the sky,—
Adm. Bear witness, Sun, and clouds, and sky,
That we are used most wrongfully.
Alcest. Adieu! ye fields, farewell the house,
Where oft I 've lain with this my spouse.

Adm.

257——272.

Adm. Hold up your head, my dear; and pray
That th' gods won't hurry you away.
Alcest. Yonder 's that hellish tar *Old Charon,*
This way with saucer-eyes a staring;
He has already got afloat,
And 's heaving-to his crazy boat:
" Hoa! stir your stumps," — I hear him say, —
" I can't be saunt'ring here all day."
These preparations all agog,
'Tis plain that I must quickly mog.
Adm. That voyage, I do greatly fear,
Will be much more than I can bear.
Ah! woe is me! I 'm so forlorn,
I would that I had ne'er been born.
Alcest. Something claws me, —
Pluto draws me
Far away
From realms of day.
'Tis he, I know,
By his dark brow.
Wings too he 's got
As black as soot.
There, — there, — dost see?
I 'm sure 'tis he.
Do not grasp me, (*to* Admetus.)
Cease to clasp me!
I must go
To th' shades below,

And,

272——292.

And, sure as *Fate*,
Knock at *Hell-gate*.

Adm. What will your friends do? what shall I,
And your two chitlings, if you die?

Alcest. Would I were
No longer here,—
Hold me, or I shall fall in spite;
I scarce can stand,—
Old Death's at hand,
And gapes, and mistifies me quite.
Children, farewell,
Heav'n speed you well!
I scarce can speak, my mouth 's so clammy;
I 'd have you know
Things soon will show
That 'tis all over with your mammy.

Adm. How shall I escape from this terrible bout?
Or how shall I live my bedfellow without?
To die were a trifle to this, I 'll be sworn;
'Tis a tun-weight of woe, that is not to be born.
My children to boot I much fear this mishap
Will cut off, as they are yet accustom'd to pap.
But get up, my lass; never fear; you 'll recover,
And these agues and palsies at last will get over.
Our life and our soul is *Old Pelias*' daughter,—
For without her 'twould be all as dead as ditch-water.

Alcest. Admetus, hist! before I go,
I wish to say a word or so.

These

These pains, 'tis clear enough for sure,
I for your sake have chose t' endure;
That batten you might still, and thrive,
And in this upper region live.
Then, what enhances this the more,
Is that I had it in my pow'r
To tarry here instead of you,
Nor bid the world so soon adieu.
There 's not a knight in all the land
But would be proud to own my hand;
I might have had my choice, I see,
Of all the youths in *Thessaly*.
But still I never could have born
T' have liv'd without you all forlorn;
So, spite of all my charms and beauty,
I thought to die was but my duty.
Yet your old sire and dam to boot
Would see you hang'd before they 'd do 't:
With them your pray'rs just weigh'd as light
As swansdown, or a paper-kite.
They would not die your life to save,
Though each had one foot in the grave,
And might with ease have kick'd the bucket,
Nor been a twelvemonth out of pocket.
No — though you were the only lad
That these two old folks ever had,
And so, unless more brats you cherish,
The chance is, th' family will perish.

305——319.

Had they but done 't, we 'd lived together,
And bred in spite of wind and weather;
Nor should we then, 'tis pike-staff clear,
Have had these afterclaps to bear.
I still had been a wife to you,
And mother to my chitlings too.
But what they will the *Fates* ordain,
Therefore 'tis useless to complain.
Be 't then as 'tis. Now put to th' test
Your gratitude towards *Alceste*,
By granting what I mean to ask;
Nor shall it be a worthless task.
The favour that I 've done, I hope
You 'll not forget, nought can o'ertop,
Save forfeiture of life, — and this
You need not apprehend, I wiss.
Nay, what I 'll ask to guess I 'm able
That you will deem most equitable,
As you, who for good sense rank high do,
Cant love your brats much less than I do.
Then make them, when they 've cast their rattles,
Heirs lawful to your goods and chattels;
Nor, though you 're e'er so much inclined,
To wed again make up your mind.
I would not have them be o'er-ruled
By a step-dame for all that 's gold.
This I entreat most earnestly
That you will promise ere I die.

That

That not a viper 's half so bad
As a step-dame, 's a truth most sad.
A lad is somewhat better off,
As from inspection 's clear enough;
T' his father make appeal he may,
And thus secure himself fair play.
But you, my darling girl, how shall you
Live so as harm shall not befall you,
Or keep your character unsullied,
When by a step-mother you 're bullied?
Who from mere spite your name will soil,
And slander you with ceaseless toil,
That, though of maidenly comport,
You still will get no credit for 't.
No mother will you have t' allay
Your scruples on the bridal day;
Or your relentless pain to thaw,
If e'er you should be laid i' th' straw.
Believe me in that hour of pother
There 's nought can come up to a mother.
But I must die; — 'tis not with me
To-morrow, or on Saturday, —
But th' grave 's a gaping just this minute
For me, and I 'm as good as in it.
Farewell, *Admetus*; dont forget
The good I 've done you, I entreat.
If I may speak a word or two
In my own praise, I think that you

Will

334——350.

Will never like me find another,
Nor these my brats so good a mother.
Chor. Comfort yourself; I 'll stake a *sous*
That he will do all this for you.
Adm. Ay, that I will; and sure, I ween,
Since you so good a wife have been,
In spite of death you still shall be
My wife, as all the world shall see.
For never more, so may I thrive,
With any other will I wive;
Not if she 's richer than a *Jew*,
Or even handsomer than you.
Of children too I 've had quite plenty;
Two are to me as good as twenty:
Of what I have I 'll make the most,
Since th' mother is to me thus lost;
And pray to all the gods anon
That they may prop me, when she 's gone.
My mourning, all as dark as grime,
I 'll shed not in a twelvemonth's time,
As th' fashion is; but for my wife
Go on a mourning all my life.
My father too, and dam most mulish,
Who thus have proved themselves so foolish,
And that they were i' th' right maintain too,
I know not that I 'll speak again to.
Their friendship was a farce, — odd! rot 'em,
And for it they may kiss my ————.

But

350——364.

But you, my dear, my much-loved wife,
For me have not withheld your life,
But thrown 't away with less ado
Than if 't had been a cast-off shoe.
Whip me, if 'tis not true that no man
E'er wived it with so good a woman.
Henceforth adieu! to all brown-stout, —
I 'll kick my pot-companions out;
My stock of pipes to fritters broke,
I 'll never more mundungus smoke:
Musick I 'll banish by the lump,
From fiddle down to small jew-trump;
For I declare this fuss and noise
Has trump'd me out of all my joys.
Howbeit, to soften this disaster,
I 'll have you made of alabaster;
That is to say, as large as life
I 'll have an alabaster wife,
As like to you as she can stare, —
Face, hands, and bosom, feet, and hair.
Each night between the same sheets she
Shall sleep, or seem to sleep, with me;
Sometimes I 'll take her in my arms,
And fondle with her mimick charms, —
Call her *Alceste*, — and all the while
Think that in her I see you smile.
A dull delight! and not so good
As 'tis to bed with flesh and blood;

364——376.

But not quite useless, for 'tis plain
'Twill be like seeing you again.
Then will I dream that I with you
Am battling in the fights of loo,
Or by you in close *confab* placed,
With one arm curling round your waist.
Good company 's a great delight,
Come when it will, morn, noon, or night.
Now could I *Orpheus*' skill but come at,
And play so sweet, I 'd learn my gamut,
And with witch-musick scotch and gride
Old Pluto, and his grisly bride,—
Browbeat them so, that my legation
Should straight ensure your restoration.
Not *Cerberus* should me repel,
Spout he th' united flames of *Hell;*
Nor *Charon* quash me, though the tar
Spit rockets from his man-of-war.
But since 'tis bootless, and unwise,
To wish impossibilities,
When you get there, I 'd have you stay,
And wait until my lethal day;
When I, released from th' body's cage,
To truckle down to you engage.
Meanwhile, I 'd have you rent a cottage,
Where we, as erst, may drink our pottage.
Our bones too, I 'm resolved that never
Aught under th' sun shall them dissever;

But, when we 're both dead, sure as fate
We 'll lie in one grave *tête à tête.*
And these our brats to this shall see,
That I am thus entomb'd with thee;
For of my friends, save you, not any
Cared for my happiness a penny. *(weeps.)*

Chor. With you in weeping, I 'll go shares,
For she deserves a show'r of tears.

Alcest. Children, bear witness, I implore you,
To th' words that have been said before you:
Admetus swears he 'll never marry
'Twixt this and 's journey to *Old Harry.*

Adm. No; may I be prick'd with a sword
If ever I forego my word.

Alcest. On these conditions I make over
These brats to you *sans* further pother.

Adm. They 're mine; and from all harm I 'll save 'em,
For th' sake of th' lily hands that gave 'em.

Alcest. I hope you 'll be a mother to 'em;
For this, alas! there 's ample room.

Adm. Ay; that 's most evident and true,
When they 've lost such a one as you.

Alcest. Children, though young, yet 'tis most sure
That I am close upon death's door.

Adm. Nay, go not yet; for I declare
To part from you I ne'er can bear.

Alcest. Fear not; you 'll mend of that full soon;
To mourn the dead 's a thankless boon.

Adm.

392——410.

Adm. Stay; take me with you; we will go
All arm in arm to th' shades below.
Alcest. That 's all my eye, — though you have said it;
If you die too, I gain no credit.
Adm. Tell me, ye gods, why was it fated
That I should be thus claw'd and baited!
Alcest. Hush! I am purblind and thicksighted,
As I were like to be benighted.
Adm. Nay, do not, pr'ythee, leave the light,
For, if thou dost, thou kill'st me quite.
Alcest. Marry! 'tis useless now to squeal,
For, well-a-day! I 'm dead as veal.
Adm. Lift up your head; dont droop, I pray:
Hark you, your children bid you stay.
Alcest. Stay? that I can't; — I 'm sick, undone,
And in hystericks. — Hold, I swoon.
Adm. One farewell look to them discover. —
Alcest. I 'm beetle-blind, and dead all over.
Adm. Stay, but one moment, do, — *Alcest.* I 'm dust. *(dies)*
Adm. Then th' die is cast, — and I 'm nonpluss'd.
Chor. Matters then being such, 'tis plain
That she 'll ne'er come about again.
Eumel. Good lack! my mammy's dead for sure,
And ten to one will stir no more:
Since then I'd none but her, I guess
That she has left me mammyless.
See, see, her eye 's all quench'd with slop,
Her arms too, they are stiff as rop.

Mother! dost hear? — No; though I bump it
As loud as gun or speaking-trumpet.
Mother! — wouldst have me crack my gullet?
Speak, speak; 'tis I, your *quondam* pullet.
Adm. Alackaday! roar e'er so much, man,
She 'll never hear, — or I 'm a *Dutchman*.
Eumel. Father, at best 'twas but uncivil
That she should bring on us this evil,
Gallop so soon to th' shades beneath,
And wean me spite of all my teeth.
My sister too, if nought shall shame her,
Has as much right as I to blame her.
Father, for once if my small mazard
A thought on weighty things may hazard,
You made but poor work of your wedding, —
Or else with mammy you 'd been bedding
From this time forward, till the day
When age should turn your hair quite grey.
But now, as far as I can tell,
That seems to be impossible.
Now, 't had been well enough if she
Had suffer'd without company:
But th' rub is, all connected with her
Share in her flaws and scrapes together.
Chor. *Admetus*, credit me, 'tis wholly
Advisable you take this coolly:
Others, in this great world, as well as
You, have been baulk'd of their bedfellows.

428——447.

Of instances, your mind to lull,
You 'll find the daily papers full.
Besides, you seem to have forgot
That all men are but born to rot.

Adm. O! no; I knew some time ago
That she was like to serve us so;
Else would this strange, unseemly clatter
Have taken me 'twixt wind and water.
However, since she 's dead outright,
We 'll have her laid i' th' ground to-night.
Be yare, and put your voice in trim,
As I shall want a fun'ral-hymn.
My vassals I 'll have here this minute,
In jerkins black to mourn the jennet.
My palfreys too, all cropp'd and plain,
I 'll have depriv'd of tails and mane:
And 'tis my will that pipe and flute,
For twelve months at the least, be mute.
For, since to die for me the slouch
Has scrupled not, nor thought 't too much,
I should be an ungrateful wag,
Were I in this affair to lag.
Sure she has greater claims upon me
Than all the rest who 've favours done me.

(Exit with the children.)

(Strophe.)

Chor. All hail! to *Pelias*' peerless daughter,
Though she be out of hearing now;

I hope

447——464.

I hope that she has pass'd the water
Of *Styx*, *sans* sticking in a slough.
Let *Pluto* the grim,
With his coal-black peruke,
And *Charon* the rough,
All savage and gruff,
Who ferries for him
O'er the terrible brook,
Know this full well,
That — of all the she-varlets,
Widows, maids, wives, and harlots,
That have cross'd the said bog,
Full of tadpole and frog,
On their passage to *Hell*, —
Of the whole group the best
Is not fit to compare with *Alceste*.

(Antistrophe.)

When that the puppet-show resplendent
Shall stand at *Sparta* next *May-fair*,
And on tall pole float mimick pendant,
All buxom, blithe, and debonnair;
When at *Athens* ycleped
The far-famed, and the great,
As well as at *Sparte*,
This right notable mart
Same time shall be kept; —
Then shall many a feat
Of song be perform'd.

Drum,

464——476.

Drum, tabret, and psaltry,
Both large musick and paltry,
Fiddle, fife, horn, and flute,
Bassoon, hautboy, and lute,
With wild ecstacy warm'd,
Bag-pipe, harp, all the rest, —
Shall spout forth the praise of *Alceste*.

(Strophe.)

Lost dame, if I could
Cross *Cocytus's* flood,
I 'd ferry thee back
By the very same track,
Out of th' boat then would hand thee,
And on th' right side would land thee.
But alas! I can neither
Fly, nor navigate thither.
If ever woman was worth serving,
That woman must be you, say I;
Who, from your purpose not once swerving,
For th' husband wish'd the world good bye.
Earth! at thy peril
Dare to use her ill;
Thou dull, heavy plodder,
At thy cost overload her.
Admetus, you 'll fib,
Most confoundedly too,
If you e'er take a rib
After all this ado.

476——485.

Should you do so, depend on't
You shall ne'er hear the end on 't:
Day and night we will claw you,
And your children shall jaw you,
Till you shall have confess'd
That you ne'er cared a straw for *Alceste*.

(Antistrophe)

The old cronies, beshrew 'em!
Though death 's sure to undo 'em
In a twelvemonth at most,
Would not yield up the ghost
To save their own son,
Though they had only one.
Out upon 't! 'twas untow'rdly,
Crabb'd, ill-natured, and cow'rdly.
No; though their hair was fit to dróp off,
And whiter than the blanch hoar-frost,
Nought could prevail on them to hóp off,
Though, at the best, but live compost.
But thou, in thy beauty,
Thought'st it thy duty
To go down to *Orcus*,
Where they say th' *Furies* fork us.
Though thou 'dst love in thine eye,
And the rose on thy cheek,
Thou refusedst not to hie
Thee to *Tart'rus* so bleak.

O!

485——503.

O! if I'm e'er to marry,
For thy peer will I tarry;
For sure such a treasure
Would produce lasting pleasure.
Few, few have been bless'd
With a wife half so good as *Alceste*.

(*Enter* Hercules.)

Herc. How goes 't, my hearties? where 's *Admetus?*
I' th' house, or hoeing of potatoes?

Chor. *Admetus* now within-doors is;
That 's sure, most noble *Hercules*.
But what, i' th' name of all that beery,
Has brought *Your Mightiness* to *Pheræ?*

Herc. I 've got another job to do
For *King Eurystheus*, you must know.

Chor. Ay? whither bound then? what 's agog
I' th' North here, that this way you jog?

Herc. You 'll learn. My orders are to go
And fetch *King Diomed's* landau.

Chor. Ah! that, I fear, 's a hopeless task;
Dost know thy man then, may I ask?

Herc. Know him? I' faith! not I a whit.
How should I? I 've not been there yet.

Chor. 'Tis ten to one you gain the prize
Without a couple of black eyes.

Herc. Odsbublikins! 'tis nothing new
With me to stand a cuff or two.

Chor. Which way will th' matter have its course?
You firk his hide, or he firk yours?

Herc.

Herc. If practice perfect cuffing, I
Should think it likely he will die.
Chor. Well; even so I scarce can see
The labour, — of what use 'twill be.
Herc. Why, in it there 'll at least be this use —
I then the coach can take t' *Eurystheus.*
Chor. But th' horses are so wild, 'tis idle
To put into their mouth a bridle.
Herc. Their wildness I 'll be bound to tire,
If that their breath 's aught less than fire.
Chor. Be careful as you can, I pray;
They 're fonder of man's flesh than hay.
Herc. How so? In this there 's something fresh.
I never saw a horse eat flesh.
Chor. Fear not; you 'll see the stable-floor
Spatter'd from side to side with gore.
Herc. And, pray, if I may ask, who bred
This savage ruffian *Diomed?*
Chor. He was begot by *Mars,* 'tis said,
And 's King of *Thrace,* where shields are made.
Herc. With him I see, beyond all doubt,
I shall have a tremendous bout.
It seems the essence of what 's hard;
Therefore I 'd best be on my guard.
Mars? let me try it on my ear;
There 's something in it sounds severe.
That fellow 's spawn has plagued me long;
And 'tis good mettle, hale, and strong.

517——530.

It is not turn'd much of a week
Since I 'd *Lycaon's* head to break;
That done, I had to pound to brick-dust
The strength and mighty force of *Cycnus;*
And now, without waiting much longer,
I 've *Di'med,* and his steeds to conquer;
All three, enough to make one gnar,
The offspring of the god of war.
A murrain on this endless pother!
Kill one, and up there starts another.
Yet, though he have to fist with *Mars,*
Shall *Hercules* ne'er hang an ———.

Chor. Well said; but here 's *Admetus;*— he
Is coming down the steps, you see. (*Enter* Admetus.)

Adm. What? *Hercules?* and is it you,
Jove's own begotten? — How d' you do?

Herc. Give us your hand, my chuck; I 'm glad
To see you, though you look but sad.

Adm. I thank you. Would that I had reason
Just now to put a better face on.

Herc. How now, *Admetus?* what 's the matter?
What 's happen'd of a dismal nature?

Adm. It is my fate, you 'll understand,
To have a burial in hand.

Herc. What? then has one o' th' brats had shocks
Of th' measles, or of the small-pox?

Adm. No; they 're i' th' house still, all alive,
Likely as e'er they were to thrive.

Herc. What, is 't old *Pheres* then that 's dust ?
If so, he 's ripe for death, I trust.
Adm. Nor him, nor 's wife, aught ails ; old *Pheres*
Likely to live full many a year is.
Herc. Gramercy ! is your wife then dead,
Alceste, — the partner of your bed ?
Adm. That poses me. I 'm just revolving
Which way the question will bear solving.
Herc. If dead, the truth pray let me know.
Or, if she is alive, say so.
Adm. She is within ; but still, I trow,
There 's something in the manner how.
Herc. Quillets I hate and quiddities ;
Speak plain, and talk not riddle-wise.
Adm. Well ; did you never hear that she
Had underta'en to die for me ?
Herc. Hear it ? all over th' land the woman's
Good deed has been the talk these two months.
Adm. Hence then, since she 's the same as dead,
You see the bent of what I 've said.
Herc. Why mourn before the death ? Give o'er ;
Wait till there 's something to weep for.
Adm. My tears are not a bit too soon ;
What 's sure to be 's as good as done.
Herc. The past is no more like the future,
Than gold or pinchbeck are like pewter.
Adm. From what I 've said I 'm far from shrinking;
I 'm of another way of thinking. *(weeps)*

Herc. What means this grievous lamentation?
Tell me without equivocation.
Adm. I've lost a female friend, that's all;
'Tis that in truth that makes me bawl.
Herc. A stranger she, or you akin to?
The secret, pr'ythee, let me into.
Adm. Well then, to shorten my narration,
She was an inmate, no relation.
Herc. How happen'd it she died with you?
Had she no fam'ly to go to?
Adm. Her father, upon his decease,
Made me her guardian. That's the case.
Herc. 'Twas a bad hit at best, I vow,
That I should stumble on you now.
Adm. How so? — what is't disturbs your ease?
Stay; what's the matter, *Hercules?*
Herc. Since you in this sad pickle are,
I'd better go, and dine elsewhere.
Adm. Hoot! no such thing. You must stay here,
And fill your maw with beef and beer.
Herc. I thank you; but you're not in cue
To entertain guests, — so adieu!
Adm. Go in; too much we should be giving
To th' dead, if they should guide the living.
Herc. But 'tis not proper to carouse,
And mourn the dead, i' th' self-same house.
Adm. Pugh! nonsense! that is all a hum;
You can be lodged i' th' strangers' room.

Herc.

430561

Herc. No; 'tis much better I should go;
I 'll come back in a month or so.
Adm. You shall dine with me, if I live,—
So there is no alternative.
Hoa! who goes there?—this instant broom,
(To one of the servants.)
And open the back dining-room.
Quick! fetch the boiler; and put in it
A rump or two of beef this minute.
Tell th' butler too to stir his hams; he
Must broach forthwith a butt of malmsey.
Be handy; run for 't. And withal
Shut ev'ry door that leads to th' *Hall*;
That, when continu'lly like *Cher'bim*
We cry, the clatter mayn't disturb him.
(*Exit* Hercules *with the servant.)*
Chor. *Admetus,* I 'm surprized to see
That you 're at home to company.
This time you should be still as mouse,
And surely not keep open house.
Adm. What 's all this blust'ring about?
Why, would you have me turn him out?
I then should be worse off by double,
And call'd a black-guard for my trouble.
Against me all would have a handle,
Nor think me worth a farthing candle.
My house they 'd shun; and 'twould be well
If they 'd not wish it down at *Hell.*

Besides,

573——587.

Besides, when I was last at *Argos*,
And call'd on him, we had a rare goose,
Well stuff'd with onions for the nonce;
So we'll give tit for tat for once.
Chor. But, if he was your friend, why not
Tell him *Alceste* was gone to pot?
Adm. Why, had I spoke the truth, you see,
He would not have staid here with me;
But straight have cramm'd his crop elsewhere
With beef, plum-pudding, and strong beer.
And p'rhaps, when I have told him this,
He 'll say that I have done amiss.
Yet this were better ten times o'er
Than to have turn'd my guest to th' door.

(Strophe.)

Chor. Of all the houses far and near,
That I to have seen do remember,
There 's none like this for home-brew'd beer,
Good fare, and wholesome belly-timber.
It was for these that, to *Admetus*
B' indenture articled, *Apollo*,
Bagpiper-general to th' *De'ties*,
Made up his mind the sheep to follow.
He had no scruples, though a king,
Nor grov'llingly stuck to the letter, —
Thought Pride a skittish, spruce, gay thing,
But meat, with gravy in 't, much better.

So

So he, with pipe in hand and crook too,
O'er hill and dale, o'er lawn and lea,
Thought it not *infra dig.* to look to
Flocks, herds, and such like trumpery.

(Antistrophe.)

Oft would he play so blithe and brisk,
In smock-frock dight, like shepherd's lad,
That piebald lynxes round would frisk,
And sport, as they were musick-mad.
Nay e'en, 'tis said, he 'll sometimes ramble,
Piping till th' very lions dance;
While they in gay cotillions gambol,
And on hind quarters rear and prance.
So silver-sweet the dulcet strains,
The beasts for th' simples all want lancing;
The very kids have lost their brains,
And turn'd themselves to tight-rope dancing.
Nay, some of them are so bent on 't,
O'er hedge and ditch, through thick and thin,
They press, — to hear the heav'nly chant,
To drink in the melodious din.

(Strophe.)

'Mongst these come thousands of stray sheep,
Of beeves and goats a perfect ocean;
So that *Apollo* earns his keep,
And more than that too, I 've a notion.
These, as you 'd think, must straightway swallow
Full many a rood of fair green-sward;

When

604——616.

When, piping all the while, *Apollo*
O'er them, near th' *Bœbian* lake, mounts guard.
Yet e'en for these *Admetus* has
Eatage, and to their wants quite equal;
Nor can they e'er feel lack of grass,
As you may gather from the sequel.
Eastward, in measureless expanse,
Roll meadows, pasture, crops of grain;
Nor once curtail their bold advance,
Till stopp'd by the *Ægean* main.
On th' West, to th' land o' *Mastiffs* they
Stretch forth, before their course is run;
Where th' *Sun*, knock'd up at parting day,
Looses his steeds, his labours done.

(Antistrophe.)

All these are his; — and with them blest
Scot-free he fattens all that's near;
Deals in profusion to each guest
Stingo, or, as some call 't, strong beer.
E'en now, although with grief his heart
Has well nigh burst the *vena cava*,
He wont let *Hercules* depart
Without his share of beef and gravy.
No; though with keen affliction gall'd,
He opes his larder without grudging; —
Thinking it better to be call'd
Unfeeling, than a base curmudgeon.

But

But that he feels I 'm well persuaded
For th' loss of his much-loved *Alceste;*
Nor by me shall he be upbraided,
As what he does he means for th' best.
And since so oft he 's put to th' test
How great his virtues and his sense are,
'Twould be but idiocy at best
His conduct in this case to censure.

Adm. Hark ye, my friends, attend; i' th' *Hall*
All 's ready for the funeral;
And in six minutes, I 'll be sworn,
Alceste will to the grave be born,
In cambrick-muslin trim and gay
Like maiden fair on *Whitsunday.*
'Tis yours, as soon as she 's brought out,
To raise, as erst, the fun'ral shout,
And sing like nightingales, that she
May have her final lullaby.

Chor. Well said; but here 's that queer old lout,
Hobbling as all his joints were out,
Your sire I mean. His slipshod lackies,
A group that like of hounds a pack is,
Traipse at his heels, with mouths agape
As th' earth into shoe-ruts they scrape, —
Each with an ass-load, sure as fate,
Of crapes, scarves, ruffles, and all that.

(*Enter* Pheres.)

Pher.

628——636.

Pher. Son, I condole with you sincerely,
Nor is my grief appearance merely:
And well I may; for such a wife
I never heard of in my life.
I do declare, upon mine honour,
Her virtues stuck as thick upon her,
As mites on cheese. However, I
Advise you take it patiently;
For 'tis but useless toil, be sure,
To try and bleach a blackamoor;
And it were no less hard, I trow,
To think of changing matters now.
So here, I 've brought along, you see,
A lot of fun'ral drapery,—
A winding-sheet too, white as snow,
To wrap her up in, you must know.
Here 'tis, and in a sow-skin budget, —
And cost me much, though I dont grudge it.
For 'twas but right that I should throw
Away on her a groat or two,
Who willingly agreed, instead
Of you, to mingle with the dead,
Nor made me childless. And, moreover,
I have still further cause to love her;
For, had she ta'en 't into her head
To have turn'd restive, nor have sped
Her way to *Tart'rus*, — you must then
Have trudged it to the nether glen:

636——649.

And surely that would (or I wonder)
Have burst my heart-strings quite asunder.
Besides, she 's shown by her example
How others in her steps may trample;
And there was need of this, I 'm sure,
As none dared do the like before. —
Farewell, *Alceste;* though death 's beset you,
Yet still I never shall forget you;
No — though a hundred years I tell
Before I 'm summon'd down to *Hell:*
For, but for you, (and who would think 't?)
Our very name had been extinct.
If men will wed, I do aver
They ought to take a rib like her,
Or single let life have its course,
And die at last *Old Bachelors.*

Adm. Mum! to your noise and senseless chat;
I want nought with you, so that 's flat.
You are no friend of mine; be gone, —
You and your lackies ev'ry one.
I 'll see you hang'd before *Alceste*
Shall in these rags of yours be dress'd.
Dont think it; all this show of woe
Is far too late, and useless now.
Then was the time for tears and whining,
When on my sick-bed I was pining;
Then, when you sneak'd away and slunk,
As you 'd been lock'd up in a trunk,

Nor

649——662.

Nor ever once appear'd in sight
Till she had quitted us outright.
Nay more, you have the base presumption
To humbug me, as I 'd no gumption,
And make me think your lamentation
Sincere, not forged, on this occasion.
Go to; I 'm none of your 's, that 's clear;
Avaunt! and interfere not here.
Go, tell your crazy wife no more
To boast that she *Admetus* bore;
'Twas false; — b' adventure casual
I came from th' *Foundling Hospital.*
Your conduct shows 'twas all a hoax, —
And that I 'm sprung from better folks.
Of soul you 've in you not a spark,
As your foul deeds too plainly mark;
Or, aged now and ripe for death,
For me you had resign'd your breath;
Nor thus (and for it you want cuffing)
Have basely play'd the ragamuffin,
By shirking what you ought t' have done
To save the life of me your son:
While my *Alceste* (and all through you)
Although of other kindred too,
Footed it, spite of *Death* and all
His grisly crew, to th' nether ball.
A foutra for you both! for she
Is now both sire and dam to me;

662——673.

With reason too, since she has done
What both of you made bold to shun.
I' faith! you 've shown what stuff you 're made of
Old Death to be so much afraid of;
That, though anon he 'll break your head,
And lay you on the ground cold-dead,
Yet still for me, though in my prime,
You would not stir before your time,
Although you'd been, had you done so,
Cover'd with fame from top to toe.
For then along with her I might
Have still caroused it day and night,
Nor thus have blamed the *Fates*, that sever
My lost love from my breast for ever.
And sure one would have thought that you
Could find in this world nothing new;
Who in this vale of joys and tears
Have told a countless term of years,
Tasted its pleasures and its pains,
Known both its losses and its gains,
Flourish'd, while others were with care rent,
And gender'd me your *Heir Apparent*,
Your best, last hope, — who should, you see,
Have kept your goods i' th' family.
One truth, I thank my stars, is clear,
As sure as I am standing here; —
And I my bible-oath will take,
You cant say I was e'er a rake;

Or

673——682.

Or that you 've served me thus to show
That rakes should not unpunish'd go,
And so made this retaliation
On principles of compensation.
For this you never can abuse me,
Or of ingratitude accuse me ;
Who, ever since I knew the light,
Have done nought save what 's good and right ;
And this is all that I 've got by 't.
But, though I 'm mess'd, you 're mess'd as well,
As circumstances plainly tell ;
For, as your life's best part is o'er,
'Tis likely that you 'll breed no more ;
And therefore, when on crutch you go,
No son will lend an arm or so,
Or prop you, when rough ground annoys,
And keep your frame in equipoise.
Nay, there 'll be none (what 's worse) to pay
Th' expences on your burial-day ;
For, may my hand with ulcers fester,
If I advance a single tester.
No ; you 've behaved too ill for that ;
So now I 'll give you tit for tat.
I might have died, it seems, for aught
You cared, and thus have gone to pot.
I 've done with you ; — I 'm only free
To care for those who care for me.
Therefore *Alceste*, who chose to save
Me from the horrours of the grave,

Has

Has claim to all my pure affection,
Of which you shall not have one section.
Filial, conjugal, and all,
Belongs to her, and ever shall.
'Tis plain enough that old men lie
Most foully, when they wish to die,
And groan, and whine, and say that life
Is but a chain of endless strife.
Parblieu! a diff'rent tale they tell,
If *Death* but comes within their smell;
Then they squeal out, — "Life, life is sweet;
"It is not time to die just yet."

Chor. Uds fish! dont kick up such a riot,
But pray, i' th' name of peace be quiet.
There 's noise enough i' th' house. — I pray you,
Be still, or else th' old man will bray you.

Pher. Son, what the d——l d' you mean, — to bully
Me, as I were some helpless cully?
Dost take me for a saucy wench, man,
Or some lean, half-begotten *Frenchman?*
I 'd have thee know, my lad, that I
Am sprung from high-born ancestry.
Softly, young man; your senseless pother
May cost you dear one day or other.
Dost think I cramm'd thy precious maw
With bread-corn, meslin, and chopp'd straw,
Merely that, when the *Fates* should please
To call thee to the nether seas,

697——708.

I should sail thither in thy stead,
And thus be number'd with the dead?
Split me, if e'er I heard the like!
Sure thou must think me a queer tike.
Græcia a law like this ne'er wrote;
'Tis strange as whale in butter-boat.
No; you 're your own; and, well or ill,
You must abide by *Fortune's* will.
I 've done my duty; now do yours:
If not, 't must go undone of course.
I mean to leave you all I have,
As soon as I am ripe for th' grave,
But not before, — so do not bore me;
'Twas so my father did before me.
Where is it then I 've done amiss?
What dost thou see that 's wrong in this?
When my time comes, I mean to die,
And seek no deputy, — not I.
Then why should you? Dost think the light
Is grown so pleasing to thy sight,
That I must needs not like it too?
I' faith I love 't as well as you.
No hurry yet to go t' *Avernus*,
Where dogs, and cats, and furies churn us;
We shall have plenty of 't, I trow,
When we get there, — as time will show.
Man has but little here to meet
His wishes, but that little 's sweet.

But you, with meanness unexampled,
On all decorum's rules have trampled,
And gallantly turn'd tail on *Death*,
When he prepared to stop your breath;
And slain instead a very woman,—
A thing was done before by no man.
Fie! fie! was aught e'er so vexatious!
Then, what is worse, you're so ungracious,
That you must needs break out upon me,
And cry out, what a cow'rd you've found me.
For shame! that this should e'er be true,—
You're beat, and by a woman too.
Blush, — I blush for you; talk no more
Of courage, for that's run ashore.
'Twas archly hit, in truth, that she
Should thus be made to die for thee:
'Sblood! then you've nought to do but marry,
And here for ever you may tarry,
Granting each rib, you take up, is
A silly, simple jade like this.
And then, forsooth! you're so untoward,
You brand us with the name of coward,
And e'en are ready us to strike,
Because we will not do the like;
Though you yourself, by some strange luck,
Have not a farthing's worth of pluck.
Son, not so fast; — if life to you
Be dear, 'tis dear to others too.

So

So no more of your noise and folly,
Or I 'll let fly at you a volley,
That wont be easy of digestion,
As I am on th' right side of th' question.
Chor. I pray you *Pheres,* do be steady;
Somewhat too much of this already.
Adm. No; let him go his lengths; for I
Have gone my own most certainly:
And, if he does not like such fuss,
Why then he should not wrong me thus.
Pher. Marry, I 'd done much worse, if I
Had been the fool for you to die.
Adm. Does 't make no odds then, have me told,
Whether we die or young or old?
Pher. Old men, like young ones, for their share
Have one life, therefore none to spare.
Adm. But you so monstrous greedy are,
You 'd live as long as *Jupiter.*
Pher. Come, bottle up your jokes, — preserve them;
I 'm sure I 've done nought to deserve them.
Adm. You should not love your life so then,
But hold it cheap, like other men.
Pher. Well; dont you mean to take *Alceste*
To th' grave, that she may have her rest?
Adm. Ay, there, — I wonder how her name
You dare repeat; it speaks your shame.
Pher. The d——l a bit; 'tis you alone
That ought to blush for what you 've done.

Adm.

Adm. If e'er you want my aid, you may
Want on, — that 's all that I 've to say.
Pher. Woo on, my lad, woo on, and kill ;
This way thou 'lt soon have life at will.
Adm. Had you not been so cursed afraid
Of dying, I 'd ne'er ta'en to th' trade.
Pher. Basking i' th' sunshine is too sweet
For me to make my exit yet.
Adm. You like 't, I 'm well convinced, nor doubt it ;
Though others do not care about it.
Pher. 'Sdeath ! but you 'd had fine fun if I
Had been no wiser than to die.
Adm. Pish ! come whatever death's assign'd you,
You 'll ne'er leave a good name behind you.
Pher. Say what they like, I do not fear 'em ; —
One comfort, I shall never hear 'em.
Adm. Thus much at least one may presage,
That shamelessness will grow with age.
Pher. I' faith ! had she had more of that,
She had not turn'd out such a flat.
Adm. Off ! off ! I 've something else to do
Than to stand squabbling here with you.
I 'll bury her myself. *Pher.* 'Tis fit
You should ; I 've nought to do with it :
And so my service to you. — But,
If I am not mista'en, the slut
Has got a brother, hight *Acastus*,
Who 'll be upon you hops as fast as.

He 'll

747——760.

He 'll firk your skin from top to toe
For treating his dear sister so.
Remember what I 've said. *Adm.* Adieu!
And take your wife along with you.
You 're nought to me; nor ever more
Shall pass the threshold of my door.
Nay, could I by the law but do 't,
I 'd not be heir to such a brute;
But, though it be entail'd, forego
The property, you 've soil'd it so.
Hence! quit my sight. (*Exit* Pheres.) And now he 's gone,
And we are left here all alone, (*to the* Chorus)
We 'll straightway bear *Alceste* away,
And lay her in her bed of clay.
Chor. 'Tis my pray'r that *Alceste*
May enjoy peace and rest.
She deserves it most clearly,
And I say this sincerely.
I trust that *Old Pluto*
Will receive her, and do to
Her the kindness that she
Merits most lustily;
And that *Merc'ry* will show her
All the grace in his power.
Nay, — if it be true
That there is much ado
I' th' shades, as well as
In this bit of a place

760——770.

Ycleped *Earth*, about honour, —
I could wish that upon her
Show'rs of this would come down,
And would light on her crown,—
So that she might sit chirping
Téte á téte with *Prosérpine*.
(*Exeunt* Admetus *and* Chorus. *Enter* Footman.)

Foot. Of all the guests (I speak what 's true)
That have come this way hitherto,
Have put a horse into our stable,
And dined at *King Admetus*' table,
This is the queerest, — and moreover,
The most ill-manner'd ten times over:
The veriest brute-beast, I 'll be sworn,
I ever served, since I was born.
He, though he had just seen my master
All but upset with this disaster,
Like some unwieldy bear, and worse too,
Clash'd all the gates, and bang'd the doors to,
Bouncing along with horrid clatter,
Just as if nought had been the matter.
Then, when he 'd got upon his plate as
Much beef, and mustard, and potatoes,
As would have served me for a week,
(Besides these too a whole pig's cheek)
Instead of being still and quiet,
The fellow must needs make a riot, —
And storm, and rant, and roar, as loud
As thunder in a thunder-cloud;

If

770—781.

If I, by any luckless throw,
Should chance forget a spoon or so.
Next, taking up a massy tankard,
He put it to his mouth, and drank hard;
Till th' ale (his veins with fever broiling)
Had fairly set his blood a boiling.
On this, as at some country rout,
With ribbands gay he decks him out;
Then warbles, with a songster's air,
Old Towler, or *Begone dull Care;*
But with so monstrous rough a bass,—
'Twas like the braying of an ass.
The contrast here was worth remarking:
In one place was this ruffian barking;
There nought but th' death-howl. We were groaning
Over *Alceste* with ceaseless moaning;
He still kept cramming crop and maw,
Nor cared about our woes a straw.
We made, 'tis true, the least we could
Of what we felt; for it seem'd good
To *King Admetus* that with bawling
We should not show ourselves chapfallen.
And now, while he picks bones and gristles,
I 've to stand sauntering at his heels;
Who, at the best, is but some smuggler,
Or crafty, nimble-finger'd juggler;
For, by his looks, he expects daily
To be hang'd up at the *Old Bailey.*

'Twere

'Twere fitter far I 'd left the knave,
And follow'd *Alceste* to the grave,
All sobs and tears ; for she most surely
Deserved that I should do 't demurely.
Alceste (to think on 't does me distress)
Was more a mother than a mistress
To us her servants. Ay ; 'tis true,
She 's saved us many a banging too,
As I 've born witness ; — when *Admetus*
Wax'd wroth, and felt inclined to beat us.
Faith ! 'tis with justice I dislike
This ill-bred, coarse, unfeeling tike,
Who pokes his nasals this house into,
When we have other stuff t' attend to.

(*Enter* Hercules.)

Herc. Hoa ! what 's the matter, that you are
As harsh and crabb'd as vinegar ?
What is the meaning of this fuss ?
Is this the way to wait on us ?
A murrain, nothing short of 't, is
In those dark brows and length of phiz.
And all this noise, and dumpish pother
For nought on earth, one way or other,
Save that there lies i' th' house a jennet,
Who, by some chance has died within it,
Akin to none of you, forsooth !
For shame ! that this should be the truth.
This way, my man ; and I for once
Will knock some sense into thy sconce.
Prithee !

Prithee! now tell me, *Mr. Waiter,* —
Didst ever hear of *Human Nature?*
I 'll answer for thee; — d—l a bit.
Thou? how could'st thou e'er hear of it?
Waiter, though day and night thou mourn it,
Thou 'st got some common things to learn yet.
Here 's one thing for thee to unravel, —
How is 't, that man 's but dust and gravel?
There 's something queer in that; but still
Nought 's truer, say whate'er thou will.
Again; there 's none can take it for a
Surety that he 'll live till to-morrow:
For, though we ne'er so much impórtune
Her, who can ken the tricks of *Fortune?*
They 're fathomless, and pose us all,
High Church and *Low Church,* great and small;
Nor can they be by money bought,
Or by a pedagogue be taught.
Thus much laid down, if thou be wise,
Thou 'lt straightway follow my advice, —
Make merry, tipple, learn to drain
Whole pipes of claret and champaigne.
For we 've not long to live at most,
Therefore there 's no time to be lost.
Secure the present hour, — be blest, —
And leave to *Fortune* all the rest.
Another point, (of course between us)
Take care and keep an eye on *Venus;*

She is indeed a very treasure,
And all her ways are ways of pleasure:
T' her too much praise one cant be giving;
Without her there would be no living.
Off with those dismal looks; 'tis I
Advise thee wholesomely, — comply.
My speech if thou wilt weigh one minute,
I 'm sure thou 'lt say there 's reason in it.
Prithee, look blithe on 't. Here 's a glass,
Brimfull of th' best, come, toast thy lass.
Away with all dull cares, — be free,—
And jump o'er th' moon, if need should be.
Here's a pink ribband for thee; tie 't
On fast, — thou 'lt gain a fresh phiz by 't:
If melancholy still keep root,
Why — then take th' other bumper to 't.
Nothing like blood-red wine, I ween,
To cure the vapours or the spleen.
For where 's the use of life, if we,
From pure, unmix'd stupidity,
More asinine than classick *Midas*,
Forego the gifts the gods provide us?
Dost think, my man, they gave us breath,
To make of life a living death?
'Twas meant to be mix'd up with gladness,
And not with puritanick sadness.

Foot. It may be true; but I 'll be worried
If this be the right moment for it.

819——830.

Herc. Why not? 'twere mad to make this din
O'er one, that is of other kin.
There had been some excuse, provided th' master, or his wife had died.
But, as it is, there 's not a bit,
So let us have no more of it.

Foot. What says the man? why dont you know
What has occasion'd all this woe?

Herc. As well as if I 'd heard 't from th' crier,
Unless your master be a liar.

Foot. His hospitality's career
Has gone a stretch too far, I fear.

Herc. Not much of that. He 'd scarcely hurry
Me off, because he 'd her to bury.

Foot. Ah! marry, if you did but know
The thing, as 'tis, you 'd not say so.

Herc. I do not comprehend this turn;
There 's something that I 've yet to learn. *(half aside.)*

Foot. Nay, mind not; 'tis enough for me
To go shares in this misery.

Herc. They 'd ne'er make all this lamentation
About a wench that 's no relation. *(reflecting.)*
There must be something more than that;
Faith! I begin to smell a rat.

Foot. Had there not been some show of reason,
I had not put so long a face on;
Especially as you seem'd very
Desirous to be gay and merry.

Herc. Odzooks! *Admetus's* behav'our
Had something in 't of an odd savour.
Foot. Your call was an unlucky hit;
That 's all that can be said of it:
The hatchment, p'rhaps, you did not see,
Nor yet the fun'ral tapestry.
Herc. Well; after all, who is 't that 's dead?
Has *Pheres* chanced to break his head,—
Or one o' th' brats fall'n foul o' th' floor?
Foot. 'Tis *Alceste*, *Alceste* is no more.—
Herc. Zounds! what is *Alceste* gone to pot?
And have I feasted on the spot?
Foot. As you were here, he thought it right
Not to impair your appetite;
So kept the secret from you close,
That nought your peace might discompose.
Herc. Poor man! it will afflict him sorely;
I fear that he will bear 't but poorly.
Foot. Alackaday! the same is true
Of us, her *quondam* lackies, too.
Herc. Marry! I did suspect there was
Something untoward in the case:
And that he never could have made
This noise about a stranger jade:
However, as he said that grieved him,
And nought but that, I e'en believed him.
On this, in spite of conscience, I
Enjoy'd myself most heartily,—

Did

844——857.

Did service to my hungry maw,
Ate, drank, and swallow'd all I saw,
Kept wassail, capers cut; but that
Still was no fault of mine, — that 's flat.
This had you wish'd me do demurely,
You ought t' have said the truth most surely.
But let that pass. Now have me told
Where 'tis they 've laid her in the mould.
Where is 't she rots? *Foot.* If you will go
On th' turnpike for a mile or so,
And keep your nose cock'd for *Larissa*,
You 'll see her tombstone, and cant miss her.

(*Exit* Footman. Hercules *solus.*)

Herc Now that this lousy footman 's gone,
I'll have a word with *No. One.*
O! thou, (I mean myself) whose right arm
Has oft unhorsed such as thee might harm,
And trophies won, gimcracks, and rattles,
In tilts, and tournaments, and battles; —
Now that thou art true blood discover,
And that thou 'rt thorough-bred all over:
Else will *Alcmena* straight disown thee,
And *Jove*, who into shape hath blown thee.
It shall be done; I swear 't. *Alceste*
Shall rise up from her bed of rest;
And *King Admetus* have his wife
Again, though it cost me my life.

For

857——869.

For I, all slyness for the nonce,
Will watch *Rawheadandbloodybones*, —
Spring on him like a cat, — and wring
Th' proboscis of the carcase-king.
Ay; while he 's sneaking yonder, I 'll
Belabour him in proper style, —
Slice e'en to mincemeat this bravado,
And scotch him like a carbonado, —
Twitch, gripe, ribroast him, till he ache
Like bull that 's baited at the stake;
That, though he tug with might and main,
Back'd by all hell, that tug were vain.
Alceste I 'll have, and be the victor,
Writhe he like a *Boa Constrictor*.
But, if my search be fruitless, and
He 's gone to the *Infernal Land*,
Cropful of cake funereal, I too
With *Childers'* speed the shades will fly to, —
And, though his master may abuse me,
Dare him *Alcestis* to refuse me.
If he prove restive, I 'll be bound
To lay him sprawling on the ground,
And bear *Alceste* off with me too
In spite of all that he can do, —
Then give her back t' *Admetus*; he
Deserves nought less than this from me
For all his hospitality.

His

869——880.

His conduct I shall ne'er forget,
Or think I 've done requiting it.
He, though with grief oppress'd full sore,
So far from turning me to th' door,
Housed me with all the care that he
Could do 't, and dined me daintily;
And all this too with such a grace,
You could not see a tear on 's face.
Where is the man in all *Thessalia*,
(Though ye look till your opticks fail ye,)
Or in *Greece*, from one end to th' other,
Who 'd have done this with such small pother?
There lives not such a one. I 'll show it
By action that I feel and know it.
Who 's there could say that I 'd done right, had
I let these deeds go unrequited?
(Admetus *returns from the funeral with the* Chorus.)
Adm. O! my stars, how the sight
Of this house kills me quite.
Now that it 's lost *Alceste*,
'Tis a pigstie at best.
What to do I don't know,
These things pester me so.
Ah! me, heyday!
Shall I go? shall I stay?
Shall I stand? shall I sit?
If I know, I 'll be split.
O! why was I born
To be tatter'd and torn
All to rags with distress?
'Twas a shame, — nothing less.

I 'll

I 'll be gone, and will fix
My place hard by the *Styx*;
Though the soil be all wet,
Dank, and with mud beset.
For there is such a dearth
Of amusement on earth,
Such toil, and such trouble, —
That 'twere better by double
Down to *Orcus* to bounce,
Like a hero at once.
And now that *Old Hades*
Robb'd me of my jade has,
My own best, dearest hope, —
Why — I 'll e'en take a rope,
(Silk or hemp, all is one,)
And from these eyes blot out the sun.

(Strophe.)

Chor. Pluck up your spirits; let us pass
The threshold into th' house. *Adm.* Alas!
Chor. Your heart is well-nigh burst, I see,
But still dont droop. *Adm.* Woe! woe! is me.
Chor. To tears you should not give such play,
But check them straight. *Adm.* Ah! welladay!
Chor. Prithee, be still; for she cant hear
Those plaintive notes. *Adm.* Oh! dear, oh! dear.
Chor. 'Tis hard, I own upon my life,
That they should thus have nimm'd your wife:
But, since 'twas *Pluto's* will, 'tis ten
To one you see her face agen.

Adm.

896——905.

Adm. What you 've just said I feel ;
For it pricks me like steel.
Who denies that a wife
Is the anchor of life,
And worth as much bullion,
Is a slubberdegullion.
Such a loss then I leave
It to you to conceive.
After all, 't had been best
If my late rib *Alceste*
Had continued a spinster,
Could I but have convinced her :
For then matters, I trow,
Could have ne'er happen'd so.
To live single is safer,
And far the best way ; for
The man who lives alone,
Has to answer for none
But himself ; and so far
The task 's easy to bear.
While the wight, who sleeps double,
Must expect toil and trouble,
And be worried to bits
With the squalling of chits.
Then, — if whooping-cough hollow,
Qualms, or measles, should follow,
Should silence their bawling,
And lay them all sprawling ;
Or, if wife seized with ague,
Or colick, should plague you,

And,

And, in a slow phthisick,
Cost you pounds in sheer physick,
Then at last tumble off
Into her death-trough; —
Why — then, who 'd not term it
Best to live like a hermit,
And from wedlock's paw run,
As from ratsbane, man-trap, or spring-gun?

(Antistrophe.)

Chor. *Fate* 's churlish, as she ever was,
And hard to wrestle with. *Adm.* Alas!
Chor. She sets no bounds to misery,
But galls at will. *Adm.* Woe! woe! is me.
Chor. Your case is hard; but still the way
To bear it best,—*Adm.* Ah! welladay!
Chor. — is not to plain too much. Elsewhere
Mishaps, like these, — *Adm.* Oh! dear, oh! dear.
Chor. — occur as well; and others too
Come off with blanks as well as you.
Full many a wittol knave, beside
Yourself, has been trick'd out of 's bride.
Adm. O! when the dog-whipper
Into th' grave 'gan to dip her,
Why did I not jump
And drop myself plump,
In three skips of a louse,
Into the charnel-house?

There

920——934.

There I might have found rest
On the bones of *Alceste*, —
Of bed-fellows the best
That e'er husband caress'd,
And have dozed it away
Till the dawn of doomsday.
While my *Spright* would have flown,
Arm in arm with her own,
Down to *Orcus* all dun, —
Whose wide jaws where's the man that shall shun?

(Strophe.)

Chor. Some ten years back, or thereabout,
I had a near relation,
With whom I 've often supp'd sour-crout
Till in a perspiration.
As *Fortune* will'd, he had one brat, —
No rickets had he on him,
Nor huckle-back'd, — but spite of that
Old Death laid hands upon him.
Poor coz! it grieved him sore, so soon
To be bilk'd of his chicken;
But still he had sense not to swoon,
Although with age hard stricken.
Full fourscore years of solid time
In telling he 'd succeeded;
Then why should you, who 're in your prime,
Bears these ills worse than he did?

Adm. I 'm in such a bluster,
That I can scarce muster
Strength to go into th' house,
Now that I 've lost my spouse.
This change is too sudden.—
Whilom, like a jack-pudding,
All cheerful and gay
On my blithe wedding-day,
In a chaise and twice two
(Like *Nap's* at *Waterloo)*
I flew with my bride
Deck'd in white by my side,
To the very same dwelling
I 'm now thinking of selling.
For, shoot me this minute,
If again I live in it.
On that day we made merry,
Suck'd *Madeira* and *Sherry*,
Ate roast-beef and lobscouse,
Shouted, kept open house.
This done with dispatch,
Each approved of the match,
And whisper'd aside
That she 'd make a good bride;
Would keep my house clean,
And cure me of the spleen;
Lastly, that we should fare
Well, and make a fit pair.

But

944——952.

But now things have falter'd,
And my case is quite alter'd.
'Stead of loud acclamations,
And congratulations,
With huzzas shrill and clear,
One can hear nothing here
Now, but murmurings low,
Lamentation, and woe,
With sobbing and moaning,
Ejulation and groaning.
Quæ cum ita sint, I,
'Midst this clatter and cry,
Shall not sleep much, I guess,
Or of rest get excess,
If I recline my head
On my lone truckle-bed.
However, I 'll try
And do this by and by,
Though they yell fit to stun,
And the hubbub be loud as a gun.

(Antistrophe.)

Chor. These things have clapp'd upon you sharp,
Nor warn'd you, as was proper;
When *Madam Fortune* weaves the warp
Of ill-luck, who shall stop her?
But never mind; your life you 've saved, —
A point gain'd, — and with reason:
Else had your earthly coil been graved
Before the rightful season.

952——966.

You 've lost your rib, that 's sure; again
To catch her you 'll be clever:
What *Pluto* filches once, is ta'en
For ever, and for ever.
But why give loose to tears and sobs,
And look so monstrous paly?
Such awkward, dolorifick jobs
Are happ'ning almost daily.

Adm. Belowt me, if it be not true
That *Alceste* fares best of the two.
Although you might not think 't at first,
Yet sure I am my lot is th' worst.
Now that she 's left this world of care,
She has no afterpains to bear,
No secundine of woe to cast, —
But once for all her griefs are past.
While I, who have contrived to parry
Off all the death-blows of *Old Harry*,
Now feel that for all this my trouble
I 'm only just worse off by double.
Imprimis, 'tis a pest outright,
Enough to fricasee me quite,
To have to steer my lonely course
Within these solitary doors.
None is there now to cry "Well met,"
Or chant me a blithe canzonet,
By way of welcome. All is dull,
Flat, dismal, and of gloom brimfull.

966——972.

Which way to turn myself I vow
I know not, I 'm bewildered so.
If I go in, the sight o' th' bed,
Her home-spun coifs, and skeins of thread,
Bodkins, pins, petticoats, and skirts,
And gussets of unfinish'd shirts,
Will sicken me, till (by *St. George)*
I shall be ready to disgorge.
And, if I see but her arm'd chair,
I 'm sure I ne'er can linger there.
Besides, the maids (and by my fay !
'Tis true) have kept no workyday
Sithence she left us; but th' whole gang
Has been as idle as 't could hang:
In consequence the floor is stuck
On ev'ry side with filth and muck;
Which is enough, all else without,
To turn one 's stomach inside out.
My brats too, soon as I go in,
Will raise a dorring, deaf'ning din,
That, though I were doused in a mizzy
O'er head and ears, they 'd make me dizzy.
The servants, I 'd forgot to mention,
(I would they were well dosed with gentian
To stop their clack withal, od rot 'em !)
Will howl as if the d—l had got 'em;
And trump up for *Alceste* a cry
Of more than hideous melody.

Thus

Thus much in-doors. Then, should I hop
By any chance to th' grocer's shop
On bus'ness, I am sure to meet
My wife 's companions in the street;
Who 'll ply me with their rounds of eye-shot,
Until to death I am well-nigh shot.
Yet, spite of all their sleights and tricks,
They never shall my heart transfix;
For, when I see them, I am sure
To think of *Alceste*, who 's no more;
And doubtless that will in a trice
Make my warm blood run cold as ice.
My foes will make my case a handle
To batter me with ceaseless scandal.
" There goes (they 'll say) a ragamuffin,
" A loggerhead, that merits cuffing.
" He, summon'd down to *Hell* by *Fate*,
" Was mean enough to send his mate
" Thither in 's stead. The sordid imp
" Had no more courage than a shrimp.
" And yet this pudding-pate must puff
" Himself off for a man of buff,
" (A lily-liver'd dolt! od rat him!)
" And must abuse those that begat him,
" Because they would not brook instead
" Of him to be knock'd on the head."
Such stuff the filthy knaves will talk,
And bleach me till I 'm white as chalk.

What 's

983——988.

What 's life worth then, when such a group
Of slanderers ride cock-a-hoop?
Or where 's the use of these abodes,
When th' earth swarms with such human toads?
Chor. In physicks, sophistry, and verse,
Which for the mind good meat is,
I 'm deeply read, and can rehearse
From *Wecker de secretis*; —
Pleasaunte conceytes can quote, I ween,
From *Greg'ry Thaumatergus,*
And prove that I 'm at *Gretna Green,*
When I 'm at *Carrickfergus.*
In *Machiavelli's* page of blood
I am old dog at poaching;
And *Huygens'* work *On Clocks of Wood*
Am tired to death with broaching.
Pappus, Duns Scotus, Euclid's pages,
I 've long since in my sense-box held,—
Writers of all sorts, and all ages, —
With *Douglas,* Bishop of *Dunkeld.*
Yet neither *Douglas,* ancient bard, —
Nor *Euclid's* pages cramp and hard, —
Nor *Scotus,* learned *Dunce,* — nor he
Who wrote on Bee-geometry, —
Nor *Huygens,* who created clocks
Of holly hard, or harder box, —
Not *Machiavel,* tooth-breaking elf, —
Nor proof that I am not myself, —

Nor

988——995.

Nor *Thaumatergus*' wondrous treatis-
es, — nor e'en *Wecker de secretis*, —
Can e'er convince me, though they prate
With ceaseless noise interminate,
That there is aught so tough to battle with as *Fate*.
Bites she ? it rankles in the marrow
Like venom'd tooth of poison'd arrow.
Not *Galen*, *Celsus*, *Mead*, can save,
Nor *Hippocrat*, nor *Old Boerhaave* ;
Nor *Orpheus*, who was dubb'd *M. D.*
For knowledge of phlebotomy, —
That art, which teaches us to flay
The postern sleek with birchen spray,
As pedagogues do at this day.
Nay e'en *Apollo*, though he be
To all the gods quack-deity,
And beat at the mortar,
Till the pestle grow shorter
With thumping
And bumping,
And using
And bruising, —
And has gender'd a whole line
Of experts in medicine,
Varlets, that know as much as he,
Of cupping, and midwivery, —
E'en he, with all his crew, might count the surges,
Sooner than hamstring *Fate*, or beat her down by purges.

She

995——1006.

She is a strapping female tike,
Or goddess, call her which you like,
That cares as much for frankincense,
Bull-beef, myrrh, aloes, *Peter-pence*,
As if you were to sacrifice
Wind-eggs, or hecatomb of lice;
Or gut an earth-worm at her shrine,
Or herring red, or haberdine.
Hark, I pray thee, hagard *Fate*,
Never on my numscull pate
Heavier press than heretofore;
Hold, — for I can bear no more.
My head is not made of brass,
As *Old Bacon's* noddle was.
Hold thee, mammock, fell and dread,
Thou art ponderous as lead;
Incubus's eldest sister,
Like him black as soot or bistre;
Jove's own help-mate; — without *Fate* he
Cannot do aught great or weighty.
By dint of gizzard it thy sport is
To grind cold steel to alcohol;
Thy gastrick juice is *aqua fortis*,
Thy spittle oil of vitriol.
Thy will, like adamantine bar,
Not e'en the *Endless Screw* can mar,
Nor all *Mechanicks*, or the force
Of dev'lish engines, stop thy swift, unerring course.

1006——1019.

(*To* Admetus.)

Thee too in clutches fierce and tight,
Darting from her aërial height,
She has essay'd to truss, —
Relentless, and resolved to wrest
From thy embrace thine own *Alceste*
To her sarcophagus.
But cease those idle tears to flow;
No tears can move the shades below,
Or civilize *Dame Fatum*;
E'en *Jove's* own bastards must turn off,
And die of dropsy, stone, or cough,
Though *Jove* doth generate 'em,
Alceste, unless I am mista'en,
We ne'er shall see thy like again,
Thou wert so wondrous pretty:
We loved thee when alive; and still,
Though dead, thou shalt have our good will,
As witnesseth this ditty.
O! 'tis a pity, I 'll be sworn,
Admetus, that you are thus shorn
Of ev'ry joy and pleasure:
Your rib, she was a *rara avis*;
Born under lucky star the knave is,
Who lights on such a treasure.
Howbeit, sometime before *Shrove-tide*,
We 'll have her spirit deified,
Or made a *Sylph* of blithe and gay,
Or *Ouphe*, or yellow-skirted *Fay*.

Her

1019—1034.

Her tomb shall be no common tomb,
Thick-set with monumental gloom;
By slight of hand this lethal cavern
Shall be transform'd into a tavern.
There pilgrims oft shall find good cheer,
And slake them with ground-ivy beer,
Or ale-hoof, call it which you will,
And of black-puddings take their fill;
While she a sun-beam shall bestride,
And round them in the welkin ride.
Then, when they 've steep'd their eyes in dew
Of sleep, they shall their road pursue,
And, as they lose sight of the inn,
Each cross himself, and thus begin:
" Goddess, from my heart I thank
" Thee for all the ale I drank,
" And the damage that I did
" Puddings champing;
" For with tramping
" I was like to be bed-rid.
" Such a wife as thou wert, when
" Thou didst herd with mortal men,
" I ne'er heard of, since the day
" *Fate* uncased me,
" And debased me
" To the rank of pilgrim gray.
" But, (indeed it would be hard
" Had not Virtue its reward,

1024——1031.

" That the good might of it taste,)
" Thou 'rt a goddess
" Now, with bodice
" Superhuman round thy waist.
" Therefore, as I pass along
" Roads of flint, and bye-lanes long,
" Of thy praise I 'll alway tell.
" O ! befriend me,
" Good luck send me,
" Speed me on my journey well."
In some such style as this shall they
Address them to this upstart *Fay*,
Coax her with sing-song ephemerick,
And daub her thick with panegyrick. —
But here, if I am not mista'en,
Comes kill-cow *Hercules* again.

(*Enter* Hercules.)

Herc. Where friendship is sincere, 'tis fit
That we do make right use of it,
And not belie its name. The wight
Is black as jet, who dares deny 't.
Argal, if *A* have aught amiss
'Gainst *B*, the matter comes to this, —
That, rather than his rancour pull in,
And growl, and be all sour and sullen,
He 'd better let it out though bulky;
No good e'er came of being sulky.
Now, th' reason why I paid this visit
I never told you; but this is it.

1031——1039.

I dropp'd upon you at this time
On purpose, — though it may not chime
To sense at first sight ; but 'tis true,
As sure as I 'm addressing you.
The fact is then that, as I knew
That you were rack'd with devils blue,
I thought 'twould be of times the best
To put my friendship to the test,
And chose 't accordingly. While you,
Without so much as doubting too,
Although your lost, ill-fated spouse
Lay dead as mutton in the house,
Nathless brought out the best you had,
And smiled on 't, though you were but sad ;
Nay more, would e'en have me persuaded
It was nought but a stranger jade dead.
I took you at your word, — deck'd out
Myself, — began to sing and spout, —
And drank as hard as I was able,
Although the house was hung with sable.
Now, though your rage at me you spirt,
Yet still I will the truth assert,
(To curb it would be quite ungodly)
I therefore say — " You acted oddly."
But let that pass at present ; you
Just now have other fish to stew ;
So I wont meddle with 't. Forbearance
Is better here than interference.

1039——1047.

Proceed I now to tell you why
I 've chanced again this way to fly,
And what 's my purpose. Here 's a dame,
Buxom, with well-proportion'd frame,
Whom I would have you take good care of,
While I am gone to *Thrace* to bear off
King Diomed's stage-coach, — and break
Its owner down to a rump-steak.
Now should I, by unlucky hit,
Be slain instead as dead as nit,
And in the scuffle lose my being,
(For what 's to happen there 's no seeing)
Why, then the damsel you may keep
To scour your house, your floor to sweep;
And split me, if she 's not as flush
A girl as ever handled brush.
Be sure that on safe shelf you set her;
It cost me many a tug to get her,
As you shall learn. It so fell out,
As I proceeded on my route,
I heard a loud, continued shout.
Straight, in direction of the din,
I got me on through thick and thin,
Nor slacken'd pace, till I had found
What 'twas occasion'd all this sound.
A village feast, forsooth! — However,
As nought can me from mirth dissever,
I thought it best to lend a hand,
And make one of the rural band.

1047——1056.

On this I with a hearty clump
Of youths play'd at hop-stride-and-jump.
We buckled to, both great and small, —
But somehow I o'erstepp'd them all;
And so, in spite of all that they
Could do to 't, bore the prize away,
To wit this wench. Now they, whose hap
It was to play at shufflecap,
Or shone at scotch-hop, or were quick
At chuck-farthing, or single-stick,
These for their prizes carried off
A galloway, or donkey tough:
While they, whose glorious exploits
Lay in the way of bowls or quoits,
Who leap'd, or wrestled, or could box,
Were each rewarded with an ox, —
Fit type of hardihood. They next
(That I may now clip short my text)
Put up this dame, just at the time
I chanced at first with them to chime:
And, as the wench was young and plump,
I thought for her I 'd have a jump.
He must have had great self-denial,
Who could have waved so fair a trial.
Her, as I said before, I 'll place
Here with you, till I come from *Thrace*.
Be sure you tend her well; for she
Was won by fair means, as you see,

And not by foul. Do this aright,
And you may be the gainer by 't.
Adm. 'Twas not from disrespect, I vow,
Or rudeness that I acted so;
Nor did I keep you unacquainted
With my distress, or have it painted
With gladness counterfeit, because
I counted you one of my foes.
Far other were my views. I thought
That, should I tell you what was what,
You 'd go, with what speed you were able,
And dine at some one else's table:
Which had you but have done, my trouble
Would worser then have been by double.
Besides, I thought it was but fair
That my own ills myself should bear,
And not let others take a share.
This dame, however, I must beg
You will no longer think to peg
On me, — but billet her elsewhere,
Where th' landlord is less rent with care.
In *Thessaly* there 's many a wight
Will gladly tend her day and night,
And be much flatter'd with the task;
To get it done, you 've but to ask.
Dont leave her here; for I declare
'Twould drive me mad as a march-hare.
Whene'er I saw her in the house,
I straight should think on my lost spouse,

1067——1076.

And fall a weeping. Such a weed
Would be a sad eye-sore indeed.
Do not, I pray thee, thus annoy me;
I 'm sure that it would quite destroy me.
My woe wants no make-weight like this;
I 've got my quota of 't, as 'tis.
Besides, my friend, where could I put
This smock-faced, simp'ring, plump, young slut,—
Who, by her carriage, looks, and dress,
Has not yet cast her teens, I guess?
Prithee, would'st have me let her chum
With th' servants in the *Servants' Room?*
A girl, like her, both young and fair,
Would be but roughly handled there.
Amidst a pamper'd host of such
Small knaves she 'd get a toss too much.
Nay more, — it would astound me quite,
If she were not gorbellied by 't.
I know what valets are, — whose jaws
Are season'd with their masters' sauce:
Their pranks and mischief nought can thin,
When once they 've got their humour in.
But I regard you much too well,
Than e'er to suffer her to dwell
'Mongst such a lawless crew. Of that
There therefore is an end; that 's flat.
What shall I do then? As I live,
There is but one alternative;

Name-

1076——1082.

Namely, that she do take her rest
Each night with me 'stead of *Alceste*,
And fill her place exactly. But,
Although I should keep off the slut,
And be bomb-proof to all her charms,
Nor ever take her to my arms, —
Yet, spite of all this self-control,
The neighbours still would snarl and growl,
And ev'ry *Old Maid* in the place
Be ready to spit in my face;
That, though I never once should dally
With this fair lily of the valley,
They 'd threap it down (kind heav'n forbid!)
That we slept closer than we did.
In this way they would make a jest
Of my affection for *Alceste*,
And swear 'twas but a sham at best.
Nay 'twould be well, with magick skirt on
If her pale ghost drew not my curtain
At dead of night, — with eyes of red,
All socket-sunk into her head;
Which, as they roll'd, and round began turn,
Would stare like eyes of turnip-lantern;
While her elf-locks, adown each shoulder,
Would make me shudder to behold her.
But 't shant be done. Indeed to do 't
Would argue me a very brute.
What but a brute could so behave
To one, who trudged it to the grave,

That

1082——1092.

That I might here tuck in plum-pudding,
And this great world still chaw the cud in ? —
Now as to you, my pretty shrew,
If I may risk a thought or two
On your prim person, and your stature,
I swear that *Alceste* was not fatter,
Nor leaner. Sure ye 'd both one mother ;
Ye 're like as one egg to another.
Take her, kind *Herc'les*, from my sight,
Or she 'll bamboozle me outright.
She is the picture of *Alcestis*,
Although in other garb she dress'd is.
Off, off with her ! the piercing smart
Distracts me, makes me sick at heart.
See, — from both eyes the tear-flood breaks,
Enough to pickle both my cheeks,
As though some salter should them steep,
Like pig-chops, in a brine-pit deep.
What shall I do ? I sink — I 'm going, —
Nor have speech left to tell my woe in.
Ah ! me, 'tis bitter, sharp, and keen,
And like to crack my very spleen.

Chor. This job has made you quite moon-struck ;
I cannot say much for its luck.
However, I advise you take
The wench for the Knight-errant's sake ;
For 'tis a point of etiquette
To do the task Knight-errants set.

Herc.

Herc. O! that I could but call your spouse
Hither from *Pluto's* charnel-house,
And raise her up by magick spell
From that deep copper-mine, hight *Hell;*
Sure it would give me boundless pleasure
To set before you such a treasure.
Adm. Ay, I believe you; but we must
Yield. We cant animate what 's dust.
One might as well attempt to make
A mutton-chop of a beef-steak.
Herc. Come, cheer up; be not down i' th' lug;
Nor mountain-high your shoulders shrug.
You look as you 'd been drown'd with rain,
Or eaten, and spew'd up again.
Adm. 'Tis easier far to give advice,
Than take 't, — nor is this vain surmise.
That truth contain'd in this my speech is
You 'll know, if you put on my breeches.
Herc. But where 's the use of all this pother?
You 'll gain by 't nor one thing nor other.
Adm. That may be true; but ejulation
At this time suits my inclination.
Herc. I pity you. Who mourns the dead,
I fear, is but a loggerhead.
Adm. This sad mishap has clapp'd upon me
Slap-dash, — and so at once undone me.
My grief, if you in verse should dress it,
E'en travesty could not express it.

1103——1110.

Herc. Your rib was certainly a slattern
Without her paragon or pattern.
Who dares deny 't, all dense as lead
Has more polylogy than head.
Adm. Her loss has giv'n me such a sprain,
I fear I shant come round again.
To draw still nearer to the point,—
My very life is out of joint.
Herc. You 'll mend of that, or I 'm not flesh;
Your grief 's as yet but crude and fresh.
Sooner you will forget 't or later,
For Use (they say) is second Nature.
Adm. All things must have an end; that 's true;
Nor is this telling you aught new.
Yet still, as long as life shall quicken
This carcase, I these thoughts shall stick on.
Herc. Not so; I 'll stake a groat you 'll find
Ere long a damsel to your mind.
Winter will be here in a span;
And then you 'll want a warming-pan.
Adm. How can you chouse me thus, and crack
Your jokes upon my wearied back?
I thought you 'd had more manners. Cease,
And, prithee, let me be at peace.
Herc. Why — surely you dont mean to lie
All single till the day you die?
P—x take such small conceit. Get wed.
There 's nothing like a double bed.

Adm.

Adm. It may seem so to you: but still
Nought on this earth shall change my will.
For ne'er again, while my pulse beats,
Will I be cased in wedding-sheets.
Herc. But where 's the good? Dost think *Alceste*
Will care a pennyworth, at best,
For this, — or at 't a blithe face put on?
She will not value 't at a button.
Adm. Well, that may be; but I 'll be shot,
Or turn'd into a porridge-pot,
If e'er I rue; so dont me wheedle.
I 've too much love for her a great deal.
Herc. Be 't so; I take your bent. That you
Mean well, is evident and true.
But still you have your specks. I doubt
There 's none that speckless is throughout.
Few, few, like *Boerhaave's* rud-*red pill*,
Can boast that they 're *infallible*.
Adm. No — may I be tripp'd up and faulter,
If e'er I jog to *Hymen's* altar,
On *Gretna's* level green, or where
Towers *St. George* in *Han'ver Square*.
Herc. Your spirit I commend, although
It has a wrong twist or so.
Adm. If e'er I 'm weak enough to frolick
With this my stern resolve, — may th' colick,
With fevers tertian and quartan,
Rumble my brains, and guts, and heart in.

Herc.

1117——1125.

Herc. Softly, — not quite so fierce! Come, take
This wench withindoors for my sake.
Adm. Nay, I conjure thee by th' blade-bone
Of *Jove*, who rolls the thunder-stone,
Of whom they say that thou 'rt a sprout, —
That thou wilt do this grant without.
Herc. Less, less of that: for, if I do,
That 's sure to be the worse for you.
Adm. How that is I dont understand;
For, should I take this wench by th' hand,
I should be plunged by doing so
Into a *maximum* of woe.
Herc. Come; be advised for once. Mayhap
'Tmay be a feather in your cap.
Adm. This dame of harm is the forerunner;
I would to heav'n you ne'er had won her.
Herc. I' faith! your int'rests had been cross'd
As well as mine, had she been lost.
Both were at stake, my honest tike;
'Twas hit or miss with both alike.
Adm. Marry! 'tis true we always feel
An int'rest in each other's weal,
Where friendship, long time stitch'd together,
Season'd has been by wind and weather;
And so far I rejoice that you
Met with the luck to gain the shrew.
But still I hope elsewhere you 'll store her,
And seek another shelter for her.

Herc.

Herc. I 'll act according to direction,
If you are sure there 's no objection.
But first be sure. Nought under th' sun,
Done once, can ever be undone.
Adm. Objection I have surely none,
If you but do it in good tone,
Nor let your anger be unfurl'd
Against me, — else not for the world.
Herc. *Admetus,* in thus pressing you
Be sure I 've some good end in view.
It would be nothing short of treason
To jolt you thus without a reason.
Adm. Well; as you like. But think not I
Can ever do this cheerfully.
Herc. Only be guided by me, you,
Trust me, shall have no cause to rue.
Adm. In let her go then; so I 'll call
Some one to take her into th' *Hall.*
Herc. That wont do; it suits not my palate
That she should be thrumm'd by a valet.
Adm. You 'd best yourself within doors thrust her,
If that to others you can trust her.
Herc. No — you must take her; 'twill not do
That any one should do 't but you.
Adm. I take her? 'Sblood! not I a whit.
I will have nought to do with it.
Off, off with her! it would me butcher
E'en with a pair of tongs to touch her.

Herc.

1135——1143.

Herc. In you must lead her, and no other,—
So do it without further pother.
Who is so proper, let me ask,
As you, to execute the task?
Adm. Friend *Hercules,* I cant but take ill
Your conduct,—'tis that of a rake-hell.
Else surely you 'd not press me still
To do this matter, will or nill.
Herc. Give her your hand. Nay, I insist on 't.
Here 's her's; now do you put your fist on 't.
Adm. If there 's no choice left, then I must,
In spite of nausea and disgust;
Yet, do I count this such an evil,
I 'd rather shake hands with the d—l.
Herc. Now, have you got her?—*Adm.* Have I not?
I feel my hand begin to rot.
Herc. Then hold her fast. If you dont change
Your tune soon, may I have the mange.
You 'll deem this I 've just show'r'd upon you,
The best good turn that e'er was done you;
And, while you breathe this vital fluid,
Thank *Hercules,* — or I 'm a *Druid.*
There, — look her in the face, — dost know her?
Is she not a fair cauliflower, —
Somewhat like *Alceste,* I presume,
All blossom, loveliness, and bloom?
Ay, there, — clear up, and smoothe each wrinkle,
While thy two eyne like dew-drops twinkle.

1143——1154.

Adm. 'Snuckles! what prodigy is this?
Can this be *Alceste's* honest phiz?
Zounds! do I see thee? Or hath *Ponk*
Fuddled me till I 'm maudlin drunk; —
And so ta'en 't into mind to place
A wayward sprite before my face?
Herc, What? then dost think that I was willing
To pass upon thee a bad shilling?
She 's current coin, or I 'll be split,
Without alloy or counterfeit.
Adm. Art sure 'tis not some *Fairy Ape,*
Or *Barghost,* trimm'd in human shape?
Herc. Dost take me for a morris-dancer,
Or caballistick necromancer,
That by black art, all false and shamm'd,
Can raise up ghost, or goblin damn'd?
Adm. Is 't she, whom late 'midst dirges loud
We wrapp'd up in her fun'ral shroud?
Herc. 'Tis she, the same, — nor do I wonder
That thou should'st be thus posed, and blunder.
Adm. If I should touch her, would 't begrime me?
Dost think she would electrify me?
What if I spoke t' her? would she let me?
Art sure that it would not upset me?
Herc. Speak; she 'll not harm thee. Do not fear.
'Tis thy own *Alceste* that stands here.
Adm. What? *Alceste* here? Ay, so it is.
A poke of blessings on thy phiz!

O! —

O! — I cant say it out. — What? come
Unto my arms again, my chum?
Hither! let 's clasp, my pretty plover;
Alack! I 'd given thee quite over.
Herc. Thou 'rt now cocksure of her, I guess,
And art brimfull of happiness.
I trust no foul hag will bespew thee,
Nor evil eye blast and mildew thee.
Adm. Bless thee! good *Herc'les,* cunning cur;
Thou best stout branch of *Jupiter;* —
O! may he send thee from the skies
Hailstones of beef, and manna-pies,
That thou may'st show thy skill in carving,
And never be in fear of starving.
For surely none but thou has saved
Both me and mine from being graved,
And dipp'd in *Styx,* — it makes me vomit
To think on 't, — but thou 'st saved us from it.
Now, prithee, have me told how 'twas
Thou brought'st this mighty deed to pass.
Herc. Well; you must know, before 'twas done,
I had to thwack, and bruise, and stun,
Fleece, firk, thump, batter, taw, and tame
Old *Rattlebones,* — is that his name?
Adm. *Rawheadandbloodybones* you mean, —
But tell me where took place the scene;
And in what part of *Pherœ-township*
You bastinado'd thus *His Boneship?*

Herc.

1162——1170.

Herc. Hard by *Alcestis'* tomb. The shock
Lasted a full hour by the clock.
There, like a tiger, I set on him,
Laid blows, like pigs of lead, upon him,
Pounded him small, — and with a racket
Trimm'd, till 'twas black and blue, his jacket.
Adm. But, prithee, *Hercules,* I wish
To know why she stands mute as fish?
How is 't that she has not brought back
Her tongue, or, as some call it, clack?
Herc. Marry, 'tis thus. The mystick token,
Which held her, is not yet quite broken;
That is to say, the magick spell
Put on her by the fiends of *Hell.*
Nor can her mouth discharge one word,
Or one shrill accent e'er be heard,
Till the third dawn, in gold-fringe dress'd,
Peer through the window of the East.
Meanwhile upon her you must throw,
From hyssop-branch, or mistletoe,
A quart of moonshine, and bespatter
Her all over with lustral water.
Now take her in. Thus much, you see,
Can come of hospitality.
This my return, and these my thanks; —
Do alway so, you 'll ne'er draw blanks.
So fare you well. I 'm gone slap-dash
To fetch *King Diomed's* calash.

Eu-

1170——1177.

Eurystheus, weary of bestriding
Saddl'-horses, wants a gig to ride in.
Adm. Nay, *Hercules*, I pray thee, eke out
A longer stay, and stop the week out.
There 's butcher's meat enough to serve us;
Dont go, — I 'm sure 'twill make me nervous.
Herc. *Herc'les* cant stay just now, if thou
Should'st barbecue him a whole cow.
However, when he 's done this job, he 'll
Be sure again this way to hobble. (*Exit.*)
Adm. My blessing 's on thee! may'st thou meet
Good luck in ev'ry lane and street,
High-road, and alley, — wheresoe'er
Knight-errantry thy steps may steer. —
As for myself, the state I 'm in
Is as of one, who quits his skin
Dead-drunk with joy unmix'd, — therefrom
As wild and fierce as *Bedlam Tom.*
Proceed I now by proclamation
To summon hither the whole nation,
Man, woman, child, of ev'ry sort; —
Who lags, shall be belabour'd for 't.
Arrived, on light, fantastick toe
We 'll skip, jump, bump it, and halloo;
And all that come, shall come scot-free
To join the dreadful revelry.
Of beef there shall be quite a shoal,
(No beef like that, that 's roasted whole,)—

Of

1177——1182.

Of ale, to decorate the feast,
Three thousand firkins, at the least.
Such full-grown items of good luck,
That make me stare like pig that 's stuck,
And scarce believe but by some chance
I must have got into a trance,
(If so, I should go mad, and bite all)
Call for substantial, strong requital.
So we with loud tumultuous shout
Will drive tremendous revelrout;
Until the concave ring like kettle,
That 's made of copper or bell-metal.
For now, instead of being queasy
And griped with ills, I am quite easy;
And frisk as free from teen or care
As hippogriff, that rides in air.

(Exit in a gallop.)

Chor. The chips and the changes of life are so many,
That for *Fortune's* behests I would not give one penny;
No — though I had read all *De Moivre on Chances*,
And in *Monsieur La Place* had made manful advances.
She 's too sly for us all, both smooth-pates and magicians,
And can cozen the best of our mathematicians.
Like *Will-with-a-wisp*, you would think that you'd got her,—
When she 'll slip a mile off, — she is such a quick trotter.
Again, when you know she 's been gone for a week,
She 'll be at your elbow, and slap you o' th' cheek.
At legerdemain, if you chance to sit next her,
She 's dab-hand, nay (as some say) is quite ambidexter;

Will

1182——1184.

Will filch from your trunk, though twice over you lock it,
And look you i' th' face, while she lightens your pocket;
So that *Harlequin's* self, when compared t' her, is stale,
And his gestures all lifeless, and slow as a snail.
Thus much, at the least, you will see in this play
Manifested, and set forth as plain as noon-day, —
Whether you read the *Greek*, or smudge, twitter, and smirk,
At the blithe, jolly version of *Issachar Styrke*.

(Exeunt.)

THE END.

ERRATA.

P. iv. l. 47. read *Hyperborean.*

Next page but one, *erase the quotation from Hudibras.*

P. 18. l. 492, *erase the words* "(*to* Admetus)" *and read as follows:*

Do not grasp me,
Cease to clasp me.
I go,—I go
To th' shades, &c.

P. 26. l. 710. *read* "to 'm."

P. 30. place lines 804, 806, 807, 808, with their initial letters under those of lines 805, 809.

P. 73. l. 2016. *read* "Nor."

P. 74. l. 2043. *read* "midwifery."

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ALL AT COVENTRY:

OR

LOVE AND LAUGH;

A FARCICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

OLYMPIC NEW THEATRE

WITH THE MOST UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE.

WRITTEN BY

W. G. T. MONCRIEF.

AUTHOR OF "THE DIAMOND ARROW," THE DRAMA OF "ELIJAH," REPRESENTED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, &c. &c.

THE OVERTURE AND MUSIC COMPOSED BY MR. G. W. REEVE,

Y escrivo por el arte que inventaron
Los que el vulgar applauso pretendieron,
Porque como los paga el vulgo es justo,
Hablarle en nescio para parle gusto.

LOPEZ DE VEGA.

Risu diducere rictum auditoris.

HOR. SAT. B. 1. Sat. x.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. PHILLIPS, 3, CURSITOR-STREET, CHANCERY-LANE; AND SOLD AT THE THEATRE, AND BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

(*Price Two Shillings.*)

1816.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Piece, with the exception of some trifling alterations, was written five years ago, when the author was a boy. The characters of *Bramble* and *Lively* bear some similitude to the characters of RESTIVE in "Turn out," and "YOUNG CONTRACT" in "The Boarding House." It may not, therefore, be totally irrelevant to state, that this Sketch was in the hands of the manager of the Lyceum some months previously to either of those farces being first represented there. It is by no means wished to infer from this, that either Mr. Kenny or Mr. Beazly have been, in the remotest degree, guilty of plagiarism, as the coincidence is by no means extraordinary; it is mentioned merely from a sense of justice to the author's self; for, notwithstanding there is nothing in the whole production worth stealing, there have not been wanting persons to accuse the author of 'flat burglary.' To Mrs. Haywood, Mr. Russell, Mr. Sloman, and Mr. Fitzwilliam, for the brilliant finish they gave to a very imperfect outline, it is needless to say the author's very best thanks are offered; while to Mrs. Hughes, Mr. Middleton, Mr. Huckel, and Mr. Elliot, who cheerfully and ably supported characters greatly subordinate to their talent, something more than thanks seems necessary;—they, however, are acquainted with the author's private sentiments on the subject, and will dispense with any more than this slight public acknowledgement.

For the printing a trifle like this, a more serious apology seems necessary. It was done at the solicitation of friends, and against the author's better judgment. Not but he is perfectly aware that the press is daily burthened with productions full as worthless and faulty as this is, and that he can answer the carpings of the chivalrous critic with perfect propriety, in the words of the sage Master Peter, the mover of the puppets: "Signor Don Quixote, Your worship must not mind such trifles, nor seek for that perfection which is not to be found. How many plays do you see every day represented full of impropriety and absurdities? yet they happily run their career, and are heard, not simply with applause, but even with universal admiration. Proceed, boy, and let people talk; for, provided I fill my pocket, I don't care if there should be more improprieties than there are atoms in the sun*."

Somers Town, 16th Jan. 1816.

* Don Quixote, Part 2, Book 2, Chap. 9.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Timothy ..... Mr. Russell.
Bramble ..... Mr. Meredith.
Ramble ..... Mr. Huckel.
Lively ..... Mr. Fitzwilliam.
Gabblewig ..... Mr. Sloman.
Tommy ..... Mr. Elliot.
Redtail ..... Mr. Middleton.
Gregory ..... Mr. Truman.
Waiter ..... Master C. Fitzwilliam.

Dora ..... Mrs. Haywood.
Catherine ..... Mrs. Hughes.

ALL AT COVENTRY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The common Room of a Country Inn.—Door in the Centre leading to the Village.—Door on each Side leading to inner Apartments.—Timothy, Ramble, and Gabblewig enter as the Curtain rises to the Symphony of the following Quartetto.—Timothy from Door in the Centre, Ramble and Gabblewig from side Doors: they ring the Bells very violently.

QUARTETTO.

Timothy.—Ramble.—Gabblewig.—Waiter.

Tim. Landlord! waiter! boots! oddsfish,
You Job himself would vex;
I've rung your bells until I wish
Their ropes were round your necks.

Ram. The dead themselves might hear this din,
What are you all about?
Zounds! how can this be call'd an *Inn*,
When every soul is out?

Gab. Cookey! ostler! landlord! waiter!
I've not yet broke my fast;
Keep me but a moment later,
That moment is your last.

WAITER (*without*). I'm coming.

Omnes. Come, or hear your doom,—
'Tis fit that you shou'd know,
That if you don't, sir, quickly come,
That we shall quickly go.

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Very sorry, your honours, to keep you waiting;—but me, master, mistress, and the maid, have all been obliged to listen to Squire Bramble's speech on the sinking fund.

Tim. Sinking fund! Egad, your funds will soon sink if you treat your customers in this manner. But come, you dog, now you are here, get me a glass of brandy-and-water, and put in it—

Ram. A mutton chop, waiter.

Tim. Eh! a mutton chop in my brandy-and-water?

Ram. Or a rump steak and oyster sauce.

Gab. Any thing hot in the house? eh, young man?

Tim. Some ginger, waiter; and let the water be boiling.

Wait. Here, cookey—A beef steak and ginger, in No. 1.—Brandy-and-water and oyster sauce for the third box; and something hot for the gentleman in the wig here.

Gab. Gentleman in the wig! What does he mean by that? I've a great mind to trim his wig for him.—What if I have been a barber—does that there signify?—Never was so treated since I resigned the tongs—Egad! I must leave this here saucy inn, I see,—yes, I will. I'll go and find out Tommy—pay my bill, and off to Miss Dora directly—Here Tommy! Tommy! [*Exit.*

Ram. Come, Waiter, look sharp, you dog; for I can assure you I'm sharp set. [*Exit* Waiter.

Tim. Why surely I know that voice!—Can it be—Yes, it must be—Pray, sir, are you—Ramble?

Ram. Timothy!—Why what the devil brought you to Coventry?

Tim. A damn'd slow diligence—a Yorkshire

waggon half the way; and my legs, as I feel to my cost, the other half.—But what brings you to Coventry—Surely you hav'n't been *sent* here, eh?

Ram. No! oh, no!—"A truant disposition, good my lord."—But tell me, how the plague could you leave your master, old Redtail?

Tim. Season your admiration with patience, and I'll tell you.—You know the old scoundrel?

Ram. I do—as errant a fiend as ever hunted a poor undone devil to despair with a couple of bailiffs.

Tim. You will not be surprised then that I've long wish'd to leave his service, though prevented by poverty. The old dog has lately been worse than ever;—no old maid's footman was ever more nagg'd and fagg'd—Oh the luxury of scribbling twelve hours a day in the infernal den he call'd his office!—let me not think on't.—The plain fact is, that happening to stay five minutes after my dinner half-hour yesterday, he abused me so much I began to cane his coat, and forgot in my rage that he was in it.

Ram. Well! and what then?

Tim. Why then, contrary to modern tactics—having gain'd a victory over my enemy, I show'd him a fair pair of heels—ran away—and here I am, with my wardrobe in my waistcoat pocket—a light heart in my bosom—a little silver in my purse—a great deal of brass in my person—a prepossessing physiognomy—an insinuating address; my master behind me, and all the world before me; and if any body wants a companion to take the moon by the horns—run to the Antipodes and back again—set out in search of the longitude—go to the bottom of the Red Sea in a diving-bell—or knock down the great wall of China—Egad! I'm their man.

Ram. The same thoughtless, rattling, merry fel-

low I always knew you—But seriously now, what do you mean to do?

Tim. Do!—why I'll make a *capital* start—go to the metropolis—to London, my boy.

Ram. And what the devil do you mean to do there?

Tim. Why first I'll turn player.

Ram. Turn player!

Tim. Yes:—don't you think I shall succeed?—hav'n't I always got three rounds of applause whenever I spouted at the Mouth-and-Teapot club? and then don't you recollect my success in Old Joskins's barn, when I played the part of the gallant gay Lothario with such fire that I melted even the very candles.—Zounds! man, hav'n't I a good figure, a loud voice, and action enough for a harlequin? *(Cuts a caper.)*

Ram. Yes, but you won't do for Tragedy; your tragic powers are as weak as ——

Enter WAITER.

Wait. The brandy-and-water, gentlemen.

Ram. 'Faith! I hope that's stronger, or we shall be in a poor way—But come, Waiter, are the steaks ready?

Wait. They'll be ready directly, gentlemen.

[*Exit.*

Tim. I tell you, my dear Ramble, you're entirely mistaken with respect to my tragic powers—You may smile, but I've no doubt of proving both *Young* and *Keen*—En't I up in all the principal parts, from the King down to the Cock in Hamlet?—"And now our cousin Hamlet and our son."—"Cock-a-doodle doo."—Yes, I'll brave the trial of a London audience; they are always ready to receive and succour modest merit: and I've no doubt, with my powers, of being applauded as a devilish good performer.

Ram. Ha! ha! ha! All that is mighty fine; but I really don't think you'll ever reach the metropolis.

Tim. Come—I'll lay you a crown on that.

Ram. Done.

Tim. Done.

Enter WAITER.

Wait. The steaks are ready, gentlemen.

Ram. Then I beg leave to hold them.—You'll eat a bit with me, Tim?

Tim. With all my heart.—What rooms have you, disengaged, Waiter?

Wait. Why, sir, there's the Moon:—but I forgot, there's a man in that.

Tim. Eh! A man in the Moon! Oh, then we'll not go there.—What others are there?

Wait. There's the Waterloo Subscription, sir; that's full:—but there's the Pope's Head; that's empty.

Tim. So, it appears, is your's; or where's your brains, you blockhead, that you don't show us into it? Are you afraid of committing a bull, you dog? Don't you know that the Pope's head is full of them?

Wait. This way, gentlemen.

Ram. Come along, Tim.

Tim. Aye, aye, I'll be with you and the steaks before you can cry Ketchup.

[*Exeunt* Ramble *and* Waiter.

Yes, yes, I'll go to London, I'm determined—there I'll not only act plays, but i'faith I'll write them: and to ensure the people's reading them, 'gad, I'll set up a circulating library, and send them all over the town.—Author and actor—charming combination!—yes, I'll do it, I'm resolv'd.

SONG.

Yes, yes, I'll directly to London,
Where folks are at once made and undone;
There for the Theatres I'll write,

In Tragedy, Comedy, Opera, Farce,
I'll Morton, and Reynolds, and Dibdin surpass;
Yes, at once I will act and indite:
For the ladies I'll scribble Romances,
My proudest reward, their bright glances;
I'll with horrors their souls tiddivate:
And well to insure that they'll read them,
With a library public I'll bleed them,
And small-talk with my books circulate.

(Speaks.) "Good morning, Mr. Libr'y-man—Pray, take back these books; I shou'dn't be able to get through Patience and Perseverance for a twelvemonth, and the Woman of Ten Thousand has put me quite in a rage."—"Then I'd recommend you, madam, Discipline, or Self-control."—"No, let me have something new, something uncommon."—"Yes, ma'am; there's Disinterested Love, or Marriage without Repentance; that's quite new and uncommon."—"Pray, Mr. Bookman, what's fashionable now?"—"*Crim. Con.* my Lady."—"Well, let me have that, and send the Divorce to my Lord.—Here, John, take these books out directly: leave Travels in Greece at the tallow-chandler's; Killing no Murder, at the butcher's; the Velvet Cushion with old Doctor Barebones, he wants it very bad; Gall's Craniology at Mr. Head's the hatter; and Scenes in High Life at the sponging-house. Go to the Three Balls, and take out the Art of Shooting; and call at the Nursery for Childe Harold."——"How do you find yourself this morning, Miss Gobblegoose?"—"But very poorly; my nerves are so extremely weak: let me have something very dreadful, something with ghosts in it."—"Yes, miss, I think, as you are partial to spirits, you'd better take the Lake of Geneva—Wish your nerves better: Drive on, John!"—for

To London I'm off; for sweet London's the town,
That to Genius, yields profit, rank, pleasure, renown.
[*Exit.*

In Faulconbridge, Zanga, Othello,—
Oh! ye Gods, how I'll bluster and bellow;
In the *Stranger* I'll be quite *at home;*
In Falstaff and Wiggins I'll look wondrous big,
In Hamlet I'll whine—in the Gravediggers, dig,
And most sensibly rant in Mad Tom;
I'll play Risk, and John Lump, and Bob Handy,
While in Sneak I shall be quite the dandy,
And say if that part en't a tiddler;
I'll play Archer, and Touchstone, and Rover,
I shall be a complete Scrub all over,
But shall shine most in Jeremy Diddler.

(*Speaks in different voices.*) "Cousin of Buckingham, thou sage, grave man,"—"You hav'n't such a thing as ten pence halfpenny about you?"—"For Othello's occupation's gone."—"Who takes my purse takes trash; 'tis mine, 'tis his."—"'Tis an unweeded garden that grows to seed."—"Come, gentle love, let's in, and then for amorous sports!"—"Sports, Damme push on, keep moving!"—"Away, poor Tom's a cold! Pillicock sat upon Pillicock hill! Halloo! halloo!—the foul fiend haunts me."—"Off with his head!"—"Oh! Lord, sir, spare all I have, and take my life."—"Life's a walking shadow—a poor player."—"Whose benefit is fixed for the twentieth of June instant, when will be presented the Tragedy of Richard the Third."—"My Lord, the Mayor and Citizens attend—The Mayor."—"A horse! a horse!—my kingdom for a horse!" for

To London I'm off, for sweet London's the town,
That to merit, yields profit, rank, pleasure, renown.
[*Exit.*

Enter GABBLEWIG.

Gab. Well, thank heaven, I've got this here bill at last; now I've only to find Tommy, and I'll not stop another minute in this saucy inn: I never was treated so insolently since I retired from business; left my darling shop, the Red Pole and Pewter Platter on Mutton Hill; where, though a peaceable person, I lather'd so many gallant fellows, and took

every man that came in by the nose, and always acquitted myself with credit, though I never gave any.—But talking of credit—let me see, what have I got to pay:—eh! Nineteen shillings and elevenpence—Oh! it can't be—it's an imposition—"Hare, curry-powder puffs!" yes, I ordered them—they're in my way—but I wo'nt pay it.—Here, Waiter, waiter—stop, I see it's all right; they charge for two, as I used to do for a double-tooth on Mutton-Hill;—But mum for that though.

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Did you call, Your Honour?

Gab. Eh, call! Oh, yes! here, you dog—here's the money for your bill, nineteen shillings and eleven-pence.—There's a pound note—never mind the penny; I like to be generous, though you did insult my wig.—But stay; Have you seen my son Tommy, the schoolarastic looking young man, who talks Latin so nicely?—did you ever hear Tommy talk Latin? You shall hear him some day; it's as pleasant as eating plums to hear him—had him brought up at Doctor Bushwig's—headdication cost me a mint of money.—But odso, here he comes!

Enter TOMMY.

Why, Tommy!—How grave he looks—he's studying some grand horation—Out of the way, Waiter, out of the way; we mustn't disturb him now—he's premeditating some sublime speech—Hush! Out of the way. (*Pushes waiter off.*)

Tom. Heigho! I've too much of the *Lignum Vitæ* about me— I'm tired of life.

Gab. Tired of life, Tommy!—nonsense; I won't have you tired of life—'en't we just beginning life?—Hav'n't I just resigned the combs, razors, and tongs, that I handled with so much satisfaction and profit for the last forty years, and retired from Mutton-Hill here to Coventry on a large fortune—

and all on your account, boy? and don't we now, for the very first time in our lives, appear like gentlemen? And yet you tell me you are tired of life.—hav'n't I had you larnt Latin by Doctor Bushwig?—laid out a mint of money upon you!—Zounds! I shall be in a swinging passion presently if you go on in this manner, I promise you.—But come, Tommy, tell me, Did you wisit Miss Dora last night?

Tom. Yes, I did—Heigho!

Gab. Well! and how did you succeed?—Did you come to any agreement with her?

Tom. No—it was all *nemine contradicente* with us, for we didn't agree a bit.

Gab. Well, I'm sorry for that—I am sorry she contradicted you—But don't be down-hearted, boy; seek consolation now from some of your larned authors in——

Tom. Tully's Offices.

Gab. Tully's Offices!—Ah! they were in Lincoln's Inn, Tommy—Counsellor Tully—I remember I dress'd him when I liv'd on Mutton-Hill, till being too late one morning he dress'd me, pull'd my nose with my own tongs—squibb'd me all the way down stairs with my powder-bag, and then discharged half a dozen balls at my head.

Tom. O tempora!—O mores!—Balls?

Gab. Yes, washballs, Tommy; but my head was the hardest though.—But come, tell me, what was it you said to the young lady, eh, Tommy?

Tom. A great deal—*Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.*

Gab. A great deal in a saw-pit!—that you'd requite her with a poker!—That's rather a strange way of courting a lady—but you great scholards do things so differently from any body else!—However, you shall try again; I'll go with you to encourage you like; and then you know if you ladle out any Latin to her, I can translate it.

Tom. Ego amo.

Gab. He go!—No, no; you go, and aim yourself.

Tom. In propria persona?

Gab. Yes, you'll be a very proper person.

Tom. We'll adjourn to-day *sine die*, and commence proceedings directly; for I'm perfectly of your opinion, *quod sententia tot homines.*

Gab. Oh, yes! on your knees to her by all means; there's nothing like it, Tommy.

Tom. So I think: *propria quæ maribus.*

Gab. Oh, yes, it will be extremely proper to give her a buss when you're married.

Tom. Heu! hei! O Domine. [*Exit* Tommy.

Gab. Heyho! heigho! O Tommy! Poor fellow! His head's full of love and Latin. I shou'dn't wonder if it was not to crack between them. Ah! I wish I had brought him up a barber.

SONG.

Of all the men I know,
Barbers are sure the go:
Heigho!
Thus will I prove it, oh!
He for your manners cares;
All superfluous hairs,
Heigho!
He takes clean away.

He knows geography;
He knows topography:
Who with the poles can be better acquainted, oh!
He is a gallant man,
He is a valiant man;
Puff, powder, his courage was never yet tainted, oh!

He well will lather you;
By the nose take you too,
Heigho!
And come off with credit due.
He is a beau complete;
Always looks spruce and neat,
Heigho!
Like lavender sweet.

If long tail vexes, oh!
Bad crop perplexes, oh!
Heigho!
Head burthen'd, what a go!
Enter his shop, no doubt
Light-headed you'll come out—
Heigho!
Your care cut away.

As soft as pomatum, oh!
To tiddivate 'em, oh!
Ladies find none like the barber; he never fails.
What were the justice grave,
What were the soldier brave,
But for his whiskers, his wigs, and his frizzle-tails.

Keener than razor, oh!
He needs no strapping, oh!
Heigho!
He'll brush through his business, oh!
A blade of true mettle,
All own to a tittle,
Heigho!
A barber's the go.

Enter BRAMBLE.

Bram. What a devil of a house is this! not a morsel of news to be learnt; and I've asked every one I've seen, from the landlord down to boots' journeyman. No papers either! what shall I do for a little news? Egad, I'll try this dog of a waiter, he seems a sharp little fellow. Here, Waiter! (*Enter* Waiter) come here; sit down, you rogue: you're a sharp fellow.

Wait. Yes, sir.

Bramb. There's half a crown for you.

Wait. Thankye, sir.

Bramb. Now tell me, how do you think they go on in the House?

Wait. Why, what can he want to know for?—But no matter, he pays well, so I must satisfy him (*aside*). Why, sir, to say the truth—But you'll not let my mistress know?

Bramb. His mistress! he, he! she's on the other side of the question, I suppose.—Not I.

Wait. Why, sir, it was but the other day Mr. Worts——

Bramb. Ah, I know him; the great brewer, member for this county.—Independent man.

Wait. Yes, sir—very: keeps his curricle and pair. He said that if his bill—

Bramb. His bill! Oh, the last bill he brought into the House!

Wait. Yes, sir.

Bramb. Ordered to lie upon the table.

Wait. Yes, sir, it does lie on the table. He said, sir, that if it wasn't paid, he wou'dn't send another drop of beer into the house.

Bramb. Eh, beer! why what the devil are you talking about, you scoundrel?

Wait. About our house, your honour, the Dog and Porridge Pot.

Bramb. Damn the Dog and Porridge Pot (*kicks Waiter off*). Was ever anything so provoking?—I'm dying to hear a little news, and not a morsel can I collect anywhere. The affairs of the nation, too, in such a critical situation at this period. Ah! a stranger!

Enter TIMOTHY.

Seems just arrived—perhaps comes piping hot from London—has seen the Gazette—knows the news. Egad, I'll ask him.—Your servant, sir; fine morning. Any news, pray sir?

Tim. None that I know of, sir.

Bramb. Affairs, sir, seem rather to wear an embarrassing aspect at present?

Tim. Eh! what affairs? Embarrassing aspect! Why surely he knows my situation. I dare say I've got "Out of place" written in every feature of my face. (*Aside.*)

Bramb. Excuse my freedom, sir: I admire your physiognomy very much. Cou'dn't we contrive some plan to better matters a little?

Tim. Why, what a worthy disinterested old soul this is! (*aside.*) My dear sir, you are very good; I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you; Won't you take a chair? To tell the truth, I must own that there is very great room for improvement.

Bram. Thank heaven, I've discovered some pure patriotism at last: I'm very certain he's a person of consequence by his way—Perhaps a member! egad, it's very likely—I presume, sir, I'm not addressing a member of the House?

Tim. Member of the house!—Oh! he means, do I live here? (*aside.*)—Yes, sir, at present; but I've some thoughts of retiring directly.

Bram. Ah, accepting a place under Government of course?

Tim. That's what I wish; he has probably interest that way (*aside*).

Bram. He'll make a rare fellow for a son-in-law—How he'll bring forward all my plans for the benefit of the nation! Yes, he shall have my daughter, I'm determined (*aside*).—My dear sir, we must know one another better.

Tim. Sir, you're very good.

Bram. You must dine with me to-day.

Tim. Sir, you're better than good.

Bram. My house stands but half a mile distant; you can see it from the window here, that large white mansion between the trees. I'll just go, settle some business with a tenant I came here to meet, and then I'll escort you there.

Tim. Sir, I'm very much obliged to you; I'll wait for you with a deal of pleasure. Pray take care of the steps, sir. [*Exit* Bramble.] What a worthy old soul, to be sure! I wonder who he is? [*Enter*

Waiter.] Waiter, who is that worthy old gentleman?

Waiter. In the snuff-coloured coat and white wig, sir?

Tim. Yes, you dog.

Waiter. Old Squire Bramble, the great politician, sir. He has a daughter, a famous beauty, they say, with an immense fortune; her aunt died the other day and left her twenty thousand pounds.

Tim. A good catch, eh, waiter? as we say at cricket.

Waiter. Yes, sir, but a hard one; for the old gentleman won't consent to her marrying any one but an M. P. [*Exit.*

Tim. An M.P.! Well, what's that to me.—Ah, a thought strikes me—belong to the House—place under Government!—it is—it must be—I see it all. What a fool I was to mistake. The old gentleman takes me for an M.P. Ha! ha! Well, that's a famous joke; though I don't wonder at it, for i'faith my coat has been turn'd often enough. Egad, this may prove better than going to London: I'll carry the joke on; —yes, I will. But what the devil shall I do to keep up appearances?—Why Ramble shall assist me.—Here is Ramble. Ramble, my dear fellow!

Enter RAMBLE.

Ram. Hey! what's in the wind now?

Tim. A fine girl with twenty thousand pounds.

Ram. Twenty thousand pounds! Egad, she must be a fine girl indeed. Twenty thousand charms. Well, but how, you rogue, how?

Tim. Rogue indeed! Zounds! be more respectful, you dog! Know, ignoramus, that I am now an M. P. and you—i'faith, you are my rascal of a footman. No words, I hav'n't time to explain things now: let it be sufficient that it is my royal will, and that

I have a plan in head and hand which will be the making of both of us: therefore you *must* put on a livery; and i'faith, here's a jacket that will be the very thing.

Ram. Well, in the humour I'm in now, I'm for any frolic you can mention *(puts on the jacket)*.

Tim. It fits you to a hair; it's laced too—and all will allow you deserve a laced jacket.

Ram. Have your own way. But I know nothing about the business of a footman.

Tim. Pshaw! you have only to talk much and do little, have as much impudence as ignorance, mimic the follies of your master and run down his virtues, and you'll make an excellent footman. But odso! an M. P. mustn't travel without baggage, and mine will all go into a pocket-handkerchief. Here, Waiter! [*Enter* Waiter.] Have you such a thing as an empty trunk about the house?

Waiter. Yes, sir, there's one that Mr. Scribble the critic of our town left lately, in payment of a six-months bill.

Tim. That will do then, put it into the next room, let me have the use of it for a couple of hours, and I'll be the making of you. But hush! stand aside, here comes my Mecænas, my tutelar genius—Away! [*Exit* Waiter.

Enter BRAMBLE.

Bram. Now, my dear sir, I'm ready to attend you.—I long to compare notes with him: I wonder whether he is of my side of the question? (*Aside.*)

Tim. Sir, you are all goodness; I'll just give a few directions to my servants. Here, Jerry! Oliver! where are you, scoundrels! O, Gregory, tell Jeffery to tell Oliver to look over my baggage; get any small trunk he can find, and put in half a dozen clean shirts or so, and a—a—a little clean straw and some brickbats (*Aside*).

Bram. Shall my rascals lend a helping hand, my dear sir?

Tim. By no means, sir; my rascal is quite sufficient.—Go this minute, you scoundrel, or I'll pulverize you.

Bram. By what name, my dear sir, shall I have the pleasure of remembering you?

Tim. Eh! my name, sir!—Tim—oh the devil—What's a good name for an M. P.?—Ha. I have it—Weathercock, Timothy Weathercock, sir.

Bram. Weathercock! The Weathercocks have been a very steady family; there have been a great many Weathercocks in the House, but I don't remember to have seen any of your speeches in the paper lately.

Tim. No, I make my maiden speech next sessions.

Bram. You shall rehearse it at my house; I've a great taste that way myself.

Tim. Good room for speaking, eh?

Bram. Capital lofty cieling, all the *et ceteras* you can wish. Come along, my dear sir. He has M. P. written in every feature. This way, the carriage is at the door.

Tim. I'll attend you. Come along, Jeremy. Why don't you fly, you villain!

Enter RAMBLE, *with trunk on his shoulder.*

Ram. I'm coming, sir.—Curse the livery though! Oh, Catherine!

Tim. Huzza! huzza! lucky dog! I fly to Love and Plutus—Victoria!

[*Exeunt* Bramble, Timothy, *and* Ramble.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Bramble's House.

Enter CATHERINE.

Cath. Heigho! Day after day passes, and hope after hope expires. My lover comes not, sends not, perhaps seeks not. At Russia and at Bath, alike have I lost him! How unfortunate! that in our last rencontre we should be so taken up with the rapture of the moment as totally to forget the only thing we should have remembered—the means of seeing one another again. The very next day I was obliged to leave Bath for the house here of my guardian, old Bramble, and unwillingly bid good-bye to love and happiness—I fear for ever!

Dora (*without*). Ha! ha! ha! very well. Say I shall be at home, Gregory.

Enter DORA.

Cath. My cousin Dora! What makes you so merry, my dear?

Dora. The very thing that makes you so sad, my dear,—a lover!

Cath. Ah Dora! I wish I had your spirits: you have two swains in love with you, and yet you are laughing from morning till night.

Dora. Yes, my dear cousin; but if I was in love with one of those swains, that might not be the case; —but thank the stars my heart is untouched: and at present I can read romances, prattle plays, dance, sing, laugh, and be as merry as the days are long.

Cath. While I ——

Dora. Are as gloomy as the nights are long; —seem to have been nipped by the Russian snows.

But cheer up, my love, your swain will come to light one of these days, depend upon it: if not, we must advertise him. What is your shepherd's name?

Cath. His Christian name is Nicholas. Heigho!

Dora. Well then, if Nicholas Heigho should still remember his Catherine, she will walk three times round the pump in Bleeding-heart Lane to-morrow evening; when if Nicholas murmurs "Mum," she will softly sigh "Budget." Ha! ha! ha!

Cath. You are a sad girl, Dora; but Love will revenge himself some of these days: when the right man comes, you'll pay dearly for this mockery.

Dora. When the right man does come, I shall be prepared for it. Lud, I wish he would come!—but he's such a terrible long time about it. Well, I'll live in hopes, as you must do. I tell you, Kate, soberly and seriously, it is my firm opinion you'll be surprised some of these nights by the living apparition of your lover; and that, too, when you least dream of it.

Cath. Heaven send I may!

Dora. Only think, now, how delightful it will be to wake out of a deep sleep by a flute playing some doleful strain—to gaze out of the window till you catch the rheumatism—see his elegant form—hear him murmur out, "Catherine, I still adore you!—Do you ever think of your faithful Nick?" and just get back to your bed time enough to faint on it.—Oh how refreshing! how delightful!

Cath. Nay, now, my dear Dora.

Dora. Well, I will desist; I see it pains you. My heart is giddy, but not perverse.—Let us change the subject. Hang love! Give me some very grave, serious, moral, edifying book.

Cath. What will you have?

Dora. Why, suppose you were to give me Romeo and Juliet?

Cath. Ha! ha! ha! Well, there it is my dear. While you amuse yourself with that, I will to my harp:—music will soothe me, though every thing else should fail.

Dora. Very well; but return soon. I expect both my lovers here. Mr. Lively has sent to announce his arrival; and my Latin suitor never fails. I shall want you to help me laugh at them. [*Exit* Catherine.] Now, then, for my book: "Romeo "and Juliet—*Scene*, Mantua—*Enter* Romeo."

Enter GREGORY.

Greg. Miss Dora, here be your mantua-maker come.

Dora. Heavens! what a Romeo! How provoking to be interrupted so! Tell her I'm engaged, Gregory.

Greg. Engaged, miss! wi' who? I sees nobody.

Dora. With Romeo and Juliet, Gregory; how stupid you are!

Greg. Romeo and Juliet! he! he! he! I see'd them in our barn t'other night. Mortal fine and rum, to be sure.—Very well, miss. [*Exit.*

Dora. Now let me see if I can get on any further: I'm determined not to be interrupted again by any body. "If I may trust the flattery of sleep, my dreams presage some joyful news at hand."

Enter BRAMBLE.

Bramb. Eh! what's that? News? joyful news?

Dora (*still reading*). "News from Verona—How now, Balthazar?"

Bramb. Balthazar!—Don't Balthazar me. Don't the girl know her own father? At her eternal plays again!

Dora. "Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?"

Bramb. Friar! Damn the friar. What does the

hussey mean,—talking to me about friars, and Balthazars, and nonsense?

Dora. La, pa! how you do interrupt one!—There's no such thing as reading a page for you.

Bramb. Put up your book, I tell you: leave off fiction, and listen to facts. I've brought a present for you.

Dora. A present, pa! La! what is it? A new dress? or, perhaps, a fresh harp; or, perhaps, a dear delightful little creature of a pug puppy.

Bramb. Curse the pug puppy! No, no; a husband, girl.

Dora. A what, pa?

Bramb. A husband, girl.

Dora. A husband! shocking! Oh gracious! I shall faint; I'm sure I don't want one.

Bramb. It's a bouncing fib: I tell you, you do. There's none of you but what want husbands; and especially such a one as I have provided for you—wealthy, young, handsome; and frank and free like his own letters, for he's an M. P. And then he's an excellent orator—make you rare long speeches—talk you for a day together.

Dora. That's no recommendation; I can do that myself I don't think I shall like him—I'm sure I sha'n't like him.

Bramb. You must, you will—don't tell me, hussey. You've my free consent to get rid of your present lovers as soon as you like. Hang them! coxcombs!

Enter GREGORY.

Greg. Please your honour, Mr. Lively be coming across the lawn; Are you at home or gone out, your honour?

Bramb. There's a question now to ask a man to his face! Oh fashion, fashion!

Dora. I'm at home, Gregory.

Greg. Very well, miss (*going*).

Bramb. Stop, Gregory: Any news since I've been out, eh, Gregory? Have you been in the town? any fresh arrivals from France?

Greg. Yes, sir; there's a whole ship load of—

Bramb. What, Gregory—troops, eh?

Greg. Na, sir; apples.

Bramb. Phaw! plague take the blockhead. Has the paper come in?

Greg. Na, sir.

Bramb. Well, be sure you let me have it the moment it does come in. And d'ye hear, Gregory, when I'm with my new friend Mr. Weathercock, don't let me be disturbed on any pretext whatever.

Greg. I'll take care, sir. [*Exit* Gregory.

Bramb. Mind you do!—Well, girl, I must leave you now to join Weathercock. Good-bye! make haste and dismiss Lively. And, d'ye hear, put by your novels and stuff: if you must read, read my Plan for a Standing War, or Mr. Puff's Scheme for a Perpetual Peace. [*Exit* Bramble.

Dora. Well, I declare now, notwithstanding all I've been saying to my pa, I fairly long to see this Mr. Weathercock. I wonder whether he's handsome! Pa says he is: but la! he's no judge. Not that I mean to have him; its so contrary to all the rules of romances and plays, to marry any one but the very last person we ought to marry; especially when he happens to be one's parent's choice. No, no; woman's heart is free, and will not be biassed.

SONG.

Like a toy a maid's heart, parents think, they can sell,
Though they only can barter her form;
That wild thing, her heart, still in freedom will dwell,
And is not to be taken by storm.
It capitulate will, when a general lays siege
Who is gallant, and handsome, and brave;
Will willingly, then, own some lord for its liege,
And surrender, its honour to save.

Woman's form, like the bird you have caught, may be sold,
But you cannot enforce it to stay;
For, once leave ope the cage, though its bars may be gold,
Woman's form, like the bird, flies away.

Her form too is free, though her heart you may bind,
For if once she finds means to depart,
To his cost does the poor silly purchaser find,
Woman's form always follows her heart

Lively (without). Very well: get my things ready to dress, my queer one.

Enter GREGORY.

Greg. Mr. Lively, miss.

Dora. Desire him to walk in.

[*Exit* GREGORY.

Enter LIVELY, *covered with mud.*

Lively. Good morning, my beauty!—surprised to see me this pickle, no doubt!—surprised myself at first! all through Sam Fig, my tutor; great mind to discharge him for it—will, if you feel the least hurt. Facts are these: Wanted to show Sam how I fibb'd the pig-driver that trod on your toe last Sunday coming from church.—So, says I, Sam, you dog, stand up, and let me knock you down.—He stood up; I aim'd a blow, when—what do you think occurred?

Dora. I really don't know, sir.

Lively. Guess.

Dora. You knock'd him down, I suppose, sir.

Lively. No,—the dog made play, and knock'd me down!—went clean in the kennel, came dirty out of it!—all the bye-standers laugh'd!—Sam said, in excuse, it was always the custom in Yorkshire, when any one knew another was going to floor him, to floor first. Should certainly have made play to fan Sam; only recollected he had fanned the Chicken. Never made a prettier hit in my life than with the pig-driver. Suffer me to illustrate.

Dora. Oh! for heaven's sake, Mr. Lively! don't; I shall certainly faint if there's the least appearance of fighting.

Lively. Sorry you won't permit me—am sure you'd be entertained:—but, however, shall often give you a few specimens when we're united.

Dora. I've no doubt of it, sir;—when we are united, I shall expect it.

Lively. Depend upon it, you sha'n't be disappointed.—Nerves weak this morning, I presume?

Dora. Extremely.

Lively. Must go into a course of training—eat raw beefsteaks, drink a glass of blue ruin and bitters before dinner; walk fifty miles a day for twenty days, as I have done;—that will strengthen your nerves. Shall make up a match when you are Mrs. Lively—Pedestrianism is all the go now.

Dora. Yes, it will have its run, and then walk itself off its legs.

Lively. Female pedestrianism—a novelty!—glad I thought of it. I fly at all game;—take an airing in Sadler's balloon—best cricketer in England—done the Barclay match—fibb'd Scroggins in the Fives Court—had a set-to with the Champion—made the Black look blue—throw seven's the main at Brookes's—take all the odds against my own horses at Newmarket—have the best hounds in Leicestershire—snuff a candle at twenty paces—swim the Thames and back again in a jiffy—drive four in hand—race the mail—tool the jarvis! ya hip! ya hip!—ne'er a main of cocks in all Saint James's like mine—my terrier Brindle kills nine cats in five minutes—draws the badger!—baits the bull—fights any dog ten pounds heavier than himself—laid odds next week to hop a thousand miles in a thousand hours—going into training under Sam to-morrow—after that, mean to jump against captain Longlegs, and give him a yard and a half!—In short, madam,

I'm the dandy, the thing, the knowing one, the fancy. [*Exit.*

Dora. Yes; but you are not my fancy for all that though.

GABBLEWIG (*without*).

Gab. Never mind, Gregory, I'll pronounce myself —me and Tommy always sure to be welcome.

Dora. Oh! Mr. Gabblewig and his son Tommy. Congenial pair!

Enter GABBLEWIG and TOMMY.

Gab. Good morning, Miss Dora! fine weather this for the harvest!—charming crops here, almost as good as I had on Mutton Hill! wery thick there! —mum for that though!—15th of August, the day my dear wife, my poor Fanny, died!—fine hooman, cut off in her prime, like a turkey at Christmas!— I've brought Tommy to pay his respects to you.

Dora. Very glad to see you, Mr. Gabblewig; hope Tommy is well this morning.

Gab. Nothing to brag of, I can assure you: you know why, Miss Dora;—but mum for that. You blush like carmine!—I came with him, Miss Dora, as he's rather bashful, you know.

Dora. Nay, I am sure, sir, Tommy is quite a hero. I cannot but admire the Brutus turn of his character.

Gab. Admire the turn of his Brutus!—Ah! I turn'd it myself, took a wonderful deal of pains; —but mum for that.

Tom. Heigho! *O Domine!*

Gab. There's a sigh; all on your account!— Ah! Miss Dora, allow me to say, for my Tommy, that you are sweeter than hotto of roses or lawender water! your eyes are more bright and black than the best court sticking-plaister! your ringlets beat all I ever saw produced by the tongs in my life! and your teeth are as white as if they'd been made

by Ruspini! therefore don't be cruel; you'll break Tommy's heart, if you're cruel; and that will go near to break my heart; and there'll be smashing work!

Enter LIVELY.

Lively. Yes I think I may lay the odds, four to one—the Dandy against Wigsby?—Ah! how are you, old Guy?

Gab. Eh! who is this?

Dora. Allow me to introduce you.—Mr. Lively, Mr. Jeremiah Gabblewig.

Gab. Yes, sir, from Mutton—

Tom. (*stopping his month*) Mutton!—*O Pater!* Lamb—

Gab. Yes, sir, my Tommy's right—from Lamb's Conduit Street, not Mutton Hill.

Lively. Retired here for the benefit of the air, I presume, old Wigsby?

Gab. Yes, sir. Not but what I derived great benefit from the *hair* on Mutton Hill.—curse the mutton; it will rise—but mum for that though.

Dora. Yes, sir; and that's Tommy.

Gab. Yes, sir; and this is my Tommy.

Lively. How are you, Tom? eh! my young one?

Dora. They seem pretty well engaged with one another now, so I'll give them the slip; for I am dying to have one little tiny peep at this Mr. Weathercock. [*Exit* Dora.

Gab. Am sure you'll like Tommy, sir—very clever; talks Latin. Headdication cost me a mint of money—had him larnt at Doctor Bushwig's—knows all the harts and sciences.

Lively. Ah! does he know the art of fibbing, my old one?

Gab. Oh yes, he can tell fibs fast enough.

Lively. Is he acquainted with the noble science of Pancratia? old Spooneymouth!

Gab. Pancrasher? Oh Lord! no; he don't know that, I'm sure. I don't think he ever heard of it—I never did. Some rare learned tongue, I warrant!

Lively. Yes, there's plenty of science in it, old gentleman—it's striking enough—contains plenty of forcible hits and knock-down arguments, and settles a contest quicker than any language I know of, ancient or modern.

Gab. My Tommy shall larn it.

Tom. (to Lively) Sir, I perceive that you are *doctus*, learned.

Lively. Yes, sir, I've doctored some of the learned—drawn claret from Sam—distressed Belcher—closed the peepers of Ikey Pig—and given Mendoza a cross buttock;—fight any man of my size in England—have a touch at you, if you like. They call me Little Ned Lively, the swell amateur.

Tom. Arma virumque cano.

Lively. What does he say about arms, rum kiddy, and cane O? Damme, I'll cane him.

Tom. He courts Miss Dora *sine rivali;* thinks to carry his suit by the force of *argumentum baculinum:* perhaps may find he's mistaken: I'm not afraid of him; I'll talk to him for all his *pugnacity.* —Do you imagine, sir, Miss Dora will smile on the feats of your fist, your *pugnus.*

Lively. Pug nose! curse me if I have a pug nose! —must pull his nose, that's very clear. Yes, he's coming captain Queerman, over me; and I must give him a smeller! See what you are driving at my tight one! Jealous about Miss Dora!—it won't do! All up with you in that quarter! I'm the man! it is I who have *struck* her.

Tom. I don't know that—*Qui metu,* who fears?

Lively. Not I: I'll meet you, my pigeon, any where you like.

Gab. So so! this fine striking science turns out

to be fighting after all. No occasion to larn Tommy that; he knows how to *lather* well enough, and so do I:—but mum for that though.

Tom. You may say what you like, you modern gladiator; but Miss Dora shall hear me: *Audi alteram partem.*

Gab. Oh! yes, alter, and part e'm by all means.

Lively. I'll appeal to the lady herself, young hic, hæc, hoc,—she'll soon jockey you out of the course.

Tom. I agree, sir; it's a *sine qua non.* Miss Dora—(*turning round.*)

Lively. Permit me to say (*turning round*)—Eh! why, she's gone! stole away!—yoicks! yoicks! so-ho!

Gab. Gone! This is treating my Tommy very disrespectfully. I'll know the reason of this. Here, John! Thomas! Gregory!

[*Rings the bell violently.*

Tom. Gone! *Finis.*

Enter GREGORY.

Lively. Yes, its finesse, that's clear enough. Oh! here's the clerk of the course.—Where's Miss Dora? eh, my knowing one? taken a run for the *plate*—gone to dinner?

Greg. No, sir, she be walking with Mr. Weathercock and Master, in the garden.

Lively. And who the devil is Mr. Weathercock, my rum duke?

Greg. A sort of sweetheart I do think, sir, by my young lady's blushing like.

Lively. Ah! I'm up! another candidate for the lady's purse. Well! she's lost the heat, I suppose, for I've gain'd it—I'm in a swingeing passion!—Yoicks! yoicks! so-ho! (*Enter* Ramble)—Well! what do you want, my fancy?—Can you show me to Miss Dora?

Ram. Tim's rivals!—Oh! ho! I must look sharp here.

TRIO.

Lively, *Gabblewig*, and *Ramble*.

Lively. Insulted, neglected, to rage I give tongue!
Hark away! hark away! till my wishes she bless.

Gab. I ne'er was so us'd since the days I was young,
When I turnips receiv'd from that hussey, Brown Bess.
Oh! Tommy! my hopeful! your case gives me pain;
But come, from Miss Dora the cause, boy, we'll know.

Lively. Stole away! stole away! I her covert will gain,
Or die in the chase, like a sportsman—So-ho!

Omnes. Stole away! stole away! &c.

Lively (*to Ramble*). Yoicks! yoicks! young whipper-in, show us the way.

Gab. Ah! young whipper-snapper, do pray be so kind.

Ram. Tim's rivals!—No, no! I must orders obey;
And they are—to let not a soul entrance find.

Lively. I'll mill you, I'll fib you, I'll kick you down stairs!

Gab. And I'll trim your wig for you, that's what I'll do!

Ram. In vain, all in vain, are your threats and your prayers;
Where Weathercock is, there is no room for you.

Omnes. Stole away! stole away! &c.

[*Exeunt* Omnes.

(*Lively*, *Gabblewig*, and *Tommy* trying to force their way against the efforts of *Gregory* and *Ramble*.)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Old Bramble's Study; Table, Papers, &c.

Enter TIMOTHY.

Tim. Bravo! bravo! I have made my *entré* with *eclât!* got over all the embarrassment of a first interview with Miss—find her as lovely as a Venus, as sensible as a Minerva, and as complying as I could wish her—It will do, I see. But here comes the old man. Ah! my dear sir!

Enter BRAMBLE.

Bram. Now, my dear boy, that I've settled all the essentials about dinner; let us proceed to business. Which shall I read you first? my Treatise on the Balance of Power; it's a very weighty work: or shall I run over the heads of my Plan for a new Budget?

Tim. The Budget, sir, by all means.

Bram. Well then, sit down; here it is—Now for it! Hum! First, I see, I propose a tax on all old maids; that is, on all maids above five-and-forty; for then I think we may safely set them down for old maids.

Tim. An excellent tax indeed, sir; it will tend to lessen scandal and increase population—two very desirable things.

Bram. You're right; it will.—Then I propose a tax to be levied on every woman who can be proved to have talk'd more than eight hours in any one day. I think that will turn out a very productive item.

Tim. No doubt on't, sir; the very tax itself will furnish such a subject of complaint and conversation, that it cannot fail of bringing an immense sum.

Bram. You're right again; it can't fail. You shall bring it before the House.—Well! then I mean to tax men-milliners, gentlemen-authors, Brutus's, old jokes, quizzing-glasses, brass-heel'd boots, parrots, mustachios, and men's stays.

Tim. Famous! famous, indeed! Ecod, you are a great financier!

Bram. Do you think so? You've an uncommon deal of discernment. But come, now we're all snug and private, you shall just recite your speech to me.

Tim. Oh, the devil! this will expose all.

Bram. You will of course take the Constitution of the country for your subject—the Constitution of England, sir, the boast of the Briton, and the pride of the world! you can never have a better subject. Zounds! the very thoughts of it makes me a Demosthenes! a Cicero!

Tim. It's all up with me! I could as soon pocket Saint Paul's, and pick my teeth with the Monument, as produce a dozen words upon either the Constitution or the Country! (*aside.*) My dear sir, you really must excuse me; I am unprepared—I have a cold—another time.

Bram. Nay, nay, my dear boy, no apologies; I must have it. I forgive your modesty, as it's your maiden speech.

Tim. My time's come—I shall be found out, be kick'd—heated first in a blanket, and then cool'd under the pump!

Bram. Now then, my dear boy! now for it! I'm all attention! Eh! who is this? Didn't I say I wou'dn't be interrupted?

Enter DORA.

Tim. A reprieve!—a reprieve!

Dora. I beg pardon, papa, I did not know you were engaged. I'll retire.

Bram. No, stay; on second thoughts you shall

remain and hear Mr. Weathercock's speech—he is about to favour me with a specimen of his eloquence.

Dora. Very happy, papa, to hear Mr. Weathercock.

Tim. What shall I do? my nerves tremble like a jelly-bag! Shall I jump out of the window, go into a fit, or run away? or confess at once? Egad! I'll confess.

Enter GREGORY.

Greg. Please your honour—

Bram. Another interruption! Get out of the room, you scoundrel, do, or I'll kill you, you dog? —To intrude at such a moment! Didn't I tell you I wou'dn't be disturbed?

Greg. Yes, sir; but didn't you tell me too to let you know when the paper com'd?

Bram. Ah! the paper, Gregory.

Greg. Yes, your honour; the newsman has just brought it; and he says as how it contains an account of a terrible battle, in which thousands of lives be lost; and that we've gain'd the victory.

Bram. Ah! a terrible battle! Where is it, Gregory?

Greg. I be drying it at the fire, sir, in kitchen.

Bram. Let me have it, Gregory; let me have it. But stay, I'll go for it myself—I burn to have it. Wet from the press! Oh, delightful!—A terrible battle! thousands of lives lost! Charming!—My dear Weathercock, excuse me for a moment, I'll hear your speech after dinner. You can entertain my daughter while I'm gone with—A terrible battle! Oh, delightful!

[*Exeunt* Bramble *and* Gregory.

Tim. What a lucky escape! Heaven bless the terrible battle where so many lives were lost! for it has certainly sav'd mine.—The old man has left

me *tête-a-tête* with Miss. A favourable opportunity; I will improve it: as affairs stand, no time must be lost in making her mine. She regards me favourably; her head is full of romance and plays, so curse me if I don't dash boldly on at once (*aside*).

Dora. What an interesting pause! How embarrassing of pa to leave us! (*aside.*)

Tim. Miss Dora—Pardon me if I appear presumptuous; but your beauty has made an impression on me, I in vain strive to combat: my happiness is in your power; and one word from you will either make me blest, or curs'd for life. Egad, that's well put! *(aside.)*

Dora. Delightful! my heart beats with rapture. If he throws himself at my feet, it will be all over with me.—Pray go on, sir; I am all amazement.

Tim. I'll give her a bit of poetry now; she'll like that, if she don't me.—"Oh were those eyes in heaven, they'd through the airy region stream so bright, that birds would sing, and think it was the morn." There's a touch of Shakspeare for her: she seems moved; I'll give her another.—"By heaven I love you! and when I love you not, chaos is come." Curse it, that's so stale. Damme, I don't know any more. Ha! I have it—"You frown not, and hope gladdens my heart.—Jews might kneel and Infidels adore! Let me, then, throw myself at your feet" (*kneels.*)

Dora. Oh Mr. Weathercock! pray rise.

Tim. She melts: I'll carry it on.—Never! till you bid me hope. She is agitated; its all right: I'll come to Hecuba at once.—Never will I rise, Miss Dora, till you pronounce the blest assurance, that you will one day be mine; that you will one day—Oh, momentous effort!—become Mrs. Timothy Weathercock!

Dora. Oh, how delightful!—I cannot be cruel

(*aside*). Dear Mr. Weathercock, you distress me—Pray rise; I will venture to say I feel flattered by this avowal of your affection:—nay, more—that I will not prove ungrateful or—or—unkind.

Tim. Ten thousand thanks! Angelic girl! One embrace, as a token of ———

Enter BRAMBLE *with Newspaper.*

Bram. Victory! Victory! Victory! But, odso, what am I about? disturbing a delightful *tête-a-tête.* —I beg pardon: pray go on—don't mind me—I'll just sit down, and finish the paper.

Dora. Ah do, pa.—Pray don't mind him, Mr. Weathercock; pray go on, sir. Pa wishes you to go on, sir.

Tim. Had I met your disdain, Miss Dora, I could not have surviv'd it: your refusal must doubtless have ——

Bram. (*starting up, and reading from the paper*) Wounded twelve serjeants, eight corporals, twelve hundred privates, and three drummer-boys. Bravo! Bravo!

Dora. Pray go on, Mr. Weathercock. How provoking, pa! You woul'dnt like it yourself.

Tim. Charming Dora! the fire of those bright eyes must have done a deal of mischief—must have ——

Bram. Killed two field-marshals, twenty general officers, and five thousand rank and file. Huzza! huzza!

Dora. La, pa! do pray sit still, can't you—I declare I never knew any thing like it.

Bram. I'faith, I beg pardon; but on an occasion like this, any body would excuse it.

Dora. Nay, pa, on an occasion like this, I'm sure nobody would excuse it—its abominable!

Tim. In exchange for a gift so valuable as yourself, I have only to offer you a faithful heart, and ——

Bram. (*starting up as before*) Plenty of ammunition!

Tim. That only burns for you.

Bram. And a large train of artillery.

Tim. Whose proudest glory shall be ——

Bram. The whole of his staff.

Tim. After a severe struggle ——

Bram. All left by the enemy on the field of battle. Huzza! huzza!

Tim. Damme, I can't edge in a word any how; I must give in, I see—surrender.

Bram. No quarter! Oh, glorious! glorious! Old England for ever!—Come along, Weathercock, here's work cut out for you, you dog; you shall propose a vote of thanks—brilliant speech—encomiums on the heroes—rewards for the living—splendid monuments for the dead—pensions for the widows—subscriptions for the orphans—loud cheers from both sides of the House, not a dry eye to be seen—all the big wigs dissolved in tears—every soul in the place subscribe—papers full of it the next day—200,000*l.* down in a week—Glorious! old England for ever! Come, Timothy; come, Dora; for Britons never will be slaves!

[*Exeunt* Bramble *and* Dora.

Tim. I'll attend you, sir. Heaven bless the newspaper! it has been my preservation. Egad, I begin to think they're the only things worth reading. They may talk of plays, novels, and romances, as they will—but give me a daily newspaper, I say.

SONG.

Oh, the pleasures of reading are all smoke and vapour,
Unless 'tis of reading the daily newspaper—
That, indeed, is a mental repast:
Oh ye Gods! how I like, as I sip down my tea,
The Chronicle, Post, Times, or Herald, to see—
'T is a pleasure that can't be surpast.
As the eye roves along,
What a various throng
Of articles charming,
Pleasing, alarming,
Fill the breast with a sweet palpitation:
Of accounts from Spain,
Foes defeated again,
And fables fresh from the Great Nation.
Accounts from Portugal and Prussia,
Turkey, Austria, and Russia;
With all the Common Council say—
A fine green turtle dress'd to-day—
Faux-pas in high life, and *Crim.-con.*
My lady with her footman John;
Elopements, weddings, loving words,
Divorce bills in the House of Lords;
Suicide, and lottery puffers,
Gas-lights, and patent snuffers;
Births and deaths extraordinary—
Notice that my wife call'd Mary
Has run off on some little pets,
And I, John Cole, won't pay her debts.
Going on a little further,
Long account of horrid murther;
Balls and routs in Portman Square,
And masquerades the Lord knows where;
With all, in short, you can desire,
Enliven'd with a dreadful fire.
Quacking doctors—Barking proctors,
Money-lenders—Blacking venders,
Ridcock's monkeys—Ladies' donkeys,
Daring robberies—Early strawberries,
Watering-places—Poney races,
Fam'd decoction—Sales by auction,

Surprising pills—Cure all ills,
Runaway taylors—Vauxhall galas,
Famous catches—Walking-matches,
Wanted to lend—And puffs without end.
Dancing taught—Hops bought
Covent Garden—Mrs. Mardyn,
Miss O'Neil—Make you feel,
Drury Lane—Kean again,
New wigs—Rum rigs,
Old stories—Rank tories,
Stale jokes—New hoax,
Price of stocks—Dutch clocks,
Fresh eggs—Wooden legs,
Bow Street—Bench, Fleet,
Teeth drawn—Fine lawn,
Law report—Chancery Court,
Strange wagers—Old stagers,
Want places—Epsom races,
Ship news—Cheap shoes,
Common Pleas—Great fees,
New books—Old cooks,
Coalition—Exhibition,
Situation—Education,
Abdicating—Emigrating,
Pills, Bills—Law, Flaw,
Mayor, Stare—Plays, Bays,
Snuffs, Puffs—Hoax, Jokes,
Balls—Squalls—

Oh the pleasures of reading are all smoke and vapour,
Unless 'tis the reading a daily newspaper,
A daily newspaper.

SCENE *the Garden.*

Enter RAMBLE *in a Livery.*

Ram. I wonder how Timothy goes on! I hope to Heav'n he'll make no blunder, and get us kick'd out. I feel plaguey aukward in this cursed livery. Should I by chance meet my long-lost love, what would she think!

Enter CATHERINE.

Cath. Who can I get to run to the library for me.—Ah! a strange servant!—Mr. Weathercock's. —Young man, be so good as—

Ram. That voice!—Catherine!

Cath. Ramble! what do I see?—a livery! Have I then been imposed on?

Ram. Nay, but hear me.

Cath. Base man! How fortunate is this discovery! Your master shall know your treachery.

Ram. But my dear Catherine, only listen to me one moment, while I explain—

Cath. Not an instant.—All the dignity of an insulted woman rises within me, and urges me to spurn you from my sight.—Follow me at your peril, sir. [*Exit.*

Ram. There's a catastrophe now! after having a thousand times lost my lovely prize, I meet her again—again to be disappointed!—And all through this cursed livery. Oh Timothy! Timothy! to what misery has your ill-timed frolic exposed me!—And yet I can scarcely blame it, as but for that I might not have discovered the residence of my adored Catherine. How shall I get the mistake cleared up? It is plain she will avoid me.—Let me seek Timothy. Ah never shall I forget the hour when I first met my Catherine on the banks of the Dwina, during my commercial residence in Russia; and Hope painted a thousand fairy visions of love and her to my enraptured fancy!

SONG.

On the banks of the Dwina
Dwelt young Catherina,
Like a rose in some desert sweet blowing;
I saw her charms fading,
And woo'd the sweet maiden,
Ere from earth they to heaven were going.

On the banks of the Dwina,
At eve would I join her,
Her beauty with fondness I cherish'd ;
At night, like Heav'n's dews,
Did my love strength infuse,
And reviv'd what day's blights would have perish'd.

[*Exit.*

The Garden of Bramble's House.

Enter TIMOTHY.

Tim. Dora has consented to go off with me this very afternoon. But now that victory is about to crown all my wishes, my heart reproaches me, and I feel I am acting dishonourably. Shall I obey my heart, and disclose my poverty to her? Let me consider: by doing so I shall lose my Dora and twenty thousand pounds; but then I shall keep what is infinitely preferable—a clear unspotted conscience. The girl loves me 'tis true. Will she love me when she finds I have deceived her? Oh no! I am poor; but I am honest, and I'll remain so. I could deceive the old man, for he's a fool; but I can't deceive the girl.—No, there's something in the weakness and innocence of woman, so bewitching, that curse him, I say, whose heart can let him deceive her. I'll confess all. And fortunately for my virtue here she comes.

Enter DORA.

Dora. Where can Mr. Weathercock be?—Catherine has told me a strange agitated tale, that his footman is her lover. I had scarce time to listen to her: but if the footman is a gentleman in disguise, who can the master be? some very great man, there's not the least doubt.

Tim. (*advancing*) Miss Dora!

Dora. Ah! Mr. Weathercock!

Tim. I rejoice to meet you, although this meet-

ing may banish me from your presence for ever.—After the favour with which you have received me,—how shall I find words to tell you, madam, I am not what I seem.

Dora. There! I knew he was not—He is some Count or Duke I'll lay my life (*aside*).—Not what you seem, sir? you surprise me.

Tim. No, alas! Miss Dora; instead of being the character you take me for—I am—

Dora. What sir?—a Count! a Duke! a Prince

Tim. No, madam—a Lawyer's Clerk.

Dora. How distressing! and yet how interesting! Just like Lord Feignall in the last new novel, who turns out after all to be a poulterer's son.

Tim. I am come to expose my treachery, beg your forgiveness, and tear myself from your presence for ever.

Dora. How noble are his sentiments! It must not be, sir; your words and actions bespeak you a man of honour; and honour, in my eyes, possesses more charms than wealth. Once united, my father will forgive all. But we must beware of a premature discovery.

Tim. Do you think he ever can forgive your marrying one who is an orphan? without a friend, a relation, a name!

Dora. Ha, an unknown orphan! you are some lord's son, depend upon it. I'm sure it will turn out so, it always does in every novel or romance I know of.

Tim. Yes, the son of the Lord knows who.

(*Aside.*)

Enter LIVELY.

Lively. When you can spare time from your attention to that lady, my knowing one, I shall be glad to have some words with you.

Tim. Certainly, sir.—This way, my love. Fare-

well for the present, Farewell! *(Retires up the stage with Dora, who exits).*

Lively. Yes, Sam's right for any odds; this young colt, this Weathercock, is the cause of my being slighted so by Miss Dora: it's very plain he's trying to jocky me out of the course; and if I don't make play, he'll win the sweepstakes with a hand-gallop, therefore I must mill him; yes, there's no remedy, I must mill him.

Tim. Now, sir; now I'm at your service.

Lively. I have a small proposal to make to you, my Covey.

Tim. Sir, I feel very highly honoured.

Lively. You and I are both suitors to Miss Dora.

Tim. Well, sir, and what then?

Lively. A game cock, full of plume.—Why, sir, as we can't both of us have her, we'll fight for her.

Enter BRAMBLE *(from back of the scene unperceived).*

Tim. With all my heart, sir (*perceives Bramble*). —Eh! my father-in-law! he must not see me boxing, or he'll never take me for an M.P.—Oh, any morning, sir, I shall be extremely happy. Air triggers—eight paces—patent powder and balls—our seconds will settle the rest.

Bramb. What is this! my friend Weathercock and Lively at high words! I must interfere here, I see. (*Aside.*)

Lively. You mistake me, sir, duelling's not the go now, pops have given place to maulers. And I should like to maul you. If one kills one's man the police interfere, and that's damn'd impertinent, you know. No, no; milling's the rage now. We can never have a better opportunity than the time present: so let's shake hands and begin. I don't mind taking

you a couple of cool hundreds on who's the winner; you shall have fair play, I'll pick you up when you're down. I shall be sure to quilt you, but die game.

Tim. Allow me to say, sir, I'm a gentleman; if you want satisfaction I will give it you, but it must be in a proper way.

Bramb. Bravo! well said. (*Aside.*)

Lively. Do you mean to insinuate then, sir, I'm no gentleman! Zounds, don't I box with Belcher, walk with Wilson, (and drive my own dicky,) throw somersets with Saunders;--don't I patronize the knowing ones, encourage all the professors of fibbing, feeding, training, riding, baiting, the gymnastics, the olympians.—I was mistaken in my bird, I see,—a shy cock, right dunghill, shows a white feather, no fly, won't stand above two or three falls—make short work of it with him. In one word, Mr. Weathercock, I should be sorry to hurt your feelings or yourself, but fight you must.

Tim. Is there no alternative, Mr. Lively?

Lively. No alternative, sir: either give up the lady, or fight; or perhaps if you won't fight you'll run. I'll run with you for her. A mile in a minute. But you'd better have a set-to—Here goes!

Bramb. I'll set-to with you, villain! I'll strike you, I warrant me. (*Rushes between them, when* Lively, *in aiming a blow at* Timothy, *knocks him down).* Oh, murder! murder! I am kill'd! I am kill'd! Here, John! Thomas! Gregory! turn that villain out of my grounds, send for my lawyer—Assault and battery.—I'll bring a swinging action.

Tim. Let us retire, my dear sir. Lean on my arm.—Another escape! he'd have pounded me to powder; two or three more such preservations will be the destruction of me. (*Aside.*)

[*Exeunt* Bramble *and* Timothy.

Lively. A foul blow that—no go—all up with

me here—cut—done—jockied—must brush.—Yes, I'll leave this cursed Coventry and spank it to London—There I'm the thing, the native, the knowing one, the Lively, the fancy, the dandy, the cafipps.—There I'm up—I'm down—Begin at the Sun and end at the Finish.

SONG.

In London, where I liv'd of late,
Good Lord! how charming is my fate:
Each morn I drink my chocolate,
Then dress, the swells to fan.
I roll, although the Bumpkins grin,
Six yards of muslin round my chin;
For collar wear a huge bear's skin,
And move a finish'd man.
My buckskins they are made by Coombes,
My boots by Hoby, wig by Holmes;
My whiskers they outdo Bill Soames,
No spurs are large as mine.
Up Bond-street oft I lounging go,
Or take a ride through Rotten Row;
Discourse with Cock-a-doodle-doo,
And then return to dine.

(*Speaks in different voices.*) "Ah, Romeo! my rum one, how are you?"—"Eh! why how the plague did you know me?"—"Why by your Coates to be sure;"—"Yes, they're the thing, ent they?—Diamond buttons, cost me five hundred pounds a piece.—Here, John, give that poor man a penny, and be sure you tell him it comes from the Philanthropist of Fashion."—"But where are you going to now?"—"Why, I shall first see what's the news at the Cock-pit, take a turn in the Fives-Court, eat fricassee'd frogs, and maccaroni *a-là Paris* at Pagliano's with Lord Bumble Puppy; then visit Julia, go to the Opera: cry Brava! Encore! to Madame Fedor; after that rattle the bones at Brookes's, mill

the Charlies, and just go to bed as every body else is getting up, and all to show I'm the dandy."

Oh, the life of a dandy is a life of delight,
It is pleasure all day, fun and frolic all night:
To be up, to be down, at all things to be handy,
To fight, ride, and run, Oh, 'tis this is the dandy!

I walk with Wilson, Baker, Stokes;
Their wondrous feats to me are jokes:
'Tis I that have surpris'd the folks,
With Barclay I can stump it.
Knowlesworthy, Scroggins, I can fib,
Floor Molineux with hit on rib;
And win the game against the Crib,
As hollow as a trumpet.
I fight my dogs, I run my horse,
I spur my cocks, I shoot, I course,
Drive four in hand with headlong force—
At every thing I'm handy.
I fly in Sadler's fam'd balloon,
At hazard touch 'em to some tune:
Zounds! I'm the lad to scale the moon—
For oh, I'm quite the dandy!

(*Speaks.*) "Clear the course; Lord Wellington against the field:" "Who's going to start now?"—"Blucher and Boney." "Ten to one on Blucher."—"Huzza! Boney has lost by half a head." "If he had lost by a whole head it would be no loss at all in my opinion."—"There's a capital start for you!" "Who is it?"—"Miss O'Neill, there she goes; now she reaches Juliet, now she tops Monimia, and proves herself equal to the best feats of Melpomene. Bravo, bravo! Blackleg is thrown out; Waterloo has won the King's plate, and decides the day."

Oh, the life of a dandy, &c.

Each day on turtle, fish, I dine,
Crack jokes and walnuts, drink my wine;
Some first-rate Bloods and Bucks I join,
And then abroad we ramble:

Then each himself prime bang-up feels,
And Fleet-street echoes to our heels;
We take our tea at Tom's or Peele's,
And to the play-house scramble.
At Drury Lane 'tis who but me,
The Garden, or the Royalty,
The Haymarket, or the Regency,
I lounge the lobbies through.
But Oh, my chief, my dear delight,
That cheers my heart, my soul, my sight,
Is at the Olympic every night
My generous friends to view.

Oh, the life of a dandy, &c.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

An Apartment.

Enter BRAMBLE, GABBLEWIG, *and* TOMMY.

Bram. Oh yes, I'm perfectly agreeable to that, Mr. Gabblewig. If your son Tommy can talk Latin better than my friend Mr. Weathercock, and my daughter is not averse, I've not the smallest objection to him for a son-in-law.—No fear of that, though; Weathercock would out-talk a hundred such fellows as Tommy.

Gab. You can't say fairer, certainly. The Latin shall decide it.—Come, Tommy, cheer up, boy,—remember Doctor Bushwig's instructions, and the day's your own.

Bram. You'll excuse my sitting, Mr. Gabblewig; I've just had an awkward sort of rencontre with that ruffian Lively; I'm rather lame;—but I'll bring a swinging action against him: I've sent Gregory off for the lawyer, my friend old Redtail.—Eh! Oh, here comes Mr. Weathercock.

Enter TIMOTHY.

My dear boy, I have engaged that you shall talk Latin here with Tommy, for my daughter. I did it with perfect confidence; for, though I don't understand Latin myself, I know you members introduce it as regularly in your speeches, as Aldermen introduce brandy after goose.

Tim. Oh the devil! another scrape! Well, I must brazen it out; I mustn't decline now, odds nouns, though I never declined a noun in my life, and all the Latin I know is confined to a dozen Law phrases, which I learnt from the dogs in the Law—Dog Latin. Well, I must manage to bark that out somehow. (*aside.*) With all my heart, sir: I'll give you an oration of Cicero, or a Philippic of Demosthenes, which you please.

Gab. What does he say, Tommy, about fillipping Dame Austin's knees.

Bram. Any thing you like, sir.

Tim. Well then, sir, suppose I was to give you a speech that was written by Julius Cæsar, and spoken by Mark Antony to Pompey the Great; which if Mr. Tommy there can construe, I'll resign all claims to Miss Dora in his favour.

Gab. It shall be so. Now, Tommy, perk up a bit: get your hicks and your hocks at your fingers' ends, boy, and show him what it is to have been brought up at Doctor Bushwig's.—Now, Mr. Weathercock, if you please.

Tim. Stand out of the way, old gentleman; give me plenty of room.—Now then, Ahem! ahem! "Hic hæc hoc—Rigdum funnidos—Pro bono publico—Fieri facias—Non est inventus—Nil desperandum—Chrononotonthologos—Multum in parvo —Clausum fregit—Dogtrottibus Latinus—Honorificabilitudinatedebusque—posteriori terrorem—Demurrer pro forma—Bombastes Furioso—Allo-

catur crinkum crankum—Aldiborontiphoscophornio—Subpœna duces tecum ad testificandum—exhaustibus me stockibus—Dogtrottibus forgottibus Latinus.—ad satisfaciendum.

Gab. Endum! Ah that's his finish. Bless my soul, that Antony must have been in a terrible passion when he spoke that speech; fiery faces, claw 'em, tear 'em, roar 'em, bore 'em. Yes, he must have been in a terrible passion. Weathercock certainly speaks Latin very loud, Tommy.

Bram. to Tim. Admirable, my dear boy! admirable! The souls of all the ancient orators seem to have taken up their residence in your body.

Tim. Now, Mr. Tommy;—can you construe that?

Gab. Aye, Tommy—Can you unscrew that?

Tom. It's all a *non sequitur* to me—I don't understand a word of it.

Gab. What! not understand a word of it, after the mint of money I've laid out upon your headdication at Doctor Bushwig's? Oh Tommy! Tommy!

Tom. Must I submit to this? Must I be trick'd by an ignoramus? Heigho! oh me! good morning! *heu mihi! bonus matin.*

Gab. Yes, 'tis all my eye and Betty Martin, indeed. Oh Tommy! Tommy!!

[*Exit* Gabblewig *and* Tommy.

Bram. Ha, ha, ha! so much for Tommy! a good riddance; i'faith you're a fine speaker; that Latin must be a rare language.—Horrific—ability. Taddy busque—I'll certainly learn it. But now let me look for the papers I wanted to show you.

Tim. Thank Heav'n, there's an end of Tommy. Now I have no rival, and Dora will be mine in the next half-hour. Ramble, too, has discovered his long lost Catherine here: I have made up matters between them, and he will soon be as happy as I am. (*aside*)

Bram. Now, my dear sir, here's an essay for a

Standing War, and a plan for a Perpetual Peace.—Zounds! who's this? I can never be at peace a moment.

Enter GREGORY.

Greg. Please your honour, here be Mr. Redtail below.

Bram. Ah, my lawyer: I sent for him about Lively's assault. Show him up, Gregory.

[*Exit* Gregory.

Tim. My old master, by all that's unlucky! Another trial—I shall then be discovered at last; there's no escaping this. What the devil shall I do? If I could but get over the next quarter of an hour!—"I must stand the hazard of the die." Ha, I have it! My dear sir, I told you I'd give you a specimen of the devilish easy, *nonchalance*, *sang froid*, cool, finished way, in which we young fellows of fashion, we M. P's. treat our men of business.

Bram. Ah, you did so. Egad, I should like to see it.

Tim. You shall be gratified.—Lend me your dressing gown. Now then, that cap. (*puts on* Bramble's *gown and cap.*) There; I've only to alter my voice, loll in my chair, and put my legs on the table, and I'm all right.—Yes, I think I shall then be sufficiently disguised. Oh Impudence! Impudence! if ever you wish'd to favour an unlucky dog, in want of your assistance, grant me a little brass now. Here he comes;—'tis my old master, sure enough.

Enter REDTAIL.

Bram. My dear Redtail, I'm rejoiced to see you.—Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Weathercock, my son-in-law.

Tim. (*in a foppish tone of voice.*) How d'ye do, Rat-tail? How d'ye do?

Red. Eh! but surely that can't be Timothy, my

run-away clerk, Timothy! it's amazingly like; yet it can't be him (*aside*).—I should have been here before, my good friend, but you must know that my rascal of a clerk ran away from me last night.

Tim. So, he does not know me! that's lucky. I'll teaze him a bit.—I say, old Rat-tail, when does your time expire?

Red. Rat-tail! what does he mean by that? he's certainly amazingly like Timothy;—and yet Timothy knows my name well enough. Eh? my time, your honour?

Tim. Ah—when is the old one to have you?

Red. Oh lord, your honour, pray don't talk of such things; dear me, how I shake.—No, it can't be Timothy; for though I've often frighten'd him, he never frighten'd me.

Tim. Because, you must understand, old Rat-tail, d'ye hear me? that—I wish you to look over the leases of some of my estates—in short, I mean to make you my man of business, my old buck.

Red. Very much obliged to your honour.

Tim. I understand you have a devilish clever fellow of a clerk with you,—one Timothy?

Red. I had a clerk of that name, your honour, one of the most idle, impudent, rascals under the sun; but he ran away from me last night, which, to say the truth, I was very glad of, for he'd have been sure to have been hung, as there isn't his equal for roguery, any where.

Tim. That's a lie, old Rat-tail—he'll never want his equal for roguery where you are.

Bram. Ha! ha! ha! a keen dog you see, Red-tail—devilish clever in state affairs—has a seat in the House—and is to marry my daughter.

Red. (*aside*) He's amazingly like Timothy, though, for all that.

Bram. Is a great orator too—very clever at a speech—you shall hear him.—My dear Weather-

cock, you really must favour me with your speech now, upon the Constitution. You know that I shall be delighted ; and Redtail, here, will be gratified beyond measure.

Tim. That infernal speech again? Well, there's no flinching now. Dora will soon be ready ; they're a couple of old fools, so I'll say the first thing that comes uppermost. Oh my speech, *my dear sir, with all my heart*, you shall have it without further preface. My Lords and Gentlemen: I rise upon my legs to address you upon the subject of our glorious constitution.—The motion for amending which has been justly ordered by the Chair to lie on the table. Had I caught your eye at an earlier period, Mr. Chairman, I should,—yes, strange as it may appear,—I should have addressed you sooner, Mr. Chairman.—The honourable member who spoke last, my Lords, moved that the gallery might be cleared—now this I oppose, and I beg most distinctly, and decidedly to declare, gentlemen—that I am never so happy as when I see the Gallery full, and the house numerously attended !

Bram. Hear him ! hear him ! hear him !

Red. I do ; and his voice is amazingly like Timothy's.

Bram. Order ! order ! I appeal to the chair.

Tim. Strictly constitutional ! you have a right to appeal to the chair. Silence, there, old Rat-tail. The honourable member that spoke last wish'd to enforce the standing order for the exclusion of strangers. It is my wish all strangers be admitted, that they may become our friends when they find every member in this House doing his duty.

Bram. Excellent ! A very Fox !

Red. Yes, if its Timothy, he's cunning enough for one.

Tim. And I further will affirm, my Lords and Gentlemen, that there never was a constitution so

physically correct, so sound, so wholesome, so perfect in every particular particle, as our constitution: What is it, I ask, Gentlemen, has brought our country to the pitch of prosperity at which she has now arrived? has rendered her the pride of herself and the envy of the world?—It is, yea, I affirm it—it is her great, her glorious, her admirable constitution.

Bram. Bravo! bravo! my dear boy.

Tim. Dora must be ready by this time; so I'll be off.—I say, Bramble, I'm going to dress. Good bye, old Rat-tail. [*Exit.*

Red. In spite of Rat-tail and every thing, damn me if I don't think its Timothy.

Bram. There, old Redtail, what do you think of my son-in-law that-is-to-be?

Red. That he's very much like Timothy (*aside*).—Why, he's certainly clever.

Bram. Clever! zounds, he's wonderful—he'll be the greatest statesman the country ever produced.—I wonder, now, that you, Redtail, a sharp, clever, money-getting fellow like you, don't turn patriot.

Red. Why, so I would, if I hadn't before turn'd lawyer.—But how's your daughter?

Bram. Ask her herself; for here she comes along with Mr. Weathercock.

Enter TIMOTHY *in his own Clothes, leading in* DORA.

Red. Mr. Weathercock!—Zounds! my clerk, Timothy Tomkins, you mean! Yes, it is Timothy; I knew it was Timothy: there's the very coat I lent him the money to buy.—O, you rascal! O, you villain! I'll teach you to run away and ape the man of fashion, you dog, I will.—Let me come at him.

Bram. Why, what is all this?—I'm amazed! confounded!

Tim. Stand off, or the wrongs of all the clerks in

the kingdom shall sit heavy on my arm; and I'll send you to Erebus in a twinkling!

Red. Oh, you ungrateful varlet! to threaten your poor old master thus.

Tim. (*kneeling with Dora*) Your blessing, sir.

Bram. Hey! what! why, who the devil are you?

Tim. Your dutiful son, sir.

Bram. But are you not a member of the House?

Tim. No, sir; I was member of that worthy gentleman, old Redtail s house; but I am now the happy husband of your Dora, and hope to become a member of your house.

Bram. I am convulsed! thunderstruck!

Red. Ha! Timothy seems to have got into a good thing: by this marriage he will become a man of property; I've a great mind now to stand his friend, and disclose all. Yes I will; it may turn out profitable.

Bram. Can't I get them divorced? (*to Redtail.*)

Red. No—they are both of age.

Tim. and *Dora.* Yes, pa, we're of age—we're of age—can't be divorced.

Bram. The world will be destroyed next! Why, how you stand there, girl? Why don't you scratch his eyes out?

Dora. La, pa! such pretty eyes!

Bram. Hasn't he swindled, bamboozled, deceived you?

Dora. No, pa; nor would he you, but for my suggestion.

Bram. Yes, the world is certainly at an end! I smell the sulphur and brimstone now! What shall I do, old Redtail? can't I punish him for a vagrant—an impostor?

Red. No; he's neither the one nor the other, but as good as yourself.

Bram. Eh! how do you make that out?

Red. Why, he's my nephew, the orphan child of my poor brother Barnabas. While he was poor and destitute I didn't choose to own him ; but now that he's your son-in-law, and likely to be rich, I'll countenance him, stand his friend, give him—

Bramb. What ?

Red. My name ; and when I die, leave him my business.

Bramb. Nothing more ?

Red. Yes, some property I have in my hands belonging to his father.

Tim. I had a father then! And Redtail is really my uncle! Oh, all will be well ; he has no heir but myself, and possesses thousands. My dear, dear uncle!

Red. My dear nephew, *(they embrace)* you know I always lov'd you ; though I did thump you about and half-starve you, it was all through affection, boy. Come, friend Bramble, you must forgive them.

Bramb. If there was any precedent to countenance such conduct in my daughter.

Dora. There is, pa, your ward and niece, my cousin Catherine. Come in, my dear. Allow me to introduce Mr. and Mrs. Ramble.

Enter RAMBLE and CATHERINE.

Tim. And Mr. and Mrs. Redtail.—Curse Tomkins and blow Weathercock, now. *(Aside.)*

Bram. And who the devil is Mr. Ramble ?

Tim. A very worthy friend of mine, my dear sir.

Bram. Another lawyer's clerk ?

Tim. No, sir ; a young man of independent though moderate fortune, who lately figured away as my footman.

Ram. Yes, sir ; but thank heaven I've resign'd the cursed livery now.

Tim. I beg your pardon, my dear fellow, for putting you in it.

Ram. Don't mention it. I glory in it, now I'm

out of it; for it brought me to my dear Catherine. —But now my dear sir, your pardon, your blessing,

Tim. and Dora. Aye, my dear sir, your pardon, your blessing.

Bram. Well I believe I must forgive you all; you're a clever dog, my dear Tim; and an honest one, or you would not have disclosed yourself to Dora as you did in the first instance; and as you turn out to be the nephew of my friend old Redtail, you shall be a member yet. I'll buy you a seat, and you shall bring forward my motion for a general reformation —a motion which I hope will give general satisfaction.

FINALE.

Ram. May youth ne'er know disguise like me!
But Joy's bright bumpers quaff;
Ne'er rove forlorn to Coventry,
But ever love and laugh.

Tim. And may all those whom here we see,
Smile in poor Tim's behalf,
Long join us *All at Coventry*
And with us *Love and Laugh.*

Dora. The day's return, long may I see
And boundless pleasure quaff,
When first you came to *Coventry,*
And caus'd me *Love and Laugh.*

Omnes. Yes, long may all whom here we see,
Smile in poor Tim's behalf,
Long join us *all at Coventry,*
And with us *Love and Laugh.*

THE END.

Printed by Richard & Arthur Taylor, Shoe-Lane, London.

ELPHI BEY;

OR, THE

ARAB'S FAITH.

A

MUSICAL DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE,

Thursday, April 17, 1817.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY W. CLOWES, NORTHUMBERLAND-COURT,
AND SOLD BY J. MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1817.

[*Price Half a Crown.*]

TO

WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq.

&c. &c.

My Dear Sir,

Having passed the ordeal of representation, certainly with the satisfaction of finding, after the curtailments on the second night—pleased and attentive audiences, and the play evidently rising in interest, I may venture to offer my unassuming drama for perusal, and cannot adequately express my thanks for being permitted to introduce it from the press under your auspices—and to dedicate it, in you, my dear Sir, to the first dramatic critic, ranking amongst the first genuine poets, of the present day,—for I am sensible that your name—your having read over and approved the manuscript—will ensure to me advantages beyond every other consideration, and I eagerly embrace this opportunity of expressing my respect and esteem for your character, and my regard for you as a friend.

You are aware that the story was originally put into my hands by Mr. Salt, than whom no man can be supposed better acquainted with the manners, customs, and character of the people, in those countries he has so ably described;

and to sketches from whose valuable port-folio, I am principally indebted for that appropriate scenery, so accurately prepared by Mr. Greenwood.

Music was in your opinion, as well as mine, indispensably requisite, and in requesting Mr. Attwood to arrange it, the public must be convinced that I selected a gentleman of the very highest professional ability—the pupil of Mozart—evincing in his own compositions, throughout the Piece, that taste and judgment he could have acquired from no other master. It remains only to add, that, *as a joint Composition*, in Mr. Salt's name and in my own, I presented this Drama to the Theatre, and that as such I now publish it.

Believe me, with the highest consideration and respect,

My Dear Sir,

Your greatly obliged and sincerely attached Friend,

R. HAMILTON.

5, James-street,
Buckingham-gate,
25th April, 1817.

TO the Performers *generally*, I am much beholden. Mr. RAE, in his capacity of *Manager*, was uremittingly zealous in every department; and, in his part of *Chedid*, effective throughout; while his Individual personal exertions and Gentlemanly attentions I cannot too highly appreciate.—I had only to wish, that a little longer time, a few more Stage Rehearsals, had been afforded me; but the *apparent* interest of the Theatre overcame every minor object.

Mr. WALLACK, in *Elphi Bey*, made an impression upon the house, more gratifying to himself, and more conducive to his reputation, than I can attempt to describe, and to the extent of which impression I would, if possible, advance my praise. Not less indebted, in his line, do I

feel myself to Mr. HARLEY, though I lament that an *Arab Peasant*, to be kept strictly in character, confined him to such a circumscribed walk.—But when I speak of Mrs. BARTLEY, I must say, that great as I have ever known and considered her, she rose indisputably above herself; never was juster conception of a part manifested; truer touches of nature and grandeur of soul displayed; or the very *acmè* of her distinguished station, in the highest rank of her profession, sustained, than by that Lady in EMINA.

R. H.

THE DRAMA of ELPHI BEY is partly grounded upon the following Incident, extracted from Lord Valentia's Travels to Egypt, &c., in 1802 *to* 1806.—*Vol.* 3.—*Chap.* 9.—*Pp.* 348, 9.

"OSMAN BEY, greatly alarmed at the arrival from Eng-
"land of Elphi Bey,—who, since the death of Murad
"Bey, had been his rival,—determined to cut him off, and
"for that purpose sent down two boats with troops, to in-
"tercept him as he was coming up the Nile.—A violent gale
"of wind, accompanied by a cloud of sand, came on.
"Elphi sheltered himself behind a point of land, on
"which was a village. The boats, with the troops of
"Osman Bey, passed without seeing him; but he per-
"ceived them, and, having some suspicion, immediately
"landed, and, quitting his baggage, with five or six followers,
"escaped into the Desert.—These soon left him, as the way
"was long and difficult.—At length, after a tedious march
"of ten hours on foot, he arrived at the tent of Nasr Chedid,
"in the Desert, with whom he was on ill terms, and claimed
"protection. Nasr was himself absent with Osman Bey,
"whom he had joined with all his people, at his camp,
"before Cairo, where he waited the event of the attack on
"Elphi. Chedid's wife received and concealed him. Some
"of Osman's people came there, and asked if she had seen
"Elphi. She said, Yes; and that he had passed by a way she
"pointed out to them. As soon as they were gone, she told
"Elphi; and bringing him one of her husband's favourite
"horses, and a dromedary, she desired him to escape to
"Upper Egypt; but to avoid the road which she had di-

" rected the troops of Osman to take. Elphi hesitated, and
" told her he was unwilling to endanger her husband's safety
" who was in the power of Osman.—She replied, It was no
" matter; her husband's honour required that she should
" assist him in escaping; and that, were he there, he would
" do the same himself, and that he would make her suffer
" if any thing happened to him. Soon afterwards, on being
" told the way that Elphi had escaped, Osman sent for Chedid,
" and accused him of having assisted his enemy. He re-
" plied, ' You know, Osman Bey, I have been three days
" with you; how then is it possible that I could do so?'
" ' Well then,' said Osman; ' it was your wife that did so.'
" ' It was,' replied Chedid; ' Elphi demanded protection
" from her, and she only did her duty. Had she done other-
" wise, I would have cut her head off with this sabre,
" though you know Elphi was never a friend of mine.' "

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OSMYN, *a Turkish Chief, usurping the Rule during the absence of Elphi Bey,* Mr. Horn.

ELPHI BEY, *a Mameluke Chief, supposed the rightful Sovereign of Egypt,* Mr. Wallack.

CHEDID, *an Arab Shiek, commanding a powerful Tribe, on the East Bank of the Nile* ..... Mr. Rae.

OTHMAN, *Minister and Friend of Osmyn* ..... Mr. Coveney.

AGEEB, *a Youth—Son of Chedid* .... Miss E. Scott.

HASSAN, *an old Arab, attached to Elphi,* Mr. Gattie.

HYDER, *Servant to Zeinaba* ..... Mr. Harley.

CALEB, OMAR, AMALEK, *Chiefs in the interest of Elphi* ..... } Messrs. Pyne, J. Smith, & Cooke.

SAIED, ABU-BUK'R, ACHMET, *principal Arabs of the Desert* ..... } Messrs. Kent, Miller, & Smith.

An elderly SHEIK—*or Arabian High Priest* ..... Mr. Powell.

HADJEE, *a Native Arab* ..... Mr. Minton.

EMINA, *Wife of Chedid* ..... Mrs. Bartley.

ZEINABA, *Wife of Elphi* ..... Miss Boyce.

SEWDA, *Daughter of Hassan* ..... Mrs. Bland.

ZARA, *Companion to Emina* ..... Miss Buggins.

Turkish, Syrian, Albanian, and Mameluke Soldiers, Attendants, &c.

ELPHI BEY;

OR, THE

ARAB'S FAITH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An Arab encampment, near a grove of date-trees, on the borders of the Desert. Through the trees a stream is seen, at some little distance, on the right. On the left, in front of the tents, a group of Arabs, principally women; amongst them Zeinaba and Zara, the former in an attitude expressive of grief.

Quartette and Chorus of Arabs.

Zara—alone.

HOW plaintive the captive's sad sigh meets the breeze,
While his faint dying bosom no comfort can know!—
How languid, while grief and despondency seize
On his mind, overwhelm'd with the bitterest woe!

Quartette.

Yet Hope gilds the scene with a gleam of delight,
As fresh-falling dews raise the half-drooping flow'r;—
He anxiously watches from dawning till night,
And looks for his ransom each lingering hour.

Chorus of Arabs.

Pleasure lifts the Arab's heart;
Jocund Laughter joins her train;
Sparkling Joys their gifts impart,
Free from Care's depressive pain.
Ours the varying scene to know—
Ours the present bliss to taste!
Fell Revenge,—Contentment's foe,—
Banish'd far,—our presence chas'd.

(*The Arab women retire within their tents, Zeinaba and Zara advance.*)

ZARA. Ever in tears, Zeinaba! wherefore this?

ZEIN. Tears!—were there tears? Am I so weak become?
I—I, our sovereign's wife!—Forgive me, Elphi!
Thine absence makes me feel a very woman.
But said you not the chieftains were assembled?

ZARA. They are, with Osmyn—But that I regret
To wound thy generous heart, I'd name the cause.

ZEIN. Withhold it not;—more dire the racking thoughts
Of ills uncertain, than the worst disclos'd:
Were Elphi even dead, I'd pray to know it.
You pause—my fears have guess'd—Allah, support me!

ZARA. Look up—he lives! but, as I learn, his fall
Is the assembled chiefs' determined aim.
The ship in which he sailed has near'd our coast,
And by to-morrow's dawn he lands.

ZEIN. Merciful Heaven!—the savage tigers prowl,—
No friend to warn their unsuspicious victim.

ZARA. Restrain this burst of passion. Chedid's here.

Chedid enters, first speaking behind the scenes.

CHE. Lead forth our horses, Saied; the camel troop
Already halts upon the river's side,
And ere night-fall we must join Osmyn's force.

ZEIN. You march then, Shiek, in an unrighteous cause,
Against your sovereign prince, to aid a tyrant.
What then becomes of me?

CHE. All comfort we can give
Be, as our captive, yours. But for your husband,
But for Elphi, I am still his deadliest foe:
Our blood is on him.

ZEIN. To the gen'rous mind,
What rapture like magnanimous forgiveness?
Revenge!—an impious passion—
What are its joys?—what bliss can it bestow?

CHE. Is it no solace to the starving man
To riot ravenous on the food he craves?
Or, when the burning fever rages high,
Is the cool draught of water no relief?
My life itself—nay, all that make's life dear—
Freely I'd barter for this Elphi's head.

(*Zeinaba appears overcome.*)

ZARA. Beseech you, Sheik!—this vehemence o'er-powers her.

ZEIN. (*Recovering.*) The shock is past!—Allah will give me strength,
That I, with fortitude, may brave the worst.

CHE. (*To Zara.*) Greet my Emina—say, I leave my tents,
Our children, and, more precious still, my honour,
All to her care!—to hers, my best beloved!
Bid her, good Zara, guard them safe.
Go—speed thee straight!—farewell.

[*Exit Zara.*

——— attend me, friends!

(*He marches off with attendant Arabs, to the left.—Zeinaba remains.—Enter Hyder.*)

HYD. Aye, there they go—huddled together like a troop of jackalls,—riding faster than their horses gallop, and frightening the very air with the flourishing of their spears.—Good-by to ye, valourous free-booters!—But you'll excuse me—(*bowing at the wing.*)—Well now, if my lady is but in the mind for it, we have the happiest opportunity to escape from this free and easy society.

(*Turning about he perceives Zeinaba, who had been looking after Chedid.*)

O, madam, I am glad to see you.—There, through yonder calishe, to the very banks of the Nile, I have passed unmolested. Not the shadow of an Arab,

horse, foot, or dromedary.—That terrible fellow Chedid has carried off his whole tribe with him, a slight reserve excepted over the tents and baggage.—Let me conduct you.

ZEIN. The moment does indeed appear propitious—I'll venture all to save a husband's life.

HYD. And see, lady—thanks to my skill in flower-painting—I have been able to copy the Sheik's cipher so dexterously, that his very secretary could not detect the counterfeit.

(*Shewing the flourishing eastern cipher, or signature.*)

ZEIN. (*examining it.*) Good fellow! faithful friend!
Cunningly traced!
Guard it against the last extremity.

(*Hyder places it in his bosom.*)

Passing the Nile, close on it's western banks,
An old man lives, to Elphi much attach'd:
You know him, Hyder, or, at least, his daughter.

HYD. What, Hassan's daughter,—my dear Sewda! Let us be gone, lady,—I've hawled a boat up, and we'll sweep over the river like an ibis—for I shall pull away manfully from slavery and spare diet, to love, liberty, and my regular daily bread—three good meals and a luncheon.

ZEIN. Thou wert always a marvellous chatterer—but away!—and, for once, silence, if thou canst.

HYD. Not a word, lady,—not a word!—Though the mole be under my foot, she shall no more hear than see!—Not a word, lady—not a word!

(He follows Zeinaba, and they pass through the date-grove.

SCENE II.

Alexandria.—The Pharos on a projecting point running out into the sea.—A vessel appears coming round, which, as it passes the castle, salutes with several guns.

Natives on the beach.

Elphi, Elphi!—Huzza, huzza!

(*Two of them, Hadjee and Hamed, advance.*)

HAD. What do they shout for, Hamed? can'st thou tell?

HAM. For that, good Hadjee, which should cause their tears,—
The flag of Elphi, shewn by yonder ship.
But little dreams the chief the direful change
A few short months have wrought!——
Had he been here when our late ruler died,
We would have seen him seated on the throne.—
Now, Fortune, favour him beyond our hopes,
Or the sharp dagger's point 's his sole inheritance!

HAD. Hush!—Osmyn's friends
Swarm thick about us,—
Prowl like hungry wolves
Drawn by the bleating of these timid sheep!

(*They retire.*)

A march—and Troops enter, preceding Osmyn.

Chorus, Turkish Soldiers:

Hail, hail, hail!
Hail, Osmyn-Bey!—hail—mighty ruler, hail!—
A thousand years may Osmyn live and reign!
His foes shall fall, his sovereign right prevail,
And Allah's arm his pow'rful throne maintain.
Hail, hail, hail!
Hail, Osmyn!—mighty ruler, hail!

Osmyn and Othman advance.

OSM. As we surmised, my friend, Elphi returns,
Proudly triumphant, to his anxious troops.
One month's protracted absence had secured
The realm I hold but lightly, for my own.
I dread the changeful people:—Fickle fools!
Heard you their shouts as, from the top-mast head,
His flag, insulting, mock'd our new-raised power?

OTH. I did, and know them to his cause attached.
Elphi is much beloved.

OSM. But still there's hope,—he has not reach'd his troops;
Nor shall he ever, can my power prevent it.
No fond affection now must stay our hands,—
No visitings of conscience, no remorse,—
Or he or I must fall. Egypt can brook
One chief alone.

OTH. What would your words suggest?

OSM. His death!—Why start you?—Death alone
makes sure!—
The man who hourly views a dread abyss
Beneath him gaping, fathomless, and wide,
Must dash his foes in, or must sink himself.

Enter Chedid, attended.

CHE. Osmyn, behold this firm and zealous band.
Yet fancy not that friendship draws me here;
I am no friend to men in cities born,—
Men without hearts, enslaved by luxury.—
Revenge—fell, deadly hatred to this Elphi—
Now leagues my tribe to yours in common cause.
Do you accept our aid?

OSM. Most gratefully;—
And, knowing well your daring independence,
Shall not too nicely dive into the motive.—
You're welcome all—and in good time arrived!
We must be vigilant against escape.

CHE. My Arabs so beset the eastern shore,
Escape that way's impossible:
The Nile alone
Offers one scarcely practicable chance.

OSM. Then is he ours—My troops secure the
Nile.

CHE. On, then;—our parties separate.—
We'll foremost cross the arid plain, to where
In distance rise yon splendid minarets,
Whose blazing tops reflect the setting sun.
Fortune is with us—foremost in our ranks.

Hope ev'ry thing when next we meet—Farewell!

[*Chedid goes off attended—Osmyn remains.*

OSM. Yes, 'tis resolved!—Elphi must meet his doom,
Or Osmyn's pow'r fleets with the passing sun-beam.

SONG—*Osmyn.*

Ambition fires my daring soul—
My burning heart sustains;
My passions rage without control—
My sceptre might sustains.
Hence, weakness! pity, justice, hence!
Your influence I despise:
Hence, friendship—mere assumed pretence—
To power a sacrifice!

Fix'd as fate, yes, Elphi dies!
His fall ensures my state;
My rival at my mercy lies,
To prove my utmost hate.
He dies, he dies!—My firm decree,—
My mandate seals his destiny.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An orange grove on the banks of the Nile.—A group of girls engaged in gathering the fruit—with them Sewda. The water gleams brightly behind the trees, and the sky gradually becomes darkened, as portending a storm.

SONG—*Sewda.*

On the verdant banks of the fertile Nile
There dwelt an Arab's daughter;
Full many a suitor claim'd her smile,—
Bey—Sheik—and Mameluke—sought her.

They gallop'd nigh—they skirmish'd high,—
While she cried, " Pray, Sirs, excuse me !
Till a lover I find that is more to my mind,
All your cap'ring but serves to amuse me.—
Ha, ha, ha, ha !
All your cap'ring but serves to amuse me."

A barge there came with a splendid sail,—
Its gilded oars struck the water;—
Round a Pacha's head wav'd many a tail,
As he stalk'd to the Arab's daughter.
Rich cloths of gold his slaves unroll'd;
But she cried " Dread Sir, excuse me !
Till a lover I find that is more to my mind,
All your fripp'ry but serves to amuse me.—
Ha, ha, ha, ha !
All your fripp'ry but serves to amuse me."

With a faithful heart then Hyder came,—
To that faithful heart he caught her;
Her tell-tale eyes confest the flame
Which Love had slily taught her.
The Pacha sail'd,—the Mameluke fail'd,—
While she cried " Great Sirs, excuse me !
Here's the lover, I find, that is most to my mind,
And your vap'ring but serves to amuse me.—
Ha, ha, ha, ha !
All your vap'ring but serves to amuse me."

Enter Hassan.

HAS. Well said, my girls ! Are they all gathered ?
SEW. All, father, but those so richly coloured, near

the top:—were Hyder here, he soon would reach them.

HAS. Aye! aye!—
We know the fruit to which his hopes aspire.
Nay, blush not, rosy-cheek, your choice is mine.
Were but his lady safe, he'd soon be with us.

(*Distant music is heard,—a flute or flageolet upon the water.*)

Hark!—Whence that music, borne upon the breeze?
It seems approaching.

SEW. (*Looking out.*) 'Tis Hyder, father!—Look, he waves his turban as a signal.

(*The boat reaches the shore—Zeinaba and Hyder land.*)

HAS. Welcome, dear lady! bounteous Heaven be praised,
My prayers are heard! What miracle preserved you?

(*Hyder, Sewda, and the others, retire, conversing apart.*)

ZEIN. Inquire not now—The ev'ning fast draws on;
The air is charged with heavy threatening clouds;
The light'ning flashes in the western sky;
And much, ere night-fall, rests there to be done.
Tell me at once, old man, what news of Elphi?

HAS. This morning, as he anchored near our coast,
My zeal forewarn'd him of approaching danger.
At Osmyn's wish, 'tis fix'd he lands to-morrow;—

Meanwhile, this very night, he puts ashore
Near a lone ruin on the adjacent beach,
Baffling his foes.—These feeble limbs forbid,
Or his old servant would assist his flight,—
Attend him, share, and mitigate his dangers.
Where to engage one faithful for the task,
With energy of mind and strength, I know not.

ZEIN. No further seek—Who undertakes it, Hassan,
Must rise superior to desponding fears.
Bold from the cause—supported by affection,
None else can hope success;—who then but I?

HAS. You, lady!—you?—You know not half the perils.

ZEIN. My resolution's fix'd—I therefore sought ye.
Firm in my duty, for a husband's life
I trust in Allah, and can brave the worst.

HAS. My noble lady! thus to dare alone——

HYD. (*Coming forwards.*) No, Hassan, not alone.—I have no great taste for danger, I acknowledge; but, in such a cause, though I should die for my mistress, I'll not abandon her.—(*To Zeinaba*) O, lady! how doubly dear will safety be to my noble master when it comes in your shape!

ZEIN. So my heart whispers—but—(*pausing*)
——————————No: till he's safe
He must not know me.—I must seem a stranger,
Lest fear for me make him neglect himself;
And love, that sought to save him, should endanger.
O! it will cost me many a tender struggle;

But that affection which imposed the trial
Will, if successful, gloriously reward it.

HAS. Come, then—I have a warrior's dress within
Will suit your purpose.

ZEIN. Allah, look down—support me in this trial!
And you, my friends, be steadfast in your duty.
Let no one breathe my name or hint my purpose:
Discovery, e'en to Elphi, would undo us.
Then cares for me, doubts, tenderness, anxiety,
The thousand fancied hardships I might suffer,
Would damp his noble energies of soul,
And yield him up a prey to his pursuers.

[*Exeunt Zeinaba, Hassan, and Arab Girls; the latter bending to Zeinaba, with their Salam, in token of obedience.*]

SEW. And so you do not like these Arabs of the Desert?

HYD. Like them!—I had rather live among the tombs—turn Santon—go to sea—be lacquey to a troop of dancing girls—than expose myself to the continual harassings of a wandering Arab's life.—They eat nothing but a little unbaked flour and water;—their longest meals do not take up a minute and a half;—and they sleep no more than their horses, who stand all night long with bridles in their mouths. I was reduced two-thirds in the short time I passed with them, and well nigh lost the faculty of speech. They looked upon me so fiercely, that every time my mouth opened I expected to be treated like an Indian juggler, and have a sword crammed down my throat.

SEW. Well now, Hyder, I always admired them. So handsome!—brave as lions, and so gallant on horseback!

HYD. And am not I as brave and as handsome as a lion on horseback too, Miss? (*She laughs.*)—But there's no time for chattering now: my master's safety, my mistress's happiness, Osmyn's power, Chedid's revenge—nay, the very well-being of the state, depending upon me!—O! greatness—greatness!—all thy delightful cares and torments spring up like mushrooms! My pillow will be stuffed with asps and rattle-snakes; and, as to a good sound night's rest, I may as well think of raising melons on a sand-drift.

SEW. Raising a fiddle-stick's end!—But, alight from your altitudes, and remember that he who climbs minarets must expect to fall upon tombstones.

DUET. *Hyder and Sewda.*

Say who'd be great, when the road to state
Is a quicksand treach'rous to tread, Love,—
Where thorns the feet each moment meet,
And a sword points, hung by a thread, Love?
Compar'd to this, what lowly bliss
Bids the Arab home to his tent, Love!
While the camels graze, his happy days
Are a round of ease and content, Love!—

The dread Bashaw to-day gives law,
And to-morrow he loses his head, Love!
His turrets' blaze the news conveys,
And another is raised in his stead, Love!

The lofty date must meet its fate,
When the whirlwinds wild engage, Love!
While the shrub secure will the shock endure,
And thrive in the midst of their rage, Love!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Near Aboukir.—A moon-light view on the sea-shore. Some fallen ruins, over which the surf is beating, are near the beach.—Enter Zeinaba in an Arab soldier's dress.

ZEIN. By yonder ruin on the sandy shore,
It should be here that Hassan bade us wait.
Why tarries Hyder?—'Tis a fearful night!
How swift the clouds rush sweeping thro' the sky,
Disclosing to the view, at intervals,
The red moon scowling o'er the sullen waves!
And see—amid the relics of this pile—
The surf beats fierce, plunging with headlong roar,
As if 'twould break its ancient barriers down!
Dreadful the sea!—Alas! that he I love
Must tempt its rage!—I tremble but to think on't.

HYD. (*Behind the scenes.*) What ho there!—hist!— [*He enters.*

ZEIN. Ah! is it you? What news, good Hyder?

HYD. He is safe on shore; it was a hard pull, and once or twice I thought the boat had been stoved;—but see, he is here.

ZEIN. Haste then, prepare our horses instantly, and know me only, henceforth, as Abdallah.

[*Exit Hyder.*

Six long years' absence, joined to this disguise,
Ensures the wished concealment of my person.
Enter Elphi and Attendants with baggage, which he by signs directs them to set down.

ZEIN. (*Aside.*) It is himself!—How noble is his mien!
But soft, my heart!—be still, tumultuous feelings!
Elphi, most valiant chief, thy friends, by me,
Greet thy arrival; and, in proof of faith,
Behold, I bear this ring.

ELPHI. I thank their kindness.
Ah! (*looking at the ring,*) My wife's!—
Thou art indeed most welcome.
O! my loved Zeinaba!
Could I but see and clasp thee to my heart!—

ZEIN. (*On the point of rushing towards him, but checking herself—Aside—*) Down, selfish fondness!

ELPHI. Ten thousand fond anxieties arise:
This ring recalls so many tender thoughts,—
The halcyon days of youth and early bliss,—
The modest, blushing, half-suppressed consent,—
The rapturous feelings of primeval love!—
[*Turning to Zeinaba.*
O, I could question thee till time grew old:
Speak of Zeinaba, then—her thoughts, her looks;—
Anticipate my hopes—Say, all is well!

ZEIN. Of Elphi's constancy and truth assured,
All with herself is well;—
But, when she thinks upon her husband's danger,
Doubts and alarm distract her.—

Then, for her sake, away!—this instant hence!
Haste from the perils that surround thee here!
By various arts,
Corruption, treachery, intrigue, and murder,
The common ladder which ambition mounts,
Osmyn has basely seized the helm of state.

ELPHI. Osmyn! in early youth my bosom's friend!
From him who loves me, what have I to fear?

ZEIN. Much, Elphi, much!—When once ambition gains
Possession of the mind, boundless its force;
Vain friendship's barriers, vain the bands of love;
It bursts all ties, or human or divine.
Haste, then, away!—He you esteem a friend,
With rancorous jealousy now seeks your life.
Had you consented to a public entry,
Your head had paid the forfeit.—Even now,
Amid these very sand-hills, wretches wait,
Bribed largely, and commissioned to despatch you.
Thus far we've happily thwarted them, and near
Horses attend to bear you to the Nile:
There boats are ready;—still the danger's great:
Prudence alone can save you.—Hasten then;
Myself will be your guide: and, till you're safe,
'Twere better in some menial gárb disguise you.

ELPHI. Am I, then, sunk so low?—are all my hopes
Reduced to this?—After six tedious years,
Thus to return—steal, as a midnight thief,
Into a land that should confess my sway!

ZEIN. Rouse thyself, Elphi! and let vengeance take
The full possession of thy manly soul,—
Vengeance terrific! Egypt claims thine aid:
Long have the ravenous Turks, like hungry wolves,
Prey'd on her flocks, despoil'd her pleasant fields,
And, with a dreadful tyranny, oppress'd
Her meek-eyed peasants. Such a cause as this
Might nerve a woman's arm, and, with a force
Overwhelming, fill the timid soul of age.
Shall Elphi, then, careless of Egypt's wrongs,
Be overcome by individual woes?

ELPHI. No, never, youth.—Yet who, with firm composure,
Can listen to the fury of the winds,
When the fierce tempest drives his fragile bark?
Who hear, unmoved, the bounding of the surf,
When strikes his vessel on some rocky shore,
In the dark night, that threatens instant death?
None—nor can I this Osmyn's treachery learn
Without a struggle.——But 'tis past, and soon.
This arm shall right me.

Enter Hyder, abruptly.

HYD. Out with the torches instantly, for, as I passed the beach, a gleam of lightning shewed me a band of the most rascally ill-looking Arabs you ever set eyes upon, lurking behind those sand-banks, to the left.

ZEIN. To horse, then, swiftly!—speed we to the Nile;
While, to deceive them, let a light be borne
Over the ridge of hills upon our right.

ELPHI. First I'll secure some jewels for our aid—
The rest will tempt the villains from pursuit.
Away!

[*Exeunt Elphi, Zeinaba, and Attendants—Elphi taking some jewels from his baggage.*]

HYD. (*remaining behind*) An excellent example my master sets me, and it is my duty, as a good servant, to follow it.—I can overtake them in a moment. (*picking up some of the jewels*)—Mahomet, how beautiful!—Had I these little sparklers at our cottage now, they would make my fortune—purchase the dignities and honours of, at the least, three tails!

(*He puts them under his dress, and is stealing off, when the spear of an Arab is advanced, and comes immediately opposite to his breast—He drops the jewels, and falls upon his knees—The Arab enters—others following.*)

SAI. I thought I heard them. Ah! who art thou, slave?

HYD. No slave, but only a poor miserable gardener; take all, good sir, except my head;—that's little worth to any but the owner.

SAI. On one condition, thou art safe—tell us which way thy master went. We know thou belongest to Elphi. Here, take this torch, and guide us to him. (*Giving Hyder a torch.*)

ABU-B. Stay, Saied: first let us collect our plunder—to us more worth than twenty Elphis.

SAI. Curse on the tempting bait! No time for trifling now.

ABU-B. Trifling, indeed! (*holding up a jewel*) such trifles elevate to power, and purchase Paradise on earth.

SAI. Paradise, dolt! for such as thou and I?

ABU-B. Aye, surely, Saied, for Mahomet's dark-eyed girls, with coal-black hair, and ever-varying charms, would be but thrown away on saintly men.—War, hunting, and such wild pursuits, fit soldiers only for women's love.—Kind souls! we need their smiles to soothe our passions, and to bring us down to the dull habits of domestic life.—Come, lads, the wind blows keen! let's lose no time, but part our spoil.

SAI. Why, as you all agree, I may as well not lose my share.

(During this dialogue, by means of the jutting fragment of a rock, Hyder, fixing a spear in the stage, hangs his cloak on it, fastens the torch in the sleeve, puts his turban upon the top of the spear, and steals away unobserved.)

ABU-B. That is right.—Come, foolish caitiff, thou shalt give us light—(*turning to what he conceives to be Hyder, and, striking it with his spear, discovers the trick.*)—By Mahomet, too much for us!

SAI. Confusion!—After him, comrades! we'll not be fooled thus—follow me. [*Going off.*

ABU-B. (*Detaining him.*) And leave these (*pointing to the jewels*) for a *Turkish* rummage! Who'd be fooled then?—What say you, lads,—shall we hunt down this jackal, that has cast his skin (*taking up Hyder's cloak*), or console ourselves with his booty?

ARABS. The booty—the booty!—we'll not part from our booty.

Glee, and Chorus of Arabs.

Who'd slave and till the stubborn fields,
When a soldier's life such rapture yields?
Glory, renown, dear woman's smile,
His heart of ev'ry care beguile.
In honour's cause he grasps his spear,—
He laughs at trouble, grief, and fear;
His treasures rich, his spirits light,
His days a round of choice delight.

Abu-B. alone.

Glory's a name of mighty sound,
But little value *under ground:*
His, yours, or mine, the fatal ball,
And where's his honour doom'd to fall?

Full.

Joys, as they rise, we Arabs seize,—
Live while we may, and live at ease;—
We brave the desert's heat and toil,—
We rush to battle, urg'd by spoil.

(*They gather round Elphi's baggage, and the Scene closes.*)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Egyptian temple in ruins, surrounded by the Desert, extending to a great distance, parched and sandy. Enter, fatigued, Elphi, with Zeinaba and Hyder, disguised.

ELPHI. FATIGUED and harass'd, weary Nature sinks;
Here let me rest awhile, and gather strength.

ZEIN. We've travers'd far indeed without repose.

HYD. Aye, and what's worse, without a regular meal. But we're safe now. I climbed that palm-tree, and explored the Desert. Far as the hills, not a soul to be seen, friend or foe;—a few stray antelopes alone, cropping the scanty herbage midst the rocks, give signs of animation.

ZEIN. We must extend our search;—a spot like this
May tempt the Arab to enjoy its shade.
Awhile we part;—you, Hyder, to the left.

[*Exeunt Zeinaba and Hyder severally.*

ELPHI. (*Alone.*) Lend me your friendly aid, still awful ruin!
Emblem exact of my dejected state!
Not far remote it seems, in Fancy's eye,
Which, with a rapid glance, surveys the past,
Compressing Time's events, when this proud pile
Rear'd its bold front, the wonder of the world!
Now all defac'd, decay'd, in fragments laid,
By age, by storms, but more by savage man,
Foremost to lead Destruction's impious bands!
So, on the summit of high Fortune, late
I stood triumphant 'midst surrounding friends,
By distant nations courted.—Idle dream!
Past is the pageant; while the present hour
Brings treachery, neglect, and dire dismay.
But rouse, my soul! the brave are ne'er subdued;
They, like a spring, with force elastic, bound
To meet approaching danger.
(*A noise heard—he starts.*)
Ha! beset already!
But they shall find my life no easy purchase.

(*Drawing his sabre, and, going behind the ruin, partly conceals himself. Enter quickly Ageeb, looking behind him, his arm bound up hastily with a handkerchief, as if just wounded, the broken staff of a javelin in his hand, and almost immediatly followed by a mountain Arab robber, at the moment of whose entrance Elphi springs forwards from the ruin, and the robber retreats.*)

AGEEB. Assist me, stranger!—wounded, overpower'd,
Shame that I speak it, I've been driven to flight.
Lur'd by the chase, some distance from our tents,
Three desperate villains fell on, to despoil me.
One I despatch'd; but, with the blow, alas!
My javelin flew to splinters; and I stood
Expos'd without a weapon to contend with.
Circling the hill, his fellows press'd upon me,
Till your commanding form appall'd their souls.
Still hovering near,
They watch the path which I must traverse homewards.

ELPHI. Whence, and what art thou, youth?

AGEEB. Ageeb my name,—Sheik Chedid is my father.
He forth, last evening, to join Osmyn's powers,
Led our brave tribe—but still forbids his son
To share his triumphs, for that I'm too young.
Oh! it doth mad me, sir; but I obey him.

ELPHI. (*Aside*) Sheik Chedid leagues with Osmyn then! no matter.
—At hazard of my life, brave youth, I'll guard thee;
Point out the road, and give them to my sabre.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Zeinaba, from the opposite side.

ZEIN. Scarce had I turn'd yon wall
When a rude voice struck piercing on my ear.
I crept with caution round, still closely hid

By massy fragments that lay heap'd together;
When lo! a group of figures met my sight;
Some sleeping in disorder on the ground,—
Some on the ruins sitting. Others stood
In fierce dissension o'er disputed plunder.
A purple jewel, bright with circling gold,
Was cause of the commotion. Soon a chief,
More eager, bold, and haughty, than the rest,
Rais'd up his spear, and dash'd it to the ground,
On which I crept away. [*Approaching the ruin.*
But where is Elphi?

(*Missing him, and calling out wildly.*)

Gone!—taken!—Dreadful!—Elphi!

Enter Hyder, quickly.

HYD. For Heaven's sake, lady! (*Looking behind him.*) But I fear those devils of Arabs have already heard you, for I saw them spring on their feet like jerboas, and look about them like so many lynxes. My master cannot have fallen into the hands of an enemy, for all's safe on that side. Haste westwards then; my life on't you o'ertake him. I will remain, throw myself in the teeth of these ragamuffins, and try, by stratagem, to put them on the wrong scent. (*Seeing a letter at Zeinaba's girdle.*) Give me that letter; it will assist my plans. (*Zeinaba gives it, appearing apprehensive for Hyder.*) Nay, nay, though I have a little more feeling than a date-tree, I'm no coward; so secure yourself, lady, and I'll soon follow you.

ZEIN. Good, faithful, generous friend! my prayers be with thee. [*Exit.*

(*Hyder throws himself upon the ground, rolled up in his cloak, and pretends to be sleeping, towards the ruin, but in the most conspicuous place.)*

Enter Arabs, from about the ruin, looking round them.

1ST ARAB. (*Perceiving Hyder.*) Here's one of them, at least—(*rousing him.*)

HYD. (*Rubbing his eyes, and yawning.*) Where am I?—What's the matter?—Who are these?—Is it a dream, or are ye living men?

1ST ARAB. (*Touching him with his spear.*) Feel this, and try.—What think you now?—Are you awake or sleeping?

HYD. (*Starting up.*) Awake! too truly I'm awake! —But what, good Sir, may be your will with me?

1ST ARAB. Our will is to——provide for you— (*half unsheathing his sabre.*)

HYD. Very much obliged to you indeed, gentlemen (*bowing*); but I'm already provided for.—I have no claims, and am your most obedient humble servant—(*going; the Arabs prevent him, advancing their spears.*)

1ST ARAB. What! tired of your company already? —that's no great compliment,—but we can't part with you yet.—Who are you?

HYD. (*Confidently.*) Who are you?—Is that a way to speak to a man in office?—But I am the son of Omar—son of Othman—son of Ali!—upon a confidential message from Osmyn to Sheik Chedid!

1ST ARAB. Sheik Chedid!—we are of his tribe.

HYD. (*Joyfully.*) You don't say so!—This is a lucky chance. Can any of you read?—(*producing the letter.*)

1ST ARAB. All of us your designs, though we despise your hieroglyphics. Away with him to Chedid; let the Sheik see his pretended despatch; and if he's satisfied—why then—we'll beg your pardon, most illustrious Sir! Son of Omar, son of Othman, son of Ali!—Ha, ha, ha, ha!—(*They all laugh.*)

HYD. (*Joining in a constrained manner with them.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha! (*Aside.*) What shall I think of next?—I have it. A hem!—(*as they advance to secure him.*) Aloof, miscreants!—(*drawing the cipher from his bosom, and holding it up.*)—Did you ever see any thing like this before?—(*turning it about, but not giving it to them.*)

1ST ARAB. 'Tis the Sheik's cipher!

HYD. You see—you see.—Molest me now, or stop my progress, at your peril. I know whose heads will fall in that case, while mine's safe.

1ST ARAB. (*Alarmed.*) Pardon, Sir!—we are convinced. Say, then, how can we serve you?

HYD. Why thus:—My private instructions hasten me to the west; and, all depending upon despatch, we shall gain time if you bear on this letter to your Sheik.

—That way at once—No ceremony—I must insist—command, if nothing short suffices. And mind, no prying after, following, or observing me. By the Great Toe of Mahomet, if you do!——but you know better. The cipher—remember the cipher—(*holding it to them, and replacing it in his bosom—he waves them off to the left, following majestically to the wing, and looking after till he perceives they are gone.*)—(*Returning.*)—They're fairly off, and I can breathe again.—What an escape!—By Mahomet, I thought myself as dead as Ali Pacha's twenty wives.

SONG—*Hyder.*

THERE was Ali-Pacha, he'd twice ten wives—
And once, in a terrible passion,
From the score complete he requir'd their lives,
In a very odd sort of a fashion:—
In a muddy pond he the ladies popt,
While a legion of frogs they were croaking:
The water ran deep,—at the bottom they stopt,—
O! what a Turkish method of joking!

Mild Mustapha-Bey had a gentler mode,—
He began by a sample of banging,
And then, if his charmers they restive rode,
Why,—he finish'd the matter by hanging!
A nice silken cord to each lovely bride,—
And thus, on the system of choaking,
By *tying* one knot, he another *untied*,—
O! what a Turkish method of joking!

Had I twenty wives—would I treat them so?
Tho' twenty times more plague than pleasure—
I'd give them wings, let nineteen of them go—
One sweet little pet my heart's treasure.
Bone-o-bone of my bone!—not a hair of her head
Should be hurt, were she ne'er so provoking:
Dear dimpled-fac'd rogue! better living than dead,
We'd have no Turkish method of joking.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The inside of an Arab's tent. Enter Emina, Ageeb, and Zara.

EMI. Blest be the hand that sav'd thee, boy!—A stranger,
Noble, and of commanding mien!—
Hadst thou before e'er noted him?

AGE. Never!—And instant, when we gain'd our lines,
Rejecting thanks and conference, he departed.

EMI. Mysterious chieftain!—would that Chedid knew,
And met to greet him.

AGE. O let me hasten, and apprize my father!
Perchance he'll place me in his warriors' ranks.
To climb the hills, and brave the glorious sun,
When, in full vigour, downwards dart his beams,
Is nobler far than to live idling here,

Like a tame antelope;
As if created but to play and sleep.

EMI. Such is thy father's gallant spirit, boy!
In strength a lion!—But thy youthful limbs
Are yet unequal to the toils of war.

AGE. In truth I long for trial of my strength.
You are impatient!—I'll ascend the hill,
And, on his first approach,
Bring the glad tidings that my father comes.

[*Exit.*

EMI. Child of my heart!—How do I love thee, boy!
Thy rising spirit charms thy mother's pride;
While it alarms, I own, thy mother's weakness.
Too soon thy early sports must end; and war,
With all its train of dangers, veil'd in glory,
Will fire thy soul, and from our tents allure thee.
Good Zara, to beguile the tedious hours,
Sing me the favourite ballad of our tribe.

(*Seating herself to some kind of embroidery work.*)

SONG—*Zara.*

THE Arab youth, at early dawn,
Eager seeks the wild-fowl's nest;
Or pursues the bounding fawn,
While rising ardour fires his breast.

Soon a nobler foe he dares,—
Marks the gaunt hyena's way,
Seeks the treach'rous panther's lairs—
Starts the lion from his prey.

Thus matur'd to glorious deeds,
Proud he treads the tented field ;—
His tribe's defender freely bleeds,
Their rights to guard, their faith to shield.

EMI. (*rising.*) I'm tir'd of waiting—Would that he were come !
My spirit still forebodes approaching ill.

(*Enter abruptly Elphi.—He seizes part of the tent walls, faint and exhausted.*)

EMI. (*starting.*) Ah !—What art thou ?
ELPHI. ——— A wretched fugitive !
One close pursued !—
By your tribe's faith—protection !—safety !
My life is in your hands.
EMI. ——— Man, thou art safe !
This floor was never stain'd with stranger's blood !
But say, what brings thee here ?—Tho' fall'n, thine air
Bespeaks a chieftain of no common rank.
ELPHI. Above the vulgar, true ; tho' sunk beneath
The meanest of mankind in misery.
Thus far I've reach'd, but by a miracle !
E'en now the circling dust that, rising, forms
Yon distant cloud, marks my pursuers near.
Give, then, the means of flying instantly,
Or I am surely lost.——You hesitate ;—
Fix'd as a basilisk's intent, your eye
Would seem to penetrate my inmost soul.

EMI. (*abstractedly*) 'Tis he—the man of blood,
who proudly dar'd,
With desolating hand and impious rage,
Pour direful vengeance o'er a smiling land.

ELPHI. I know you not. You do mistake me,
woman.

EMI. No, *Elphi*, no!—(*He starts.*)
I never can forget
The lightning's flash from that determin'd eye,—
That voice commanding! O, that I could forget
The dreadful night, when, with thy murd'rous band,
Thou brokest upon our tribe!—My father fell
Beneath thy sabre.
Still on mine ear ring his last dreadful cries;
Still his last call for vengeance thrills my bosom!
Vengeance on thee, his murderer!—Know you now
The Sheik Abdalla's daughter? Aye, 'tis so.

ELPHI. Too well—and know your tenet—"*Blood
for blood.*"
But your sire fell in the fierce battle's rage—
Fell fairly fighting—

EMI. By thy ruthless hand!
What, ho! within! But, hold, perturbed soul!
Where are thy passions leading me astray?
Thou spok'st of danger, of pursuit—O, true,
It is my husband, Elphi, that pursues thee,
In league with Osmyn, thy inveterate foe.
Time presses then—I must be quick. What, ho!
Achmet, I say! What, ho!

[*She goes out—Zara following.*

Enter Zeinaba.

ZEIN. Ruin'd, undone!
This is Sheik Chedid's tent, your mortal foe.
ELPHI. I know it well: but even thence have hope—
Relying on the faith by Arabs shewn,
To all who claim protection in their tents.
ZEIN. Away, away! trust not fallacious hope;
Its flattering tide invites but to o'erwhelm you.
ELPHI. Hemm'd in on every side, no means of flight,
My horse sunk lifeless as I gain'd the tent!
ZEIN. Mine yet remains; fatigued indeed, and harass'd;
Yet, while he breathes, he'll bear you to the last,
True to his gen'rous blood. You yet may reach
Your friends in safety.
ELPHI. And leave thee behind!
No, good Abdalla! be our fates alike.

Enter Emina, with Achmet, and Attendants.

EMI. (*Starting on perceiving Zeinaba.*) What stranger's this?
ELPHI. A faithful friend, attendant on my fortune.
EMI. Excuse that keen resentment of the past
Led me to speak in terms so harsh and grating,
So unbecoming to a wearied guest.
Now let me make, by gentler acts, amends.
I've brought refreshments to recruit your strength.

This cruise of water, these few dates and cakes,
May, for a while, suffice. Time presses hard,—
Horses and camels wait to bear you hence,
Safe to your friends. To Achmet I commend you;
He, with a guard of horsemen, waits your orders.

ELPHI. Can you, most noble woman, then forget—?

EMI. Touch not the jarring string; it vibrates still.
Not Pity, Elphi, now inclines my heart:
Vain were her merciful solicitations—
Vain as my pleadings for a father's life.
A binding, sacred, and imperious duty,
Never by Arab broke, compels to this;
For both by Heaven and man accurs'd is he
Who turns aside from mortal in distress,
Pleading, pursued, defenceless, at his threshold!

ZEIN. Exalted, generous woman! Allah, for this,
With choicest blessings prosp'rous mark thy life!
Thy husband's love, thy duteous children's smiles,
Gladden thy days, and lead to endless bliss!

[*Enter Ageeb, hastily—Zeinaba, greatly agitated, looks frequently out at the side and back scenes, drawing Elphi aside, so that his face is turned from Ageeb.*

AGEEB. Mother, he comes! I saw from yonder height,
Wide o'er th' extended plain, a noble throng
Of horsemen, proudly urging their fierce steeds.
Behind them far, remote as eye could reach,
A train of dromedaries, half obscured

By clouds of rising dust, bring up the rear.
By the gay shew of glitt'ring arms and banners,
I judge that Osmyn's troops attend our friends.
(*Perceiving Elphi, who advances with Zeinaba.*)
Ah! 'tis himself!—Mother, the very same!
The valiant chief to whom I owe my life!
[*Running to Elphi.*

EMI. To him!--
Merciful Heaven, to him!—thy life to Elphi!
Inscrutable the ways of Providence!
Contending passions harrow up my soul—
This noble action *binds*, but not *resolves* me.
Duty alone directed, and our faith!
Elphi, a moment's pause undoes thee now.
Reply not—come!—
(*Taking his hand.*)
To none else dare I trust thee!
Away, away!—Emina saves thy life! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the outside of the tent, near which is a clump of date-trees—A cavalcade of horsemen in the back-ground, advancing from the desert.

Enter Osmyn.

OSM. Futile my purpose—vain our close pursuit!
Fool!—to forsake my former tranquil life,
And yield the reins to uncontroll'd ambition.
Days of my youth! regretted 'midst my splendour,

Sweet your remembrance still!—attuned, in peace,
To all the fond endearments of affection.

Song—Osmyn.

Can language paint the lover's bliss,
When first thro' sighs, thro' smiles and tears,
The soul-enchanting thrilling *Yes!*
Half-breathing—softly sweet—he hears?
That heavenly *Yes* elates, inspires—
His heart expands, his bosom fires.

Should Slav'ry's chain his limbs confine,
Hard labour waste, or sorrows bend—
Torture inventive pangs refine,
Nor man exist he hails his friend—
That heavenly *Yes* elates, inspires—
His heart expands, his bosom fires.

Does Fate ordain him cloudless hours,
A life of ease and joy to prove?
Remembrance gilds, with magic pow'rs,
The crown of hope—propitious love!
That heavenly *Yes* elates, inspires—
His heart expands, his bosom fires.

Enter Chedid, Othman, and attending Chiefs.

OTH. We've travell'd fast—our jaded horses show
The toilsome march we've made; and, after all,
Baffled our hopes!

CHE. I do not yet despair—
We follow'd him so closely at the heel,
He cannot be far distant.—Achmet, ho!

Enter an attendant Arab.

ARAB. Achmet has march'd upon Emina's orders,
With our reserve of horse—attendant on
A chief unknown——This moment march'd.

OSM. (*Sneeringly.*) What! is it thus your Arab wives beguile
The tedious hours? thus stifle the fond sigh
For a lov'd husband's absence?

Enter Emina.

EMI. Welcome, my husband! welcome, once again!
O! I have much to greet thy private ear.

CHE. In private nothing;—publicly declare
The chief who fled from our polluted tents,
Aided by you—and cherish'd in my absence.—
Speak forth at once,—no subterfuge of art!
Open the charge, be open the defence;—
Your life and honour are, with mine, at stake.
Who was the chief?

EMI. My father's murderer—our invet'rate foe—
Elphi! the man I cherish'd in your absence.
(*upbraidingly.*)
Closely pursued by thee—of hope bereft—
He gain'd our tents, exhausted by fatigue,
And claim'd protection on the Arab's faith.—
I did my duty—gave him instant aid—
Tho' the determination wrung my heart.

OSM. Reveal the track he took—Instant to horse!—
We may pursue and still arrest his flight.

EMI. Think you my soul can act a double part,
Save with one hand, and with the other slay?
Nor threats, nor dangers,—tortures, ling'ring death,—
Shall force me to such complicated baseness!

CHE. Nay, say they did,—what would the knowledge serve?
Could Chedid tamely stand to witness that
Which must, with ignominy, brand his name?—
Chief, know us better,—All the neighb'ring tribes,
In such a cause, would, rising, arm t' oppose ye.
(*To Emina.*)
Now, by our Prophet! tho' I love thee more
Than aught that sweetens this rude checquer'd life,
Hadst thou refused protection, scorn'd our faith,
Thy head had paid the forfeit—yea, myself
Had been thine executioner!———
Retire thee, love!

EMI. And I
Had justly merited the fatal doom,
False to our tribe, our duties, and our honour.
[*Exit.*

(*Chedid conducting her to the wing—and returning.*)

OSM. (*Apart to Othman.*) Othman, what troops are here?

OTH. But fifty horse.
The Syrians turn'd aside, lur'd by the smoke
Of scatter'd villages that flank'd our march.

OSM. Dogs!—It is ever thus, foremost to plunder,
But last to fight.—Recall them instantly.
[*Exit Othman.*

CHE. Osmyn displeased?———

OSM. O! no—in sooth, not I!—
While useless toils still overpow'r my frame
And disappointed vengeance mocks my view,
I cannot fail but smile, and look content,
To hear detail'd a woman's prejudice.
Last night, indeed, you held a diff'rent tone,
Futile as false—The morning sees you give
Protection to my foe, and means of flight.

CHE. But that the truth
In part is mingled with the foul reproach,
I should disdain reply.—Such were my words,—
Such were my acts,—I'm proud to claim them mine.
How different my intent, this swelling breast,
Which rankles still with deadliest hate, can prove.
How then suspect he'd fly to me for life?—
To me!
I'd stretch my neck to th' uplifted sword,
And have my head borne round your hated walls,
A spectacle for curious fools to gaze at,
Rather than beg, with supplicating meanness,
The respite of an hour from him.

OSM. You gloss it well—
Say rather 'twas a scheme, too deeply plann'd,
Thus drawing our attention from the Nile,
Whose turbid waves now from our vengeance bear,
To give him safe to his expecting troops.—
But such is Arab faith!———

CHE. Osmyn, forbear!
Or know the faith you scoff will scarcely save you.

Allah dealt diff'rent portions to us all:—
To thine, the world would call a favour'd race,
He, in his goodness gave—unthank'd the while—
Gold, gems, and palaces—rich garments, slaves—
With all the vast varieties of wealth;
And, to confirm them yours, he gave you pow'r,
Rais'd on the basis of inventive art.
Our lot the Desert and the mountains' heights.
Rude are our habits,—loose and uncontroll'd,
Wild Nature is our portion—and we pick
The scanty fragments from her partial hand.
But smiling independence glads our tribes:
By vigorous toil and manly courage foster'd,
Temperance we boast, and proud fidelity,
Inviolably firm. Witness this proof!—
Scoff as thou wilt—the man whom most we hate,
Gaining our tents defenceless and oppress'd,
Our faith preserves. But Osmyn's narrow mind
Admits no ray of genuine greatness.
Then tempt my rage no further;—at a call
My tribe is arm'd, and eager for the conflict.

OSM. (*Aside.*) I must dissemble yet. We know full well
Thy bravery, Chedid. As a friend, excuse
What disappointment wrested from a heart
Too warm its inmost feelings to disguise.

CHE. Enough!—Thus ever may dissenting friends,
When passion's heat subsides, be reconcil'd!
As 'gainst a mountain's base the stream divides,
Circles its limits, and unites again.

Now to our tent, while fierce the sun still rages;
There rest awhile, enjoy the cooling shade—
Then rise refresh'd, and share an Arab's meal,
The pledge of peace.

(*He strikes his spear upon his shield; a party of his tribe enter; he makes signs to them, and they salute Osymn.*)

Choral Song of Turks and Arabs.

An honest welcome meets the guest
The Arab bids partake his board;
Secure the shelter'd trav'llers rest,
And peace the pledge his meals afford.
Deceit he scorns, he treach'ry flies;
Direct his words, his meaning clear;
On faith and truth his soul relies,—
His dealings just, his acts sincere.

Full—Arabs and Turks.

Then, while the sun-beams fierce descend,
A welcome cheers the Arab's friend.

An Arab Soldier—Alone.

We proffer welcome, free good will;
We plight our faith, nor own distrust;
We boast our duties to fulfil,
And hold suspicious fear unjust:—
Then let not doubts your mind assail;
But trust—and bid our hopes prevail.
Undaunted—firm—your swords we brave;
No clashing arms our hearts enslave.

Let soothing language meet the ear,
You'll ever find our tribe sincere.
Be vengeance chas'd the noble mind—
The gen'rous still to peace inclin'd!

Full—Arabs and Turks.

Welcome, friends! a welcome kind!
Safe the Arab's tent you'll find.
Welcome, friends! securely rest:
Faith pervades the Arab's breast.

Then, while the sun-beams fierce descend,
A welcome cheers the Arab's friend.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Camp between Giza and the Pyramids, which are seen in the distance.—Chiefs attached to Elphi.—Amalek, Caleb, Omar, and others, meeting.

TRIO—*Amalek, Caleb, and Omar.*

SOLEMN silence reigns around.—
Hark!—the lowly whisp'ring rill
Lends a distant murmuring sound,
Trickling down the date-cloth'd hill.

Vain we wander far and near,
No clue to guide, no hope to cheer!—
Elphi—Chieftain—Sovereign—Bey—
Remove our fears—resume thy sway!

AMA. Busy report proclaims our Sovereign's fall.
Our force, disjointed, needs a present chief.
The general voice demands an instant choice.
I would propose his successor.

CAL. Trust not these vague reports, nor name again
Thy rash design,—lest from our faithful ranks

We chase thee, doubting thy allegiance.

(*A distant shout heard.*)

But hark!—to dash these rumours to the ground,
Those shouts of joy proclaim the Bey's approach.

(*The shout increases, ending with, "Our Chief!—our Chief!—Elphi,—our Chief!"*)

Enter Elphi, Zeinaba, Achmet, and suite.

ELPHI. Blest be the hour that brings me back once more
To friends like these!—Dangers and hardships past
Give to the present moment tenfold joy.—
To all our thanks—my faithful, honest friends!
Achmet, to thee our warmest tribute's due;
This, as the token of our favour, wear!

(*Taking off and giving him his own sabre.*)

And to your Sheik, bearing acknowledgments,
Present this ring;—with it my earnest suit
All enmity between us hence may cease.—
Needs he assistance ever from our arms,
Tho' all the force of Turkey should oppose,
We fly to aid him.—Peace to your tents!—Farewell!

[*Exeunt Achmet and suite, attended.*

(*Elphi turns towards Zeinaba, who appears greatly fatigued, and takes her hand, presenting her to his principal Mamelukes.*)

Behold this youth—your chief's deliverer!—
Ah!—he sinks!—Nay, nay;——

Now that we've gain'd the haven of our hopes,
Be not o'ercome at last.——

ZEIN. Oh, Elphi! each reverse, save this, I've borne,
And stoutly too.—But the full flood of joy,—
To see thee thus o'erpowers—and still not know me!
(*She takes off her turban, and lets her hair fall over her shoulders.*)

ELPHI. Good Heavens!—Zeinaba!
(*embracing her.*)
Is it possible?
Wert thou so near me, and I knew thee not?
Best lov'd of women!—sav'd too by thy care!
But why, unkind one, from thy husband's eyes
So long conceal thyself?—

ZEIN. (*Faintly.*) Inquire not now,
But read in that disguise a proof of love.

ELPHI. Of matchless love!—Yet how could such a form—
So soft—so delicate, endure such trials?

ZEIN. Think you the mind, by fond affection prompted,
Could ever shrink from danger? But I faint—
Lend me your arm—I must awhile retire.

ELPHI. (*Supporting her.*) In the dread hour of trial woman stands
Pre-eminently bold;—but, danger past,
Delight, with its full tide of rapture, flows,
And overpowers at once her tender spirit.——
Look up, love!———
Cheerly—so, so!—Rest will recover thee.

Nor shall our injuries long be unrequited.
Osmyn, beware! Elphi no longer flies—
His faithful Mamelukes but await the signal
To dash thee headlong, traitor, from thy throne.

[*Exeunt Elphi, supporting Zeinaba.*

SCENE II.

The Desert.---Camels, horses, &c., descried as resting after a march; with them Zara and Arab Chiefs.

Enter, as from their tent, Chedid and Emina.

EMI. Now sunk behind the hills the scorching sun
Gives a short respite to the wearied world.
How still the air!---How bright across the waste
The evening star shoots forth its silvery light!

CHE. All still as death!---Sullen as this the calm
Ushering the tempest that o'erwhelms the land
With its fell fury from the burning south.
I like it not;---those scattered horsemen too,
We noted late, mysteriously suspicious.—
Base, treacherous, and deceitful, Osmyn's heart.

EMIN. Too true, indeed, I tremble for our safety,
If unawares attack'd.---Our followers few—
Our camp expos'd—ill-suited for defence.

CHE. Fear not, Emina!---In our hearts we're strong,
A match for thousands such as Osmyn leads—
Slaves to his power alone, but unattach'd
By any ties of feeling or affection;—

Ruled by a force oppressive, dragg'd from home,
Torn from their relatives, and driv'n to fill
The hated ranks of an ambitious tyrant!
Our tribes adore us—for their tents they fight,
Their wives, their children, all their social joys.
Such, if a torrent's force o'erwhelm them not,
We may esteem invincible.

TRIO. *Zara, and Arab Chiefs.*

Could faith and justice aid us,—
Behind their triple shield,
Should countless hosts invade us,
We'd dauntless brave the field.

But pow'r and fraud, assailing,
Sweep with the torrent's force;—
Our efforts unavailing
To stem their furious course.

(*A gun fired.*)

CHE. (*who had been previously looking out anxiously at the wing,*) The evening gun!

EMI. ——————It is not yet the hour.

(*Another gun fired—the alarm given.*)

CHORUS.—*Arabs behind, and entering.*

To arms!—to arms!—

ZARA. Whence these alarms!

ARABS. Our tents the Turks insidious gain;
They sweep the hills, they scour the plain;
To arms!—to arms!

[*Exeunt Arabs, with Chedid heading them.*

AIR.—*Zara.*

Preserve him, Heaven! our champion save!
Where death and danger mark the field,
His manly daring bosom shield;—
And crown, with victory crown, the brave!

[*Emina and Zara retire into the tent.—A retreat.—Enter Chedid, his sword drawn, and in disorder, as from fighting.*]

CHE. All skill is vain—their numbers bear us down!

Enter, immediately, Osmyn with his guards, &c., who arrange themselves so as to hold Chedid prisoner, one of them disarming him.

OSM. (*receiving his sabre,*) Where are your deserts now, your mountains' heights,
That yield such certain refuge to your tribes?

CHE. I do not yet conceive your full intent.—
True that my life is in your hands; what then?
Think you an Arab Sheik will basely crouch,
Like a low peasant in his master's presence?

OSM. Still, haughty chieftain, towers thy spirit thus?
So soon forgot the injuries thou didst me?—
Such injuries Osmyn never can forgive.—

We *threaten'd* late; thou now shalt feel our power.
The impression may sink deeper in thy mind,
Tho', to console, thou hast thine Arab faith.
(*Tauntingly.*

CHE. Deeper the hatred of thy baseness, Osmyn!
Deeper my scorn—but not a thought of fear.
At once disclose my fate;—I'll boldly meet it.

OSM. Thou'rt far in our arrears.
Five hundred purses by to-morrow's dawn,
Or forfeit be the life.

CHE. Poor are our villages, and much depress'd
With late exactions, rais'd in wanton mood
By thy dependents—vampires on the land,
Draining its sweetest blood!—
And thus, a prisoner, how command the sum?

OSM. ————Leave thy son hostage.

CHE. My son—my noble boy!—But down, fond heart,
Affections are denied the Arab Sheik!
His public duties must at once decide;
They claim the sacrifice—then be it so!
Ageeb! (*Calling at the wing—Ageeb enters.*)
In Osmyn's conquering hands remain
Our hostage, till with gold I ransom thee.

OSM. To-morrow's dawn we shall expect thee, Chedid!
And mark me well; thy son's head answers it!

(*Chedid looks earnestly on Ageeb, rushing to, and taking him in his arms; they embrace, Ageeb is placed amongst the Turks.—A March, to which*

exeunt Osmyn and suite, Chedid, remaining for a moment lost in thought, looking after Ageeb, rouses, and, turning towards the opposite wing, calls Emina.)

CHE. Come forth, Emina!

EMI. (*Entering.*) My husband! praised be Allah!
Did then the savages at last relent? (*Looking round.*)
But where's my boy? was he not with thee, Chedid?

CHE. Collect thy fortitude—he rests our hostage.

EMI. (*Wildly*) Ageeb in Osmyn's hands! thou could'st not sure—

CHE. Compose thee, love! this instant I proceed
To raise his ransom. Osmyn's faith is pledg'd.

EMI. His faith!—a Turk's!—Sooner the rugged lion,
His prey beneath his bloody fangs, I'd trust,
Than any of this monster's race.
Our boy is lost!—Cruel, unnatural father!
Thou'st plac'd him bound within th' assassin's gripe!

CHE. My duty to our tribe, not our own safety,
While my heart bled, determined me.
But I repent it now.
Reflection tells me not a hope exists
To raise one half the sum.—Five hundred purses!

EMI. Ha! surely Heaven suggests the blessed thought,
And I shall save my boy.
Chedid,—nor seek to question or prevent me,—
Thy swiftest courser instant bears me hence.
To-morrow's dawn restores me with the gold,

Or thou ne'er seest thy lov'd Emina more.

(*She embraces him, and hurries off.*)

CHE. (*Alone.*) I dare not, tho' I would, arrest her course:

Nature will rise still paramount to duty.
The means she seeks I know and disapprove,
But others there are none.
Yet be exertion to the utmost strained.
Allah, forbid the weight of obligation,
Where ev'ry feeling of an Arab's soul
Calls for revenge!—— [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The interior of Elphi's Tent---His own Apartments, Mameluke Arms hung round.---He enters with a Letter, which he delivers to, and despatches one of his Chiefs with---His Guards and Attendants fill the back of the Scene, the most conspicuous bearing his Buckler, Helmet, Fire-Arms, &c.

Now all's in readiness! My heart beats high!—
My cause is just—we shall return triumphant!

Enter suddenly Emina, preceded by a Mameluke Officer, who passes over the Stage.

EMI. Elphi, behold me now a suppliant here!
I, in my turn imploring, bend to thee.—(*Kneeling.*)
Late to our tent thou camest;---I now seek thine,
With all the mother's feelings rous'd to madness.

ELPHI. (*Raising her.*) Rise, noble, excellent, rever'd Emina!---
But that it pains me aught disturbs thy peace,
Rapturous I'd hail the moment given to serve thee,
Most blest, most fortunate, in Elphi's life!---
At once disclose the means; oblige, command me.

EMI. The daughter and the mother war within me:
One bids me hate thee, and the other bless.---
His very life's blood
Thy sabre's point drank from my father's heart;---
But thou didst save my son.

ELPHI. Trust me, Emina, much it grieves my heart
That war erst led me to thy father's tents,---
And much I mourn the hapless chance befell him.
But let the past be buried in oblivion.——
One common interest now demands our care;---
To drive the Turk beyond our country's bounds,
End our unhappy feuds, and seal our freedom.

EMI. O! let it animate our souls, and rouse
Each latent spark of patriotism!—My hand
I tender, Elphi, in a cause so glorious;
And Chedid's noble nature will commend me.---
Chedid!---Alas! this moment of enthusiasm
Led me from present woe to future hopes—
Vain as they're fleeting!———
Osmyn surpris'd—subdued—dispers'd, our tribe.
My son's head answers it should Chedid fail
This very day to raise th' extorted ransom.

ELPHI. (*Quickly.*) Gold !—Generous woman ! till his sordid mind
Is glutted with the despicable dross,
Osmyn shall find our treasury supplies him.
The swiftest steeds our trusty Mamelukes boast
Shall bear to Chedid, under escort sure,
Purses beyond his need.—
More would I tell thee, but by deeds we speak.
Commend me to your Sheik, or name me not,
Best as befits your son's immediate safety.—
Join we Zeinaba till your escort mounts,
And pray'rs and blessings to thy tents attend thee!

(*Receiving his Commander's staff of iron from an attendant.*)

Propitious Heaven! my ardent soul's on fire.—
Give me our country's freedom to achieve,
And let me bravely die, or nobly triumph.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Interior of the Palace at Cairo—a State Apartment.

OSM. (*Alone.*) Is this, then, power?—Ambitious fools! are these
The charms that lure ye to such desperate heights?
Say what is life, that we, still doting, seek
To eke it out with such insatiate fondness?—
" Is it a fair assemblage of delights,
" A social intercourse of kindred minds,

" In early bonds of amity allied,
" Who onward move along a roseate path ?—
" Such is the dream of youth—but the reverse
" Experience paints in truer tints"—A scene
Of " warring" passions—fierce dissension—wrongs—
Desires ungratified, and hopes destroy'd !

SONG—*Osmyn.*

Retir'd beneath the splendid dome,
The monarch sinks—his heart opprest ;
For then will troubled Fancy roam,
Nor balmy sleep his eyelids rest.

But, hark ! the voice of Fame resounds—
He springs—his soul with ardour bounds—
He rears his crest on high !—
He vaults—his neighing charger flies,—
He spurns the ground, his spirits rise
To conquer, or to die !

In vain the death-charg'd shell may soar,
The cannon's thunder vainly roar,
Drums beat, and clarions sound ;—
Amongst the dying and the dead,
His blood-stain'd horse shall furious tread,
His toils with vict'ry crown'd !—

His bright reward the laurel wreath—
His soul's desire—his hopes achieve.

Enter Othman.

OTH. The Arab Sheik demands an audience.——
OSM. Othman, you know our will.—Let him approach.

Enter Sheik Chedid, followed by Osmyn's guards; and after him an elderly Sheik, or High-Priest, in the Arabian pontifical vestments (in this instance representing also the Governor of Cairo). He is attended suitably, and, bowing in a stately manner to Osmyn, retires, conversing apart with Othman.

CHE. Osmyn, you see I'm punctual to my time.—
Behold the money; let them count it forth—
And, now my tribe is free, release my son.

OSM. Such our intention—Go, release the boy!

[*Exit an Officer, to whom he had addressed himself.—Chedid, going out, is opposed by Osmyn's Guards.*

OSM. Hold, Chedid, hold!—Thyself our prisoner now!
Thought'st thou so meanly, Sheik, of our revenge?
Thy gold we wanted first; that gain'd, thy life!
A public execution crowns our triumph.

CHE. Dishonour'd wretch! the earth no more shall groan
Beneath such turpitude.

(Draws a dagger, and advances upon Osmyn; his arm caught by one of the guards.)

OSM. Disarm him instantly.—Idiot! to think
I'd leave thee means t' escape from my revenge.
The gates of death shall open from the scaffold.

CHE. The coward only flies to self-destruction.—
Coward, thou know'st—thy Turks know—I am none.

Thou canst not shake my soul, detested monster
E'en from the scaffold Chedid shall defy thee.

OSM. We'll put thy boasted courage to the proof
By pain and ignominy.—Bear him hence!

CHE. Pain!—Puny tyrant! rack thy troubled mind,
Exhaust invention, till unheard-of pangs
Seize ev'ry nerve—unmov'd I still deride thee.
On thine own head be ignominy.—
Glorious his death, however vile the means,
Steadfast in principle, resolv'd in truth,
And spurning treachery.—He the block ennobles,
While meanness, grovelling, base, degrades the throne.

[*Exit guarded.*

OSM. Seal'd is his fate!—Elphi as surely mine,
Our cares were ended, and my reign secure.

Enter a Turk hastily.

What means this interruption?

TURK. Elphi breaks up his camp, and suddenly
Hither directs his march.——

OSM. Let him approach—we may defy his efforts;
Strong are our towers, our frowning ramparts high,
And troops of proof undaunted man the walls.
Quick to your stations, friends! we brave th' assault.
Bring forth your prisoner to the citadel;
There Elphi, we defy thee!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A platform in the citadel, with a gateway partly overlooking the walls. In the distance the ancient aqueduct, and a reach of the Nile. To a solemn

march, a procession of troops leading Chedid to execution—Amongst those attending is Emina, leaning upon Ageeb. Enter Osmyn, attended suitably; the High-Priest and his suite, with Othman following.

OSM. "Now, ere the sound of Elphi's trumpet calls
" To glorious deeds of battle, shall revenge,
" That gnaws me to the heart with wolf-like fangs,
" Be gratified."—Chedid, thine hour is come!

CHE. (*stepping intrepidly forwards.*)
And chose most aptly, Osmyn, to inspire
Thy troops with courage—(*sneeringly.*)
Yet reflect awhile—
My friends are numerous, their connexions strong,
E'en in your city.—Tremble then to give
The order that o'erturns thy tottering throne.

OSM. Lead him to execution.

EMI. (*Rushing forwards.*)
Osmyn, stay!—
Mine was the crime, if crime it may be call'd;
Be mine the punishment.—He unconscious fought
Beneath thy banner, steadfast in thy cause,
While, by my aid, your common foe escap'd.—
On me pour out thy vengeance then, but spare,—
Hear me, in mercy spare my husband's life.

(*Kneeling.*)

CHE. Forbear, Emina!—Rouse thy nobler spirit!
Thy sire and husband both were Arab Sheiks:
Disgrace us not, disgrace not thus thyself,

Thine high descent---thy known, acknowledg'd virtues---
By servile pleadings at a monster's feet,
At best but for a few short fleeting years,
For which I'd barter not an hour of honour.

(*Emina, rising while Chedid speaks, goes over to, and rests upon him—greatly agitated.*)

OSM. Obey me, guards!

CHE. (*leaving Emina to Ageeb.*)
Tyrant, thy cup is full! and tho' my blood
May seal the horrid catalogue of guilt,
Our Arab tribes shall gloriously avenge it.
Allah, for ends inscrutable to man,
Permits a scourge on earth.---Some dire offence,
Some crime unheard, Egypt must expiate.
But, purified from sin, justice divine
Shall thunder death!————
Blast thee, devoted wretch! and leave thy name
For generations yet unborn to execrate.——

OSM. And thine posterity shall bless, no doubt!---
Cherish that blessing; for, of this be sure,
Thy name alone survives the passing hour.
Hadst thou ten thousand lives, the whole I deem
Too poor a sacrifice to my revenge.

CHE. Short-sighted being!—Vain, presumptuous man!
His name but breathed when Chedid murder'd falls,
Destruction overtakes thy guilty course.
Living, remorse shall haunt, contempt pursue thee!

Fame will report us truly at the last:
Unstain'd my life, unstigmatiz'd my death;
Thy days dishonour'd, and thy fall desired.
What yet remains is precious to my heart.—
These few short moments, love, be Heaven's and thine!

(Turning to and encouraging Emina, who leans upon him overcome by feeling, and scarce able to support herself. The elderly Sheik (High-Priest), bearing the Koran, steps forward.)

H. PR. I warn you, Osmyn, pass not on; for here
The limits of your earthly power determines.
I speak our Prophet's will—he must not die!

(A commotion amongst the by-standers.)

ONE OF THE CHIEFS. We're deep enough in blood.

OSM. Ha! am I thwarted? Vengeance be then mine own.

(He draws his sabre; the High Priest interposes, placing himself between Chedid and Osmyn. Chedid gives Emina over to Ageeb, turning boldly towards, and confronting, Osmyn.)

H. PR. Impious blasphemer of our holy laws!
Against the high behests of Mahomet,
By me promulgated, darest thou rebel?
Advance a single step, and we depose thee.

(Holding open the Koran before Chedid.

OSMYN. Dotard, beware!—" Thy superstitious dreams,
" Thy prophet's vengeance, and thy priestly craft,
" I laugh to scorn, and tread beneath my feet."
Learn, that whate'er opposes Osmyn's way
This hand removes.
An instant longer dare dispute my will,
And thro' thy rebel heart I strike the blow.

(Othman here interposes, and appears as entreating Osmyn, who shakes him off angrily, and is furiously advancing upon Chedid, when, AT THE VERY MOMENT, *a crash is heard behind the gateway. He starts, and pauses.)*

H. PR. Hush! rous'd by thy blasphemies, Heaven intervenes.

(Osmyn turns round—A second crash, and Elphi's advanced guard burst open the gateway, Turkish Troops retreating before them—Elphi rushes forward, crosses Osmyn's raised sabre with his own, and parries it, disarming him—His Mamelukes, following up, halt in the gateway, and Osmyn's party goes over to them.)

ELPHI. His life be spared!
Memory recurs to former happy days;
They call for mercy,—I admit the appeal,
Tho' prudence doom thee to perpetual chains.
Secure him, Mamelukes, our prisoner!

OSMYN. I scorn thy mercy, and defy thy power;
Living I hate, and dying I despise thee.

[Exit guarded, Othman following.

(Elphi advancing, and at the same time his troops drawing up on each side of the gateway, the whole extent of scenery opens upon the audience.)

ELPHI. (*to Chedid,*) Brave Sheik! Shame on these ignominious bonds!

(*Loosening his chains.*)

Forget the past—we live as friends in future.

CHE. Elphi, no!—our father's fate forbids it;
These hands in amity can ne'er be join'd
With thine, polluted by our nearest blood!—
Thus much I promise—Free us from the Turk—
Rule justly, anxious for thy country's good!—
Our tribes shall not oppose thee.—So farewell.

(*Emina takes Elphi's hand, presses it to her heart, then throws herself into Chedid's arms, who supports and leads her off with much dignity, followed by Ageeb and Attendants—The High Priest and suite range themselves near Elphi.*)

ELPHI. Give them safe conduct—guard them to their camp,
With presents ample.—Allah, just thy ways!—
He, in his humble tent, shall happier rest
Than care-worn sovereigns on their splendid thrones.
Brave friends and comrades, share the general joy!—
Throw wide our palace-gates—prepare the feast—
And peace shall bless our late distracted land!
Strike and lead on! Let pleasure rule the hour
When loyalty supplants illegal pow'r!

FINALE.

Exalt our choral strain!
Triumphant rend the skies!
Elphi returns again;
Nile, from thy banks arise!
Elphi returns again—
Elphi—our hopes to crown;
Elphi returns again
To victory—fame—renown!—

THE END.

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A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY PHILIP MASSINGER.

REVIVED AT THE

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WITH ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS,

On Saturday, March 9, 1816.

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1816.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ludovico Sforza, ...	Mr. Kean.
Francisco, ...	Mr. Rae.
Tiberio, ...	Mr. Wallack.
Stephano, ...	Mr. Powell.
Graccho, ...	Mr. Oxberry.
The Emperor Charles, ...	Mr. Elrington.
Pescara, ...	Mr. Holland.
Hernando, ...	Mr. Barnard.
Marcelia, ...	Mrs. Bartley.
Isabella, ...	Mrs. Brereton.
Mariana, ...	Miss Boyce.
Eugenia, ...	Mrs. Horn.

Guards, Servants, Attendants.

SCENE—*For the First and Second Acts, in* Milan; *during part of the Third, in the* Imperial Camp *near* Pavia; *the rest of the Play, in* Milan, *and its Neighbourhood.*

PROLOGUE.

STILL in the drama's *ancient* round we dwell—
And MASSINGER is master of the spell—
Whilst SHAKSPEARE, rising midst the sculptur'd dead,
Beams like the genius of the sacred shade;
Whilst all have seen where JONSON'S ashes lie,
And point the moral of mortality,
Nor monumental urn, nor image shows
Where the last relics of our Bard repose—
Yet shall he rest secure of fame to come—
Your praise, his Epitaph—this Vault, his Tomb.
Here FLETCHER too, and FARQUHAR, *now* behold
Those smiles reviv'd that wak'd their wit of old—
In its own shrine each honour'd bust replac'd,
And British Genius crown'd by British Taste.
But not your smile returning life imparts
To *one alone* of all the sister arts;
Here too (for Gratitude may boast her zeal),
The living warmth *our* glowing bosoms feel—
Then let your kindness still improve our skill,
And lead from triumph on to triumph still.
Ye that have thrill'd beneath the smile or frown,
When Richard courts a Queen, or wins a Crown;
Ye that have throbb'd at all Othello's woes,
His jealous madness, and repentant throes;
And ye who nightly swell the throng, to share
The villain's daring guilt, and last despair—
Partake our mimic transports *now*, and prove
The *double* tyranny of hate and love.
And if the Bard, in every look express'd,
Shall kindle all the passions of the breast;
If Critics, kindly partial, feel they view
The portraits MASSINGER'S own pencil drew,
Oh! let your favour then divide the praise,
And blend the Actor's with the Poet's bays.

THE

DUKE OF MILAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Milan.—*An outer Room in the Castle.*

Enter GRACCHO, JULIO, *and* GIOVANNI, *with Flaggons.*

Grac. TAKE every man his flaggon: give the oath
To all you meet; I am this day the state-drunkard,
I am sure against my will; and if you find
A man at ten that's sober, he's a traitor,
And, in my name, arrest him.
Jul. Very good, sir:
But, say he be a sexton?
Grac. If the bells
Ring out of tune, as if the street were burning,
And he cry, *'Tis rare music!* bid him sleep:
'Tis a sign he has ta'en his liquor; and if you meet
An officer preaching of sobriety,
Unless he read it in Geneva spirit,
Lay him by the heels.
Jul. But think you 'tis a fault
To be found sober?
Grac. It is capital treason;
Or, if you mitigate it, let such pay
Forty crowns to the poor: but give a pension
To all the magistrates you find singing catches,

Or their wives dancing; for the courtiers reeling,
And the duke himself, I dare not say distemper'd,
But kind, and in his tottering chair carousing,
They do the country service.
And so, dear friends, copartners in my travails,
Drink hard; and let the health run through the city,
Until it reel again, and with me cry,
Long live the dutchess!

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Jul. Here are two lords;—what think you?
Shall we give the oath to them?
Grac. Fie! no; I know them.
You need not swear them; your lord, by his patent,
Stands bound to take his rouse. Long live the dutchess! [*Exeunt* GRAC. JUL. *and* GIO.
Steph. The cause of this? but yesterday the court
Wore the sad livery of distrust and fear;
No smile, not in a buffoon, to be seen,
Or common jester: the Great Duke himself
Had sorrow in his face! which, waited on
By his mother, sister, and his fairest dutchess,
Dispersed a silent mourning through all Milan;
As if some great blow had been given the state,
Or were at least expected.
Tib. Stephano,
I know as you are noble, you are honest,
And capable of secrets of more weight
Than now I shall deliver. If that Sforza,
The present duke, (though his whole life hath been
But one continued pilgrimage through dangers,
Affrights, and horrors, which his fortune, guided

By his strong judgment, still hath overcome),
Appears now shaken, it deserves no wonder:
All that his youth hath labour'd for, the harvest
Sown by his industry ready to be reap'd too,
Being now at stake; and all his hopes confirm'd
Or lost for ever.
Steph. I know no such hazard:
His guards are strong and sure, and though war rages
In most parts of our western world, there is
No enemy near us.
Tib. Dangers, that we see
To threaten ruin, are with ease prevented;
But those strike deadly, that come unexpected.
The wars so long continued between
The emperor Charles, and Francis the French king,
Have interess'd, in either's cause, the most
Of the Italian princes; among which, Sforza,
As one of greatest power, was sought by both;
But with assurance, having one his friend,
The other lived his enemy.
Steph. 'Tis true:
And 'twas a doubtful choice.
Tib. But he, well knowing,
And hating too, it seems, the Spanish pride,
Lent his assistance to the king of France:
Which hath so far incensed the emperor,
That all his hopes and honours are embark'd
With his great patron's fortune.
Steph. Which stands fair,
For aught I yet can hear.
Tib. But should it change,
The duke's undone. They have drawn to the field
Two royal armies, full of fiery youth;
Of equal spirit to dare, and power to do:
So near intrench'd, that 'tis beyond all hope

Of human counsel they e'er can be severed,
Until it be determined by the sword,
Who hath the better cause; for the success,
Concludes the victor innocent, and the vanquish'd
Most miserably guilty.

Steph. But why, then,
In such a time, when every knee should bend
For the success and safety of his person,
Are these loud triumphs? in my weak opinion,
They are unseasonable.

Tib. I judge so too:
But only in the cause to be excused.
It is the dutchess' birth-day, once a year
Solemnized with all pomp and ceremony;
In which the duke is not his own, but her's:
Nay, every day, indeed, he his her creature,
For never man so doated.

Steph. She knows it,
And how to prize it.

Tib. She bears herself with such a majesty,
That Sforza's mother, that would lose no part
Of what was once her own, nor his fair sister,
Will brook it well.
Come, let us to the court;
We there shall see all bravery and cost,
That art can boast of.

Steph. I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter FRANCISCO, ISABELLA, *and* MARIANA.

Mari. I will not go; I scorn to be a spot
In her proud train.

Isab. Shall I, that am his mother,
Be so indulgent as to wait on her
That owes me duty?

Fran. 'Tis done to the duke,
And not to her: and, my sweet wife, remember,
And, madam, if you please, receive my counsel,
As Sforza is your son, you may command him;
And, as a sister, you may challenge from him
A brother's love and favour: but this granted,
Consider he's the prince; and you his subjects,
And not to question or contend with her
Whom he is pleased to honour. Private men
Prefer their wives; and shall he, being a prince,
And blest with one that is the paradise
Of sweetness, and of beauty,
Not use her like herself?

Isab. You are ever forward
To sing her praises.

Mari. Others are as fair;
I am sure as noble.

Fran. I detract from none,
In giving her what's due. Were she deform'd,
Yet being the dutchess, I stand bound to serve her;
But, as she is, to admire her. Never wife
Met with a purer heat her husband's fervour;
A happy pair, one in the other blest!
She confident in herself he's wholly her's,
And cannot seek for change; and he secure,
That 'tis not in the power of man to tempt her.
And therefore to contest with her, that is
The stronger and the better part of him,
Is more than folly: you know him of a nature
Not to be played with; and, should you forget
To obey him as your prince, he'll not remember
The duty that he owes you.

Mari. I shall do
What may become the sister of a prince;
But will not stoop beneath it.

Fran. Yet, be wise;
Soar not too high, to fall; but stoop to rise.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A State Room in the same.*

[*Flourish.*] *Enter* TIBERIO, STEPHANO, FRANCISCO, SFORZA, MARCELIA, ISABELLA, MARIANA, *and Attendants.*

Sfor. You are the mistress of the feast—sit here,
O my soul's comfort!
Let me glory in
My happiness, and mighty kings look pale
With envy, while I triumph in mine own.
O mother, look on her! sister, admire her!
For sure this present age yields not a woman
Worthy to be her second.
Fran. Your Excellence,
Though I confess, you give her but her own,
Forces her modesty to the defence
Of a sweet blush.
Sfor. It need not, my Marcelia;
When most I strive to praise thee, I appear
A poor detractor: for thou art, indeed,
So absolute in body and in mind,
That, but to speak the least part to the height,
Would ask an angel's tongue, and yet then end
In silent admiration!
Isab. You still court her.
As if she were a mistress, not your wife.
Sfor. A mistress, mother! she is more to me,
And every day deserves more to be sued to.
Marc. My worthiest lord!
My pride, my glory, in a word, my all!
Bear witness, heaven, that I esteem myself

In nothing worthy of the meanest praise
You can bestow, unless it be in this,
That in my heart I love you, and desire,
When you are sated with all earthly glories,
And age and honours make you fit for heaven,
That one grave may receive us.

Sfor. 'Tis believed—
Believed, my blest one.

Mari. How she winds herself
Into his soul!

Sfor. Sit all.—Let others feed
On those gross cates, while Sforza banquets with
Immortal viands ta'en in at his eyes.
I could live ever thus.

Enter a Courier.

From whence?

Cour. From Pavia, my dread lord.

Sfor. Speak, is all lost?

Cour. (*Delivers a Letter.*) The letter will inform you. [*Exit.*

Fran. How his hand shakes,
As he receives it!

Mari. This is some allay
To his hot passion.

Sfor. Though it bring death, I'll read it:

May it please your Excellence to understand, that the very hour I wrote this, I heard a bold defiance delivered by a herald from the emperor, which was cheerfully received by the king of France. The battailes being ready to join, and the vanguard committed to my charge, enforces me to end abruptly.

Your Highness's humble servant,

GASPERO.

Ready to join!—By this, then, I am nothing,
Or my estate secure. (*Aside.*)
Marc. My lord!
Sfor. To doubt,
Is worse than to have lost; and to despair,
Is but to antedate those miseries
That must fall on us.
The cause consider'd,
Why should I fear? The French are bold and strong,
Their numbers full, and in their councils wise;
But then, the haughty Spaniard is all fire,
Hot in his executions; fortunate
In his attempts; married to victory:—
Ay, there it is that shakes me. (*Aside.*)
Marc. Speak to him, Francisco.
Fran. Excellent lady,
One gale of your sweet breath will easily
Disperse these clouds; and, but yourself, there's none
That dare speak to him.
Marc. I will run the hazard.—
My lord!
Sfor. Ha!—pardon me, Marcelia, I am troubled;
And stand uncertain, whether I am master
Of aught that's worth the owning.
Marc. I am yours, sir;
And I have heard you swear, I being safe,
There was no loss could move you. This day, sir,
Is by your gift made mine. Can you revoke
A grant made to Marcelia? your Marcelia?
For whose love, nay, whose honour, gentle sir,
All deep designs, and state-affairs deferr'd,
Be, as you purposed, merry.
Sfor. Out of my sight!
(*Throws away the Letter.*)
And all thoughts that may strangle mirth, forsake me.

Fall what can fall, I dare the worst of fate:
Though the foundation of the earth should shrink,
The glorious eye of heaven lose his splendour,
Supported thus, I'll stand upon the ruins,
And seek for new life here. Why are you sad?
Some music there! by heaven, he's not my friend,
That wears one furrow in his face.
Come, make me happy once again. I am rapt—
'Tis not to-day, to-morrow, or the next,
But all my days, and years, shall be employed
To do thee honour.

(*A horn without.*)

Another post! hang him—
I will not interrupt my present pleasures,
Although his message should import my head.

Marc. Nay, good sir, I am pleased
To grant a little intermission to you:
Who knows but he brings news we wish to hear,
To heighten our delights.

Sfor. As wise as fair!

Enter another Courier.

From Gaspero?

Cour. That was, my lord.

Sfor. How! dead?

Cour. (*Delivers a Letter.*) With the delivery of this, and prayers,
To guard your excellency from certain dangers,
He ceased to be a man. (*Music.*) [*Exit.*

Sfor. All that my fears
Could fashion to me, or my enemies wish,
Is fallen upon me.—Silence that harsh music;
'Tis now unseasonable: a tolling bell,
As a sad harbinger to tell me, that
This pamper'd lump of flesh must feast the worms,
Is fitter for me:—I am sick.

Marc. My lord!
Sfor. Sick to the death, Marcelia. Remove
These signs of mirth; they were ominous, and but usher'd
Sorrow and ruin.
Marc. Bless us, heaven!
Isab. My son.
Marc. What sudden change is this?
Sfor. All leave the room;
I'll bear alone the burden of my grief,
And must admit no partner. I am yet
Your prince, where's your obedience?
[*Exeunt* TIBERIO, STEPHANO, FRANCISCO, ISABELLA, MARIANA, *and Attendants.*
Stay, Marcelia;
I cannot be so greedy of a sorrow,
In which you must not share.
Marc. And cheerfully
I will sustain my part. Why look you pale?
Where is that wonted constancy and courage,
That dared the worst of fortune? where is Sforza,
To whom all dangers that fright common men,
Appear'd but panic terrors? why do you eye me,
With such fix'd looks? Love, counsel, duty, service,
May flow from me, not danger.
Sfor. O, Marcelia!
It is for thee I fear; for thee, thy Sforza
Shakes like a coward: for myself, unmoved,
I could have heard my troops were cut in pieces,
My general slain, and he, on whom my hopes
Of rule, of state, of life, had their dependence,
The king of France, my greatest friend, made prisoner
To so proud enemies.
Marc. Then you have just cause
To shew you are a man.

Sfor. All this were nothing,
Though I add to it, that I am assured,
For giving aid to this unfortunate king,
The emperor, incens'd, lays his command
On his victorious army, flesh'd with spoil,
And bold of conquest, to march up against me,
And seize on my estates: suppose that done too,
The city ta'en, the kennels running blood,
Myself bound fast in chains, to grace their triumph;
I would be Sforza still. But, when I think
That my Marcelia, to whom all these
Are but as atoms to the greatest hill,
Must suffer in my cause, and for me suffer!
All earthly torments, nay, even those the damn'd
Howl for in hell, are gentle strokes, compared
To what I feel, Marcelia.

Marc. Good sir, have patience:
I can as well partake your adverse fortune,
As I thus long have had an ample share
In your prosperity. 'Tis not in the power
Of fate to alter me; for while I am,
In spite of it, I'm yours.

Sfor. But should that will
To be so——forced, Marcelia; and I live
To see those eyes I prize above my own,
Dart favours, though compell'd, upon another;
Or those sweet lips, yielding immortal nectar,
Be gently touch'd by any but myself;
Think, think, Marcelia, what a cursed thing
I were, beyond expression!

Marc. Do not feed
Those jealous thoughts; the only blessing that
Heaven hath bestow'd on us, more than on beasts,
Is, that 'tis in our pleasure when to die.
Besides, were I now in another's power,

I would not live, for one short minute, his;
I was born only yours, and I will die so.
Sfor. Angels reward the goodness of this woman!

Enter FRANCISCO.

All I can pay is nothing.—Why, uncall'd for?
Fran. It is of weight, sir, that makes me thus press
Upon your privacies. Your constant friend,
The marquis of Pescara, tired with haste,
Hath business that concerns your life and fortunes,
And with speed to impart.
Sfor. Wait on him hither. [*Exit* FRAN.
And, dearest, to thy closet. Let thy prayers
Assist my councils.
Marc. To spare imprecations
Against myself, without you I am nothing. [*Exit.*
Sfor. The marquis of Pescara! a great soldier;
And, though he serv'd upon the adverse party,
Ever my constant friend.

Re-enter FRANCISCO, *with* PESCARA.

Fran. Yonder he walks,
Full of sad thoughts.
Pesc. Blame him not, good Francisco,
He hath much cause to grieve; would I might end so,
And not add this,—to fear!
Sfor. My dear Pescara;
A miracle in these times! a friend, and happy,
Cleaves to a falling fortune!
Pesc. If it were
As well in my weak power, in act, to raise it,

As 'tis to bear a part of sorrow with you,
You then should have just cause to say, Pescara
Look'd not upon your state, but on your virtues,
When he made suit to be writ in the list
Of those you favour'd——But my haste forbids
All compliment;—thus, then, sir, to the purpose:
The cause that, unattended, brought me hither,
Was not to tell you of your loss, or danger;
For fame hath many wings to bring ill tidings,
And I presume you've heard it; but to give you
Such friendly counsel, as, perhaps, may make
Your sad disaster less.

Sfor. You are all goodness;
And I give up myself to be disposed of,
As in your wisdom you think fit.

Pesc. Thus, then, sir;
To hope you can hold out against the emperor,
Were flattery in yourself, to your undoing;
Therefore, the safest course that you can take,
Is, to give up yourself to his discretion,
Before you be compell'd; for, rest assured,
A voluntary yielding may find grace,
And will admit defence, at least, excuse:
But, should you linger doubtful, till his powers
Have seized your person and estates perforce,
You must expect extremes.

Sfor. I understand you;
And I will put your counsel into act,
And speedily. I only will take order
For some domestical affairs, that do
Concern me nearly, and with the next sun
Ride with you: in the mean time, my best friend,
Pray take your rest.

Pesc. Indeed, I have travell'd hard;
And will embrace your counsel. [*Exit.*

Sfor. With all care

Attend my noble friend. Stay you, Francisco.
You see how things stand with me?
Fran. To my grief:
And if the loss of my poor life could be
A sacrifice to restore them as they were,
I willingly would lay it down.
Sfor. I think so;
For I have ever found you true and thankful,
Which makes me love the building I have raised
In your advancement; and repent no grace
I have conferr'd upon you. And, believe me,
Though now I should repeat my favours to you,
The titles I have given you, and the means
Suitable to your honours; that I thought you
Worthy my sister and my family,
And in my dukedom made you next myself;
It is not to upbraid you; but to tell you
I find you are worthy of them, in your love
And service to me.
Fran. Sir, I am your creature;
And any shape, that you would have me wear,
I gladly will put on.
Sfor. Thus, then, Francisco:
I now am to deliver to your trust
A weighty secret; of so strange a nature,
And 'twill, I know, appear so monstrous to you,
That you will tremble in the execution,
As much as I am tortured to command it:
For 'tis a deed so horrid, that, but to hear it,
Would strike into a ruffian flesh'd in murders,
Or an obdurate hangman, soft compassion;
And yet, Francisco, of all men the dearest,
And from me most deserving, such my state
And strange condition is, that thou alone
Must know the fatal service, and perform it.
Fran. These preparations, sir, to work a stranger,

Or to one unacquainted with your bounties,
Might appear useful; but to me they are
Needless impertinencies: for I dare do
Whate'er you dare command.
Sfor. But you must swear it;
And put into the oath all joys or torments
That fright the wicked, or confirm the good;
Not to conceal it only—that is nothing—
But, whensoe'er my will shall speak, Strike now!
To fall upon't like thunder.
Fran. Minister
The oath in any way or form you please,
I stand resolved to take it.
Sfor. Thou must do, then,
What no malevolent star will dare to look on,
It is so wicked: for which men will curse thee
For being the instrument; and the blest angels
Forsake me at my need, for being the author:
For 'tis a deed of night, of night, Francisco!
In which the memory of all good actions,
We can pretend to, shall be buried quick:
Or, if we be remember'd, it shall be
To fright posterity by our example,
That have outgone all precedents of villains
That were before us; and such as succeed,
Though taught in hell's black school, shall ne'er
come near us.—
Art thou not shaken yet?
Fran. I grant you move me:
But to a man confirm'd——
Sfor. I'll try your temper:
What think you of my wife?
Fran. As a thing sacred;
To whose fair name and memory I pay gladly
These signs of duty.
Sfor. Is she not the abstract
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman?

Fran. It were a kind of blasphemy to dispute it:
But to the purpose, sir.
Sfor. Add too, her goodness,
Her tenderness of me, her care to please me,
Her unsuspected chastity, ne'er equall'd;
Her innocence, her honour:—Oh, I am lost
In the ocean of her virtues and her graces,
When I think of them!
Fran. Now I find the end
Of all your conjurations; there's some service
To be done for this sweet lady. If she have enemies,
That she would have removed———
Sfor. Alas! Francisco,
Her greatest enemy is her greatest lover;
Yet, in that hatred, her idolater.
One smile of her's would make a savage tame:
One accent of that tongue would calm the seas,
Though all the winds at once strove there for empire.
Yet I, for whom she thinks all this too little,
Should I miscarry in this present journey,
From whence it is all number to a cipher,
I ne'er return with honour, by thy hand
Must have her murder'd.
Fran. Murder'd!—She that loves so,
And so deserves to be beloved again!
And I, who sometimes you were pleased to favour,
Pick'd out the instrument!
Sfor. Do not fly off:
What is decreed can never be recall'd;
'Tis more than love to her, that marks her out
A wish'd companion to me in both fortunes:
And strong assurance of thy zealous faith,
That gives up to thy trust a secret, that
Racks should not have forced from me. Oh, Francisco!

There is no heaven without her; nor a hell,
Where she resides. I ask from her but justice,
And what I would have paid to her, had sickness,
Or any other accident, divorced
Her purer soul from her unspotted body.
Express a ready purpose to perform
What I command; or, by Marcelia's soul,
This is thy latest minute.

Fran. 'Tis not fear
Of death, but love to you, makes me embrace it;
But for mine own security, when 'tis done,
What warrant have I? If you please to sign one,
I shall, though with unwillingness and horror,
Perform your dreadful charge.

Sfor. I will, Francisco:
But still remember, that a prince's secrets
Are balm, conceal'd; but poison, if discover'd.
I may come back; then this is but a trial
To purchase thee, if it were possible,
A nearer place in my affection:—But
I know thee honest.

Fran. 'Tis a character
I will not part with.

Sfor. I may live to reward it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. An open Space before the Castle.*

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Steph. How! left the court?
You never heard the motives that induced him
To this strange course?

Tib. No, those are cabinet councils,
And not to be communicated, but
To such as are his own, and sure. Alas!
We fill up empty places, and in public
Are taught to give our suffrages to that
Which was before determined; and are safe so.
Signior Francisco (upon whom alone
His absolute power is, with all strength conferr'd,
During his absence) can with ease resolve you.

Steph. But, my good lord Tiberio, this Francisco
Is, on the sudden, strangely raised.

Tib. O sir,
He took the thriving course: he had a sister,
A fair one too, with whom, as it is rumour'd,
The duke was too familiar; but she, cast off,
Upon the sight of this, forsook the court,
And since was never seen.

Steph. But how is
His absence borne by the dutchess?

Tib. Sadly, it seems,
For since he left the court,
For the most part she hath kept her private chamber,
No visitants admitted. But on the other side,
The darling of his mother, Mariana,
As there were an antipathy between
Her and the dutchess' passions; and as
She'd no dependence on her brother's fortune,
She ne'er appear'd so full of mirth.

Steph. 'Tis strange. *(They retire.)*

Enter GRACCHO, *with Musicians.*

But see! her favourite, and accompanied,
To your report.

Grac. You shall play, and I will sing
A scurvy ditty to a scurvy tune,
Repine who dares.

Mus. But if we should offend,
The dutchess having silenced us;—and these lords
Stand by to hear us.—

Grac. They in name are lords,
But I am one in power: and, for the dutchess,
But yesterday we were merry for her pleasure,
We now'll be for my lady's.

(TIB. *and* STEPH. *come forward.*)

Tib. Signior Graccho.

Grac. A poor man, sir, a servant to the princess;
But you, great lords and counsellors of state,
Whom I stand bound to reverence.

Tib. Come; we know
You are a man in grace.

Grac. Fie! no: I grant,
I bear my fortunes patiently; serve the princess,
And have access at all times to her closet,
Such is my impudence! when your grave lordships
Are masters of the modesty to attend
Three hours, nay sometimes four; and then bid wait
Upon her the next morning.

Steph. He derides us.

Tib. Pray you, what news is stirring? you know all.

Grac. Who, I? alas! I've no intelligence
At home nor abroad; I only sometimes guess
The change of the times: I should ask of your lordships,
Who are to keep their honours, who to lose them;
Who the dutchess smiled on last, or on whom frown'd,
You only can resolve me; and—could you tell me
What point of state 'tis that I am commanded
To muster up this music, on mine honesty,
You should much befriend me.

Steph. Sirrah, you grow saucy.

Tib. And would be laid by the heels.
Grac. Not by your lordships,
Without a special warrant; look to your own stakes;
Were I committed, here come those would bail me:
Perhaps we might change places too.

Enter ISABELLA, *and* MARIANA; (GRACCHO *whispers the latter.*)

Tib. The princess!
We must be patient.
Steph. There is no contending.
Tib. See, the informing rogue!
Steph. That we should stoop
To such a mushroom!
Mari Thou dost mistake; they durst not
Use the least word of scorn, although provoked,
To any thing of mine — Go, get you home,
And to your servants, friends, and flatterers, number
How many descents you're noble.
[*Exeunt* TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.
Grac. Your excellence hath the best gift to dispatch
These arras pictures of nobility,
I ever read of.
Isab. But the purpose, daughter,
That brings us hither? Is it to bestow
A visit on this woman?
Mari. If to vex her
May be interpreted to do her honour,
She shall have many of them.
My brother, being not by now to protect her.
I am her equal.
Play any thing
That's light and loud enough but to torment her.

(Music.)

Enter MARCELIA.

Isab. She frowns as if
Her looks could fright us.
Mari. May it please your greatness, one smile,
I pray you,
On your poor servants.
Isab. She's made of courtesy.
Mari. Mistress of all hearts.
Isab. 'Tis wormwood, and its works.
Marc. If doting age could let you but remember,
You have a son; or frontless impudence,
You are a sister; and, in making answer
To what was most unfit for you to speak,
Or me to hear, borrow of my just anger—
You durst not then, on any hire or hope,
Remembering what I am, and whose I am,
Put on the desperate boldness, to disturb
The least of my retirements.
Mari. Note her, now.
Marc. For both shall understand, though the one presume
Upon the privilege due a mother,
The duke stands now on his own legs, and needs
No nurse to lead him.
Isab. How, a nurse!
Marc. But I am merciful,
And dotage signs your pardon.
Isab. I defy thee!
Thee, and thy pardons, proud one!
Marc. For you,
From this hour learn to serve me, or you'll feel
I must make use of my authority,
And, as a princess, punish it.
Isab. A princess!
Mari. I had rather be a slave unto a Moor,
Than know thee for my equal.

Enter FRANCISCO, *and Guards.*

Fran. What wind hath raised this tempest? A tumult in the court. What's the cause? Speak, Mariana.

Mari. Do you hear, sir! Right me on this monster, or ne'er look to have A quiet hour with me.

Isab. If my son were here, And would endure this, may a mother's curse Pursue and overtake him!

Fran. O forbear: In me he's present, both in power and will; And, madam, I much grieve that, in his absence, There should arise the least distaste to move you; It being his principal, nay, only charge, To have you, in his absence, served and honour'd, As when himself perform'd the willing office.

Grac. I would I were well off!

Fran. And therefore, I beseech you, gentle madam, Name those that have offended you.

Isab. I am one.

Mari. And I will justify it.

Fran. Remember, she's the dutchess.

Marc. But used with more contempt, than if I were A peasant's daughter.

Fran. Think not, then, I speak, For I stand bound to honour, and to serve you; But that the duke, that lives in this great lady, For the contempt of him in her, commands you To be close prisoners.

Isab. Mari. Prisoners!

Fran. Bear them hence!

Marc. I am not cruel,
But pleased they may have liberty.
Isab. Pleased, with a mischief!
Mari. I'll rather live in any loathsome dungeon,
Than in a paradise at her entreaty:
And, for you, upstart——
Offic. What shall become of these?
Fran. See them well whipp'd,
As you will answer it.
Grac. I preach patience,
And must endure my fortune.
[*Exeunt all but* FRANCISCO *and* MARCELIA.
Fran. Let them first know themselves, and how you are
To be served and honour'd; which, when they confess,
You may again receive them to your favour;
And then it will shew nobly.
Marc. With my thanks
The duke shall pay you his, if he return
To bless us with his presence.
Fran. Any service done to so much sweetness,
In your favour finds
A wish'd and glorious end.
Marc. From you, I take this
As loyal duty; but, in any other,
It would appear gross flattery.
Fran. Flattery, madam,
You are so rare and excellent in all things,
And raised so high upon a rock of goodness,
As that vice cannot reach you: who but looks on
This temple, built by nature to perfection,
But must bow to it; and out of that zeal,
Not only learn to adore it, but to love it?
Marc. Whither will this fellow? *(Aside.)*
Fran. Pardon, therefore, madam,
If an excess in me of humble duty,

Teach me to hope, my piety and love
May find reward.
Marc. You have it in my thanks;
And, on my hand, I am pleased that you shall take
A full possession of it: but take heed
That you fix here, and feed no hope beyond it;
If you do, it will prove fatal.
Fran. Be it death,
And death with torments tyrants ne'er found out,
Yet I must say, I love you.
Marc. As a subject;
And 'twill become you.
Fran. Farewell, circumstance!
And since you are not pleased to understand me,
But by a plain and usual form of speech;
All superstitious reverence laid by,
I love you as a man. Why do you start,
I am no monster, and you but a woman,
A woman made to yield, and by example
Told it is lawful.
Marc. Keep off!—O you Powers!——
Are all the princely bounties, favours, honours,
Which, with some prejudice to his own wisdom,
Thy lord and raiser hath conferr'd upon thee,
In three days absence buried? And is this,
This impudent attempt to taint mine honour,
The fair return of both our ventured favours?
Fran. Hear my excuse.
Marc. Read my life,
And find one act of mine so loosely carried,
That could invite a most self-loving fool,
Set off with all that fortune could throw on him,
To the least hope to find way to my favour.
Fran. And while the duke did prize you to your value,
I well might envy him, but durst not hope

To stop you in your full career of goodness:
But now I find that he's fall'n from his fortune,
And, howsoever he would appear doting,
Grown cold in his affection; I presume,
From his most barbarous neglect of you,
To offer my true service. Nor stand I bound,
To look back on the courtesies of him,
That, of all living men, is most unthankful.

Marc. Unheard-of arrogance!

Fran. You'll say I am modest,
When I have told the story.
You think he loves you
With unexampled fervour; nay, dotes on you,
As there were something in you more than woman:
When, on my knowledge, he long since hath wish'd
You were among the dead.

Marc. Bless me, good angels,
Or I am blasted! Lies so false and wicked,
And fashion'd to so damnable a purpose,
Cannot be spoken by a human tongue.
My husband hate me! give thyself the lie,
False and accurs'd! Thy soul, if thou hast any,
Can witness, never lady stood so bound
To the unfeign'd affection of her lord,
As I do to my Sforza. If thou wouldst work
Upon my weak credulity, tell me, rather,
There's peace between the lion and the lamb;
Or that the ravenous eagle and the dove
Keep in one aerie, and bring up their young;
Or any thing that is averse to nature:
And I will sooner credit it, than that
My lord can think of me, but as a jewel,
He loves more than himself, and all the world.

Fran. O innocence abused! simplicity cozen'd!
It were a sin, for which we have no name,
To keep you longer in this wilful error.

Read his affection here ;—(*Gives her a paper*)—
and then observe
How dear he holds you ! 'Tis his character,
Which cunning yet could never counterfeit.
Marc. 'Tis his hand, I'm resolved of it. I'll try
What the inscription is.
Fran. Pray you, do so.
Marc. (Reads.) *You know my pleasure, and the hour of Marcelia's death, which fail not to execute, as you will answer the contrary, not with your head alone, but with the ruin of your whole family. And this, written with mine own hand, and signed with my privy signet, shall be your sufficient warrant.* LODOVICO SFORZA.
I do obey it ! every word's a poniard,
And reaches to my heart. (*Swoons.*)
Fran. What have I done ?
Madam ! for heaven's sake, madam !—
Dear lady !—
She stirs. For the duke's sake, for Sforza's sake—
Marc. Sforza's ! stand off ! though dead, I will be his,
And even my ashes shall abhor the touch
Of any other.—O unkind, and cruel !
Learn, women, learn to trust in one another ;
There is no faith in man : Sforza is false,
False to Marcelia !
Fran. But I am true,
And live to make you happy.
Marc. I prefer the hate
Of Sforza, though it mark me for the grave,
Before thy base affection. I am yet
Pure and unspotted in my true love to him ;
Nor shall it be corrupted, though he's tainted :
Nor will I part with innocence, because
He is found guilty. For thyself, thou art
A thing, that, equal with the devil himself,
I do detest and scorn.

Fran. Thou, then, art nothing:
Thy life is in my power, disdainful woman!
Think on't, and tremble.
Marc. No, with my curses
Of horror to thy conscience in this life,
And pains in hell hereafter, I defy thee. [*Exit.*
Fran. I am lost
In the discovery of this fatal secret.
Curs'd hope, that flatter'd me, that wrongs could make her
A stranger to her goodness! all my plots
Turn back upon myself; but I am in,
And must go on: and, since I have put off
From the shore of innocence, guilt be now my pilot! [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Imperial Camp, before* Pavia.

Enter MEDINA, HERNANDO, *and* ALPHONSO.

Med. The spoil, the spoil! 'tis that the soldier fights for.
Our victory, as yet, affords us nothing
But wounds and empty honour.
Hern. Hell put it in
The enemy's mind to be desperate, and hold out!
Yieldings and compositions will undo us;
And what is that way given, for the most part,
Comes to the emperor: the poor soldier left
To starve, or fill up hospitals.
Alph. But, when
We enter towns by force, and carve ourselves,
Pleasure with pillage—

Med. I long to be at it.
Hern. My main hope is,
To begin the sport at Milan: there's enough,
And of all kinds of pleasure we can wish for,
To satisfy the most covetous.
Alph. Every day,
We look for a remove.
Med. For Lodowick Sforza,
The Duke of Milan, I, on mine own knowledge,
Can say thus much: he is too much a soldier,
Too confident of his own worth, too rich too,
And understands too well the emperor hates him,
To hope for composition.
Alph. On my life,
We need not fear his coming in.
Hern. On mine,
I do not wish it: I had rather that,
To shew his valour, he'd put us to the trouble
To fetch him in by the ears.
Med. The emperor!

[*Flourish.*] *Enter* CHARLES, PESCARA, *and Attendants.*

Charl. You make me wonder:—nay, it is no counsel;
You may partake it, gentlemen: who'd have thought,
That he, that scorn'd our proffer'd amity
When he was sued to, should, ere he be summon'd,
First kneel for mercy?
Med. When your majesty
Shall please to instruct us who it is, we may
Admire it with you.
Charl Who, but the Duke of Milan,
The right hand of the French! of all that stand

In our displeasure, whom necessity
Compels to seek our favour, I would have sworn
Sforza had been the last.

Hern. And should be writ so,
In the list of those you pardon. Would his city
Had rather held us out a siege, like Troy,
Than, by a feign'd submission, he should cheat you
Of a just revenge; or us, of those fair glories
We have sweat blood to purchase!

Alph. The sack alone of Milan
Will pay the army.

Charl. I am not so weak,
To be wrought on, as you fear; nor ignorant
That money is the sinew of the war:
Yet, for our glory, and to shew him that
We've brought him on his knees, it is resolved
To hear him as a suppliant. Bring him in;
But let him see the effects of our just anger,
In the guard that you make for him.

[*Exit* PESCARA.

Hern. I am now
Familiar with the issue; all plagues on it!
He will appear in some dejected habit,
His countenance suitable, and for his order,
A rope about his neck: then kneel, and tell
Old stories,—what more worthy thing it is
To have power, than to use it;
To make a king, than kill one: which applied
To the emperor, and himself, a pardon's granted
To him, an enemy; and we, his servants,
Condemn'd to beggary. (*Aside to* MED.)

Med. Yonder he comes;
But not as you expected.

Re-enter PESCARA, *with* SFORZA *strongly guarded.*

Alph. He looks as if
He would outface his dangers.

Hern. I am cozen'd:
A suitor, in the devil's name!
Med. Hear him speak.
Sfor. I come not, emperor, to invade thy mercy,
By fawning on thy fortune; nor bring with me
Excuses, or denials. I profess,
And with a good man's confidence, even this instant
That I am in thy power, I was thine enemy;
Thy deadly and vow'd enemy; one that wish'd
Confusion to thy person and estates;
And with my utmost powers, and deepest counsels,
Had they been truly follow'd, further'd it.
Nor will I now, although my neck were under
The hangman's axe, with one poor syllable
Confess, but that I honour'd the French king,
More than thyself, and all men.
Med. By Saint Jaques,
This is no flattery.
Sfor. Now give me leave,
My hate against thyself, and love to him
Freely acknowledged, to give up the reasons
That made me so affected:—in my wants
I ever found him faithful; had supplies
Of men and monies from him; and my hopes
Quite sunk, were, by his grace, buoy'd up again:
I dare to speak his praise now, in as high
And loud a key, as when he was thy equal.—
The benefits he sow'd in me, met not
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own
With fair increase, and I still glory in it.
And, though my fortunes
Are in thy fury burnt, let it be mention'd,
They served but as small tapers to attend

The solemn flame at this great funeral:
And with them I will gladly waste myself,
Rather than undergo the imputation
Of being base, or unthankful.
Alph. Nobly spoken!
Hern. I do begin, I know not why, to hate him
Less than I did.
Sfor. If that, then, to be grateful
For courtesies received, or not to leave
A friend in his necessities, be a crime
Amongst you Spaniards, Sforza brings his head
To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a slave,
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid weed,
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling,
For a forestall'd remission: I ne'er fear'd to die,
More than I wish'd to live. When I had reach'd
My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,
This crown upon my head, and to my side
This sword was girt; and witness, truth, that, now
'Tis in another's power, when I shall part
With them and life together, I'm the same:
My veins then did not swell with pride; nor now
Shrink they for fear. Know, sir, that Sforza
stands
Prepared for either fortune.
Hern. As I live,
I do begin strangely to love this fellow.
Sfor. But, if example
Of my fidelity to the French,
Has power to invite you to make him a friend,
That hath given evident proof, he knows to love,
And to be thankful: this my crown, now yours,
You may restore me.
Alph. By this light,
'Tis a brave gentleman.
Charl. Thou hast so far
Outgone my expectation, noble Sforza,

For such I hold thee;—and true constancy,
Raised on a brave foundation, bears such palm
And privilege with it, that where we behold it,
Though in an enemy, it does command us
To love and honour it. By my future hopes,
I am glad, for thy sake, that, in seeking favour,
Thou didst not borrow of vice her indirect,
Crooked, and abject means; and so far
I am from robbing thee of the least honour,
That with my hands, to make it sit the faster,
I set thy crown once more upon thy head;
And do not only style thee, Duke of Milan,
But vow to keep thee so. Yet, not to take
From others to give only to myself,
I will not hinder your magnificence,
To my commanders, neither will I urge it;
But in that, as in all things else, I leave you
To be your own disposer.

Sfor. May I live
To seal my loyalty, though with loss of life.

[*Flourish.*]

[*Exeunt* CHARLES, MED. HERN. *and* ALPH.

Pesc. So, sir; this tempest is well overblown,
And all things fall out to our wishes: but,
In my opinion, this quick return,
Before you've made a party in the court
Among the great ones, (for these needy captains
Have little power in peace), may beget danger,
At least suspicion.

Sfor. Where true honour lives,
Doubt hath no being; I desire no pawn
Beyond an emperor's word, for my assurance.
Besides, Pescara, to thyself, of all men,
I will confess my weakness:—though my state
And crown's restored me, though I am in grace,
And that a little stay might be a step
To greater honours, I must hence. Alas!

I live not here; my wife, my wife, Pescara,
Being absent, I am dead. Prithee, excuse,
And do not chide, for friendship's sake, my fondness,
But ride along with me: I'll give you reasons,
And strong ones, to plead for me.
Pesc. Use your own pleasure—
I'll bear you company.
Sfor. Farewell, grief! I am stored with
Two blessings most desired in human life,
A constant friend, an unsuspected wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Milan. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter GRACCHO.

Grac. Whipt like a rogue! no lighter punishment serve
To balance with a little mirth! 'Tis well;
My credit sunk for ever, I am now
Fit company only for pages and for footboys.

Enter JULIO *and* GIOVANNI.

Giov. See, Julio,
Yonder the proud slave is. How he looks now,
After his castigation!
Jul. Let's be merry with him.
Grac. How they stare at me! am I turn'd to an owl?—
The wonder, gentlemen?
Jul. I read, this morning,
Strange stories of the passive fortitude
Of men in former ages, which I thought
Impossible, and not to be believed:
But now I look on you, my wonder ceases.
Grac. The reason, sir?
Jul. Why, sir, you have been whipt,

Whipt, signior Graccho; and the whip, I take it,
Is, to a gentleman, the greatest trial
That may be of his patience.
Grac. Sir, I'll call you
To a strict account for this.
Giov. I'll not deal with you,
Unless I have a beadle for my second:
And then I'll answer you.
Jul. Farewell, poor Graccho.
[*Exeunt* JULIO *and* GIOVANNI.
Grac. Better and better still. If ever wrongs
Could teach a wretch to find the way to vengeance,

Enter FRANCISCO *and a Servant.*

Hell now inspire me! How, the lord protector!
Whither thus in private?
I will not see him. *(Stands aside.)*
Fran. If I am sought for,
Say I am indispos'd, and will not hear
Or suits, or suitors.
Serv. But, sir, if the princess
Enquire, what shall I answer?
Fran. Say I am rid
Abroad to take the air; but by no means
Let her know I'm in court.
Serv. So I shall tell her. [*Exit.*
Fran. Within there!

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gentlew. My good lord, your pleasure?
Fran. Prithee, let me beg thy favour for access
To the dutchess.
Gentlew. In good sooth, my lord, I dare not;
She's very private.
Fran. Come, there's gold—
Where is thy lady?

Gentlew. She's walking in the gallery.
Fran. Bring me to her.
[*Exeunt* FRAN. *and* Gentlew.

Grac. A brave discovery beyond my hope,
A plot even offer'd to my hand to work on!
If I am dull now, may I live and die
The scorn of worms and slaves!—Let me consider;
My lady and her mother first committed,
In the favour of the dutchess; and I whipt!
And all his bribed approaches to the dutchess
To be conceal'd! good, good. This to my lady
Deliver'd, as I'll order it, runs her mad. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter MARCELIA *and* FRANCISCO.

Marc. Believe thy tears or oaths! can it be hoped,
After a practice so abhorr'd and horrid,
Repentance e'er can find thee?
Fran. Dearest lady,
I do confess, humbly confess my fault,
To be beyond all pity; my attempt,
So barbarously rude, that it would turn
A saint-like patience into savage fury.
Marc. Is't possible
This can be cunning! *(Aside.)*
Fran. But, if no submission,
Nor prayers can appease you, that you may know
'Tis not the fear of death that makes me sue thus,
I will not wait the sentence of the duke,
But I myself will do a fearful justice on myself,
No witness by but you.
Yet, before I do it,
For I perceive in you no signs of mercy,

I will disclose a secret, which, dying with me,
May prove your ruin.
Marc. Speak it; it will take from
The burthen of thy conscience.
Fran. Thus, then, madam:
The warrant by my lord sign'd for your death,
Was but conditional; but you must swear
By your unspotted truth, not to reveal it,
Or I end here abruptly.
Marc. By my hopes
Of joys hereafter. On.
Fran. Nor was it hate
That forced him to it, but excess of love.
And, if I ne'er return, (so said great Sforza),
No living man deserving to enjoy
My best Marcelia, with the first news
That I am dead, (*for no man after me*
Must e'er enjoy her), *fail not to kill her*——
But till certain proof
Assure thee I am lost, (these were his words),
Observe and honour her, as if the soul
Of woman's goodness only dwelt in her's.
This trust I have abused, and basely wrong'd;
And, if the excelling pity of your mind
Cannot forgive it, as I dare not hope it,
Rather than look on my offended lord,
I stand resolved to punish it. *(Draws his sword.)*
Marc. Hold! 'tis forgiven,
And by me freely pardon'd. In thy fair life
Hereafter, study to deserve this bounty,
But that my lord, my Sforza, should esteem
My life fit only as a page, to wait on
The various course of his uncertain fortunes;
Or cherish in himself that sensual hope,
In death to know me as a wife, afflicts me.
I will slack the ardour that I had to see him
Return in safety.

Fran. But if your entertainment
Should give the least ground to his jealousy,
To raise up an opinion I am false,
You then destroy your mercy. Therefore, vouchsafe,
In company, to do me those fair graces,
And favours, which your innocence and honour
May safely warrant: it would to the duke,
I being to your best self alone known guilty,
Make me appear most innocent.

Marc. Have your wishes;
And something I may do to try his temper,
At least, to make him know a constant wife
Is not so slaved to her husband's doting humours,
Her fate appointing it.

Fran. It is enough;
Nay, all I could desire, and will make way
To my revenge, which shall disperse itself
On him, on her, and all.

[*Aside, and Exit.*—[*Shout, and flourish.*]

Marc. What shout is that?

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Tib. All happiness to the dutchess, that may flow
From the duke's new and wish'd return!

Marc. He's welcome.

Steph. How coldly she receives it!

Tib. Observe the encounter.

[*Flourish.*] *Enter* SFORZA, PESCARA, *and Attendants.*

Sfor. I have stood
Silent thus long, Marcelia, expecting
When, with more than a greedy haste, thou wouldst

Have flown into my arms, and on my lips
Have printed a deep welcome. My desires
To glass myself in these fair eyes, have borne me
With more than human speed: nor durst I stay
In any temple, or to any saint
To pay my vows and thanks for my return,
Till I had seen thee.

Marc. Sir, I am most happy
To look upon you safe, and would express
My love and duty in a modest fashion,
Such as might suit with the behaviour
Of one that knows herself a wife, and how
To temper her desires; nor can it wrong me
To love discreetly.

Sfor. How! why, can there be
A mean in your affections to Sforza?
My passions to you are in extremes,
And know no bounds:—come, kiss me.

Marc. I obey you.

Sfor. By all the joys of love, she does salute me
As if I were her father! What witch,
With cursed spells, hath quench'd the amorous heat
That lived upon these lips? Tell me, Marcelia,
And truly tell me, is't a fault of mine
That hath begot this coldness? or neglect
Of others, in my absence?

Marc. Neither, sir:
I stand indebted to your substitute,
Noble and good Francisco, for his care,
And fair observance of me.

Sfor. How!

Steph. How the duke stands!

Tib. As he were rooted there,
And had no motion.

Pesc. My lord, from whence
Grows this amazement?

Sfor. It is more, dear my friend;
For I am doubtful whether I've a being,
But certain that my life's a burden to me.
Take me back, good Pescara, shew me to Cæsar
In all his rage and fury; I disclaim
His mercy: to live now, which is his gift,
Is worse than death, and with all studied torments.
Marcelia is unkind, nay, worse, grown cold
In her affection; my excess of fervour,
Which yet was never equall'd, grown distasteful.
—But have thy wishes, woman; thou shalt know
That I can be myself, and thus shake off
The fetters of fond dotage. From my sight,
Without reply; for I am apt to do
Something I may repent.—[*Exit* MARCELIA.]—
Oh! who would place
His happiness in most accursed woman,
In whom obsequiousness engenders pride;
And harshness deadly hatred! From this hour
I'll labour to forget there are such creatures;
True friends be now my mistresses. Clear your brows,
And, though my heart-strings crack for't, I will be
To all a free example of delight.
We will have sports of all kinds, and propound
Rewards to such as can produce us new;
Unsatisfied, though we surfeit in their store:
And never think of curs'd Marcelia more.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter FRANCISCO *and* GRACCHO.

Fran. And is it possible thou shouldst forget
A wrong of such a nature, and then study
My safety and content?
Grac. Sir, but allow me
Not the abstruse and hidden arts to thrive there:
And you may please to grant me so much knowledge,
That injuries from one in grace, like you,
Are noble favours.
Fran. But to the purpose,
And then, that service done, make thine own fortunes.
My wife, thou say'st, is jealous I am too
Familiar with the dutchess.
Grac. And incensed
For her commitment in her brother's absence;
And by her mother's anger is spurr'd on
To make discovery of it.
Fran. I thank thy care, and will deserve this secret,
In making thee acquainted with a greater,
And of more moment. I delight in change,
And sweet variety; that's my heaven on earth,
For which I love life only. I confess,
My wife pleased me a day; the dutchess, two,
(And yet I must not say I have enjoy'd her),
But now I care for neither: therefore, Graccho,
So far I am from stopping Mariana
In making her complaint, that I desire thee
To urge her to it.

Grac. That may prove your ruin :
The duke already being, as 'tis reported,
Doubtful she hath play'd false.
Fran. There thou art cozen'd ;
His dotage, like an ague, keeps his course,
And now 'tis strongly on him. But I lose time,
And therefore know, whether thou wilt or no,
Thou art to be my instrument; and, in spite
Of the old saw, that says, It is not safe
On any terms to trust a man that's wrong'd,
I dare thee to be false.
Grac. This is a language,
My lord, I understand not.
Fran. You thought, sirrah,
To put a trick on me, for the relation
Of what I knew before, and, having won
Some weighty secret from me, in revenge
To play the traitor. Know, thou wretched thing,
By my command thou wert whipt ; and every day
I'll have thee freshly tortured, if thou miss
In the least charge that I impose upon thee.
Though what I speak, for the most part, is true :
Nay, grant thou hadst a thousand witnesses
To be deposed they heard it, 'tis in me,
With one word, such is Sforza's confidence
Of my fidelity not to be shaken,
To make all void, and ruin my accusers.
Therefore look to't; bring my wife hotly on
To accuse me to the duke—I have an end in't,
Or think what 'tis makes man most miserable,
And that shall fall upon thee. Thou wert a fool
To hope, by being acquainted with my courses,
To curb and awe me ; or that I should live
Thy slave, as thou didst saucily divine :
For prying in my counsels, still live mine. [*Exit.*
Grac. I am caught on both sides. This 'tis for
a puisne

In policy's roguish school, to try conclusions
With one that hath commenced, and gone out doctor.
If I discover what but now he bragg'd of,
I shall not be believed: if I fall off
From him, his threats and actions go together,
And there's no hope of safety. Till I get
A plummet that may sound his deepest counsels,
I must obey and serve him: Want of skill
Now makes me play the rogue against my will.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Another Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter MARCELIA, TIBERIO, STEPHANO, *and* Gentlewoman.

Marc. Command me from his sight, and with such scorn
As he would rate his slave!
Tib. 'Twas in his fury.
Steph. And he repents it, madam.
Marc. Was I born
To observe his humours? or, because he dotes,
Must I run mad?
Tib. He hath paid the forfeit
Of his offence, I'm sure, with such a sorrow,
As, if it had been greater, would deserve
A full remission.
Marc. Why, perhaps, he hath it;
And I stand more afflicted for his absence,
Than he can be for mine:—so, pray you, tell him.
But till I have digested some sad thoughts,
And reconciled passions that are at war
Within myself, I purpose to be private:
And have you care, unless it be Francisco,
That no man be admitted. [*Exit* Gentlewoman.

Tib. How! Francisco?

Enter FRANCISCO.

Steph. Here he comes.
Is this her privacy!
This may go to the duke.

[*Exeunt* TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Marc. Your face is full
Of fears and doubts: the reason!

Fran. O, best madam,
They are not counterfeit. The duke, the duke,
I more than fear, hath found that I am guilty.

Marc. By my unspotted honour, not from me;
Nor have I with him changed one syllable,
Since his return, but what you heard.

Fran. Yet malice
Is eagle eyed, and would see that which is not;
And jealousy's too apt to build upon
Unsure foundations.

Marc. Jealousy!

Fran. (*Aside.*) It takes.

Marc. Who dares but only think I can be tainted?
But for him, though almost on certain proof,
To give it hearing, not belief, deserves
My hate for ever.

Fran. Whether grounded on
Your noble, yet chaste favours, shewn unto me;
Or her imprisonment, for her contempt
To you, by my command, my frantic wife
Hath put it in his head.

Marc. Have I then lived
So long, now to be doubted? Are my favours
The themes of her discourse? or what I do,
That never trod in a suspected path,
Subject to base construction? Be undaunted;
For now, as of a creature that is mine,

I rise up yonr protectress: all the grace
I hitherto have done you, was bestow'd
With a shut hand; it shall be now more free,
Open, and liberal. But let it not,
Though counterfeited to the life, teach you
To nourish saucy hopes.
Fran. May I be accurs'd,
When I prove such a monster!
Marc. I will stand then
Between you and all danger. He shall know,
Suspicion overturns what confidence builds;
And he that dares but doubt when there's no ground,
Is neither to himself nor others sound. [*Exit.*
Fran. So, let it work! Her goodness, that denied
My service, branded with the name of lust,
Shall now destroy itself; and she shall find,
When he's a suitor, that brings cunning arm'd
With power, to be his advocates, the denial
Is a disease as killing as the plague,
And chastity a clue that leads to death.
Hold but thy nature, duke, and be but rash
And violent enough, and then at leisure
Repent; I care not.
And let my plots produce this long'd-for birth,
In my revenge I have my heaven on earth.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter SFORZA, PESCARA, JULIO, *and* GIOVANNI.

Pesc. You promised to be merry.
Jul. There are pleasures,
And of all kinds, to entertain the time.

Giov. Your Excellence vouchsafing to make choice
Of that which best affects you.
Sfor. Hold your prating.
Learn manners too; you are rude.
Pesc. I must borrow
The privilege of a friend, and will; or else
I am like these, a servant, or, what's worse,
A parasite to the sorrow Sforza worships
In spite of reason.
Sfor. Pray you, use your freedom;
And so far, if you please, allow me mine,
To hear you only; not to be compell'd
To take your moral potions. I am a man,
And, though philosophy, your mistress, rage for't,
Now I have cause to grieve, I must be sad;
And I dare shew it.
Pesc. Would it were bestow'd
Upon a worthier subject!
Sfor. Take heed, friend.
You rub a sore, whose pain will make me mad;
And I shall then forget myself and you.
Lance it no further.
Pesc. Have you stood the shock
Of thousand enemies, and outfaced the anger
Of a great emperor, that vow'd your ruin,
Though by a desperate, a glorious way,
That had no precedent?
Have you given proof, to this hour of your life,
Prosperity, that searches the best temper,
Could never puff you up, nor adverse fate
Deject your valour? Shall, I say, these virtues,
So many and so various trials of
Your constant mind, be buried in the frown
(To please you, I will say so) of a fair woman?
—Yet I have seen her equals.
Sfor. Good Pescara,

This language in another were profane;
In you it is unmannerly.—Her equal!
I tell you as a friend, and tell you plainly,
(To all men else my sword should make reply),
Her goodness does disdain comparison,
And, but herself, admits no parallel.

Pesc. Well, sir, I'll not cross you,
Nor labour to diminish your esteem,
Hereafter, of her.

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Sfor. O! you are well return'd;
Say, am I blest? hath she vouchsafed to hear you?
Is there hope left that she may be appeased?

Tib. She, sir, yet is froward,
And desires respite, and some privacy.

Steph. She was harsh at first; but, ere we parted, seem'd not
Implacable.

Sfor. There's comfort yet: I'll ply her
Each hour with new ambassadors of more honours,
Titles, and eminence: my second self,
Francisco, shall solicit her.

Steph. That a wise man,
And what is more, a prince that may command,
Should sue thus poorly, and treat with his wife,
As she were a victorious enemy.

Sfor. What is that you mutter?
I'll have thy thoughts.

Steph. You shall. You are too fond,
And feed a pride that's swollen too big already,
And surfeits with observance.

Sfor. O my patience!
My vassal speak thus?

Steph. Let my head answer it,
If I offend. She, that you think a saint,
I fear, may play the devil.

Pesc. Well said, old fellow. (*Aside.*)
Steph. And he that hath so long engross'd your favours,
Though to be named with reverence, lord Francisco,
Who, as you purpose, shall solicit for you,
I think 's too near her.
(SFORZA *lays his hand on his sword.*)
Pesc. Hold, sir! this is madness.
Steph. It may be they confer of joining lordships;
I'm sure he's private with her.
Sfor. Let me go,
I scorn to touch him; he deserves my pity,
And not my anger. Dotard! and to be one
Is thy protection, else thou durst not think
That love to my Marcelia hath left room
In my full heart for any jealous thought:—
I could smile to think, what wretched things they are,
That dare be jealous.
Tib. This is a confidence
Beyond example.

Enter ISABELLA, *and* MARIANA.

Sfor. If you come
To bring me comfort, say that you have made
My peace with my Marcelia.
Isab. I had rather
Wait on you to your funeral.
Sfor. You are my mother;
Or, by her life, you were dead else.
Mari. Would you were,
To your dishonour! Here your mother was
Committed by your servant, (for I scorn
To call him husband), and myself, your sister,
If that you dare remember such a name,

Mew'd up, to make the way open and free
For the adultress, I am unwilling
To say, a part of Sforza.
Sfor. She hath blasphemed, and by our law must die.
Isab. Blasphemed! for giving a false woman her true name?
Sfor. O hell, what do I suffer!
Mari. Or is it treason
For me, that am a subject, to endeavour
To save the honour of the duke, and that
He should not be a wittol on record?
Sfor. Some proof, vile creature!
Or thou hast spoke thy last.
Mari. The public fame,
Their hourly private meetings; and, e'en now,
When, under a pretence of grief or anger,
You are denied the joys due to a husband,
And made a stranger to her, at all times
The door stands open to him.
Sfor. O the malice
And envy of base women! Wretches! you have raised
A monumental trophy to her. I'm so far
From giving credit to you, this would teach me
More to admire and serve her. You are not worthy
To fall as sacrifices to appease her;
And therefore live till your own envy burst you.
Isab. All is in vain; he is not to be moved.
Mari. She has bewitch'd him.
Pesc. 'Tis so past belief,
To me it shews a fable.

Enter FRANCISCO, *speaking to a* Servant *within.*

Fran. On thy life,
Provide my horses, and without the port
With care attend me.
Serv. (*Within.*) I shall, my lord.
Fran. Great sir,
I would impart,
Please you to lend your ear, a weighty secret,
I am in labour to deliver to you.
Sfor. All leave the room. [*Exeunt* ISAB. *and* MARI.]—Excuse me, good Pescara,
Ere long I will wait on you.
Pesc. Yon speak, sir,
The language I should use. [*Exit.*
Sfor. Be within call,
Perhaps we may have use of you.
Tib. We shall, sir. [*Exeunt* TIB. *and* STEPH.
Sfor. Say on, my comfort.
Fran. Comfort! no, your torment,
For so my fate appoints me. I could curse
The hour that gave me being.
Sfor. What new monsters
Of misery stand ready to devour me?
Let them at once dispatch me.
Fran. Draw your sword then,
And, as you wish your own peace, quickly kill me;
Consider not, but do it.
Sfor. Art thou mad?
Fran. Would from my youth a loathsome leprosy
Had run upon this face, or that my breath
Had been infectious, and so made me shunn'd
Of all societies! Curs'd be he that taught me
Discourse or manners, or lent any grace
That makes the owner pleasing in the eye
Of wanton women!

Sfor. I am on the rack!
Dissolve this doubtful riddle.
Fran. That I alone,
Of all mankind, that stand most bound to love you,
And study your content, should be appointed,
Not by my will, but forced by cruel fate,
To be your greatest enemy!—not to hold you
In this amazement longer, in a word,
Your dutchess loves me.
Sfor. Loves thee!
Fran. Is mad for me—
Pursues me hourly.
Sfor. Oh!
Fran. And from hence grew
Her late neglect of you.
Sfor. O women! women!
Fran. I labour'd to divert her by persuasion,
Then urged your much love to her, and the danger;
Denied her, and with scorn.
Sfor. 'Twas like thyself.
Fran. But when I saw her smile, then heard her say,
Your love and extreme dotage, as a cloak,
Should cover our embraces, and your power
Fright others from suspicion; and all favours
That should preserve her in her innocence,
By lust inverted to be used as bawds;
I could not but in duty (though I know
That the relation kills in you all hope
Of peace hereafter, and in me 'twill shew
Both base and poor to rise up her accuser)
Freely discover it.
Sfor. Eternal plagues
Pursue and overtake her! But, like a village nurse,
Stand I now cursing and considering, when
The tamest fool would do. Within there! Stephano,
Tiberio, and the rest!—I will be sudden,

And she shall know and feel, love in extremes
Abused, knows no degree in hate.

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Tib. My lord.
Sfor. Go to the chamber of that wicked woman—
Steph. What wicked woman, sir?
Sfor. The devil, my wife.
Force a rude entry; drag her hither;
And know no pity: any gentle usage
To her will call on cruelty from me,
To such as shew it.—Stand you staring! Go,
Put my will in act.
[*Exeunt* TIB. *and* STEPH.
Sfor. Since she dares damnation,
I'll be a fury to her.
Fran. Yet, great sir,
Exceed not in your fury; she's yet guilty
Only in her intent.
Sfor. Intent, Francisco!
It does include all fact; and I might sooner
Be won to pardon treason to my crown,
Or one that kill'd my father.
Fran. You are wise,
And know what's best to do:—yet, if you please,
To prove her temper to the height, say only
That I am dead, and then observe how far
She'll be transported. I'll remove a little,
But be within your call.—Now to the upshot!
Howe'er, I'll shift for one. [*Aside, and Exit.*

Re-enter TIBERIO, STEPHANO, *and Guard with* MARCELIA.

Marc. Where is this monster,
This walking tree of jealousy? Are you here?

Is it by your commandment or allowance,
I am thus basely used? Which of my virtues,
My labours, services, and cares to please you,
Invites this barbarous course? dare you look on me
Without a seal of shame?

Sfor. Impudence,
How ugly thou appear'st now! Thy intent
To be a wanton, leaves thee not blood enough
To make an honest blush: what had the act done?

Marc. Return'd thee the dishonour thou deserv'st.

Sfor. Your chosen favourite, your woo'd Francisco,
Has dearly paid for't; for, wretch! know, he's dead,
And by my hand.

Marc. Thou hast kill'd then,
A man I do profess I loved; a man
For whom a thousand queens might well be rivals.
But he, I speak it to thy teeth, that dares be
A jealous fool, dares be a murderer,
And knows no end in mischief.

Sfor. I begin now
In this my justice. *(Stabs her.)*

Marc. Oh! I have fool'd myself
Into my grave, and only grieve for that
Which, when you know you've slain an innocent,
You needs must suffer.

Sfor. An innocent! Let one
Call in Francisco;—for he lives, vile creature,
[*Exit* STEPHANO.
To justify thy falsehood.
With wanton flatteries thou hast tempted him.

Re-enter STEPHANO.

Steph. Signior Francisco, sir, but even now
Took horse without the ports.

Marc. We are both abused,
And both by him undone. Stay, death, a little,
Till I have clear'd me to my lord, and then
I willingly obey thee.—O my Sforza!
Francisco was not tempted, but the tempter;
And, as he thought to win me, shew'd the warrant
That you sign'd for my death. But, being contemn'd,
Upon his knees with tears he did beseech me,
Not to reveal it: I, soft-hearted fool,
Judging his penitence true, was won unto it:
Indeed, the unkindness to be sentenced by you,
Before that I was guilty in a thought,
Made me put on a seeming anger towards you,
And now—behold the issue! As I do,
May heaven forgive you! *(Dies.)*

Sfor. Then I believe thee;
Believe thee innocent too.

Tib. Her sweet soul has left
Her beauteous prison.

Steph. Look to the duke; he stands
As if he wanted motion.

Tib. Grief hath stopp'd
The organ of his speech.

Sfor. O my heart-strings! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The* Milanese. *A Room in* EUGENIA's *House.*

Enter FRANCISCO, *and* EUGENIA.

Fran. Why, couldst thou think, Eugenia, that rewards,
Graces, or favours, though strew'd thick upon me,

Could ever bribe me to forget mine honour?
Or that I tamely would sit down, before
I had dried these eyes, still wet with showers of tears,
By the fire of my revenge? look up, my dearest!
For that proud fair, that, thief-like, stepp'd between
Thy promised hopes, and robb'd thee of a fortune
Almost in thy possession, hath found,
With horrid proof, his love, she thought her glory,
But hastened her sad ruin.

Eug. Do not flatter
A grief that is beneath it; for, however
The credulous duke to me proved false and cruel,
It is impossible he could be wrought on
So to serve her.

Fran. Such, indeed, I grant,
The stream of his affection was, and ran
A constant course, till I, with cunning malice—
And yet I wrong my act, for it was justice,
Made it turn backward; and hate, in extremes,
(Love banish'd from his heart), to fill the room:
In a word, know the fair Marcelia's dead.

Eug. Dead!

Fran. And by Sforza's hand. Does it not move you?
How coldly you receive it! I expected
The mere relation of so great a blessing,
Borne proudly on the wings of sweet revenge,
Would have call'd on a sacrifice of thanks.
You entertain it with a look, as if
You wish'd it were undone.

Eug. Indeed I do:
For, if my sorrows could receive addition,
Her sad fate would increase, not lessen them.
She never injured me.

Fran. Have you then no gall,

Anger, or spleen, familiar to your sex?
Or is it possible, that you could see
Another to possess what was your due,
And not grow pale with envy?

Eug. Yes, of him
That did deceive me. There's no passion, that
A maid so injured ever could partake of,
But I have dearly suffer'd. These three years,
In my desire and labour of revenge,
Trusted to you, I have endured the throes
Of teeming women; and will hazard all
Fate can inflict on me, but I will reach
Thy heart, false Sforza!

Fran. Still mine own, and dearer!
And yet in this you but pour oil on fire,
And offer your assistance where it needs not,
And, that you may perceive I lay not fallow,
But had your wrongs stamp'd deeply on my heart,
I did begin his tragedy in her death,
To which it served as prologue, and will make
A memorable story of your fortunes
In my assured revenge: Only, best sister,
Let us not lose ourselves in the performance,
By your rash undertaking: we will be
As sudden as you could wish.

Eug. Upon those terms
I yield myself and cause to be disposed of
As you think fit.

Enter a Servant.

Fran. Thy purpose?

Serv. There's one Graccho,
That follow'd you, it seems, upon the track,
Since you left Milan, that's importunate
To have access, and will not be denied;
His haste, he says, concerns you.

Fran. Bring him to me. [*Exit* Servant.
Though he hath laid an ambush for my life,
Or apprehension, yet I will prevent him,
And work mine own ends out.

Enter GRACCHO.

Grac. Now for my whipping!
And if I now outstrip him not, and catch him,
I'll swear there are worms in my brains. (*Aside.*)
Fran. Now, my good Graccho!
We meet as 'twere by miracle.
Be brief; what brought thee hither?
Grac. Love and duty,
And vigilance in me for my lord's safety.
You are a condemn'd man, pursued and sought for,
And your head rated at ten thousand ducats
To him that brings it.
Fran. Very good.
Grac. All passengers
Are intercepted, and your picture sent
To every state confederate with Milan:
It is impossible you should escape
Their curious search.
Eug. Why, let us then turn Romans,
And, falling by our own hands, mock their threats.
Fran. 'Twould show nobly;
But that the honour of our full revenge
Were lost in the rash action. No, Eugenia;
Graccho is wise; my friend too, not my servant,
And I dare trust him with my latest secret.
We would, and thou must help us to perform it,
First kill the duke—then, fall what can upon us!
For injuries are writ in brass, kind Graccho,
And not to be forgotten.
Grac. He instructs me
What I should do. (*Aside.*)

Fran. What's that?
Grac. I labour with
A strong desire to assist you with my service;
And now I am deliver'd of it.
Fran. I told you.—
Speak, my oraculous Graccho.
Grac. I have heard, sir,
Of men in debt that, lay'd for by their creditors,
In all such places where it could be thought
They would take shelter, chose, for sanctuary,
Their lodgings underneath their creditors' noses,
Confident, that there they never should be sought for.
Fran. But what infer you from it?
Grac. This, my lord;
That, since all ways of your escape are stopp'd,
In Milan only, or, what's more, in the court,
Whither it is presumed you dare not come,
Conceal'd in some disguise, you may live safe.
Fran. And not to be discover'd?
Grac. But by myself.
Fran. By thee! Alas! I know thee honest, Graccho,
And I will put thy counsel into act,
And suddenly. Yet, not to be ungrateful
For all thy loving travail to preserve me,
What bloody end soe'er my stars appoint,
Thou shalt be safe, good Graccho.—Who's within there?
Grac. In the devil's name, what means he!

Enter Servants.

Fran. Take my friend
Into your custody, and bind him fast:
I would not part with him.
Grac. My good lord!

Fran. Dispatch:
'Tis for your good, to keep you honest, Graecho:
I would not have ten thousand ducats tempt you,
To play the traitor. Why, thou fool!
I can look through and through thee! thy intents
Appear to me as written in thy forehead,
In plain and easy characters: and but that
I scorn a slave's base blood should rust that sword
That from a prince expects a scarlet dye,
Thou now wert dead. Away with him!
I will not hear a syllable.

[*Exeunt Servants with* GRACCHO.

We must trust
Ourselves, Eugenia; and though we make use of
The counsel of our servants, that oil spent,
Like snuffs that do offend, we tread them out.—
But now to our last scene, which we'll so carry,
That few shall understand how 'twas begun,
Till all, with half an eye, may see 'tis done.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Milan. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter PESCARA, TIBERIO, *and* STEPHANO.

Pesc. The like was never read of.
Steph. But that melancholy should work
So far upon a man, as to compel him
To court a thing that has nor sense nor being,
Is unto me a miracle.
Pesc. 'Troth, I'll tell you,
And briefly as I can, by what degrees
He fell into this madness. When, by the care
Of his physicians, he was brought to life,
He call'd for fair Marcelia, and being told
That she was dead, he broke forth in extremes,
(I would not say blasphemed)—Then it came

Into his fancy that she was accused
By his mother and his sister; thrice he curs'd them,
And thrice his desperate hand was on his sword
T'have kill'd them both; but they restrain'd him;
When wisely his physicians, looking on
The dutchess' wound, to stay his ready hand,
Cried out, it was not mortal.

Tib. 'Twas well thought on.

Pesc. He easily believing what he wish'd,
Fell prostrate at the doctors' feet, and swore,
Provided they recover'd her, he would live
A private man, and they should share his dukedom.

Sfor. [*Within*] Support her gently.

Pesc. Now, be your own witnesses;
I am prevented.

Enter SFORZA, ISABELLA, MARIANA, *Doctors and Servants with the Body of* MARCELIA.

Sfor. Carefully, I beseech you.
How pale and wan she looks! O pardon me,
That I presume, dyed o'er with bloody guilt,
To touch this snow-white hand. How cold it is!
This once was Cupid's fire-brand, and still
'Tis so to me How slow her pulses beat too!
Yet in this temper, she is all perfection.

Mari. Is not this strange!

Isab. Oh! cross him not, dear daughter.

Enter a Servant, *and whispers* PESCARA.

Pesc. With me? What is he?

Serv. He has a strange aspect;
A Jew by birth, and a physician
By his profession, as he says, who, hearing
Of the duke's frenzy, on the forfeit of
His life will undertake to render him
Perfect in every part.

Pesc. Bring me to him.
As I find cause, I'll do. [*Exeunt* Pesc. *and Serv.*
Sfor. How sound she sleeps!
Heaven keep her from a lethargy!——How long
(But answer me with comfort, I beseech you)
Does your judgment tell you that her sleep will last?
1 *Doct.* We have given her, sir,
A sleepy potion, that will hold her long,
That she may be less sensible of the torment
The searching of her wound will put her to.
Sfor. I am patient.
You see I do not rage, but wait your pleasure.
What do you think she dreams of now? for sure,
Although her body's organs are bound fast,
Her fancy cannot slumber.
1 *Doct.* That, sir, looks on
Your sorrow for your late rash act, and prepares
To meet the free confession of your guilt
With a glad pardon.
Sfor. She was ever kind;
Let her behold me in a pleasing dream *(Kneels.)*
Thus, on my knees before her; (yet that duty
In me is not sufficient); let her see me
Compel my mother, from whom I took life,
And this my sister, partner of my being,
To bow thus low unto her;
Bite your tongues, vile creatures,
And let your inward horror fright your souls,
For having belied that pureness.
And for that dog Francisco, that seduced me,
I'll follow him to hell, but I will find him,
And there live a fourth Fury to torment him.
Then, for this cursed hand and arm that guided
The wicked steel, I'll have them, joint by joint,
With burning irons sear'd off, which I will eat,
I being a vulture fit to taste such carrion;
Lastly——

1 *Doct.* You are too loud, sir; you disturb
Her sweet repose.
Sfor. I am hush'd.
1 *Doct.* He's past hope. We can no longer
cover the imposture.

Re-enter PESCARA, *with* FRANCISCO, *as a Jew Doctor, and* EUGENIA *disguised.*

Fran. I am no god, sir,
To give a new life to her; yet I'll hazard
My head, I'll work the senseless trunk t'appear
To him as it had got a second being.
Pesc. Do but this,
Till we use means to win upon his passions
T'endure to hear she's dead with some small patience,
And make thy own reward.
Fran. The art I use
Admits no looker on: I only ask
The fourth part of an hour, to perfect that
I boldly undertake. Therefore command,
That instantly my pupil and myself
Have leave to make a trial of our skill
Alone and undisturbed.
Pesc. About it straight. [*Exit* EUGENIA.
Sfor. What stranger's this?
Pesc. Look up, sir, cheerfully:
Comfort in him flows strongly to you.
Sfor. Comfort! from whence came that sound?
Pesc. He is a man that can do wonders.
(*Beckons* FRANCISCO *to go, who Exit*).
Do not hinder
The dutchess' wish'd recovery, to enquire
Or what he is, or to give thanks, but leave him
To work this miracle.
Sfor. Sure, 'tis my good angel.

I do obey in all things—be it death
For any to disturb him, or come near,
Till he be pleased to call us. O be prosperous,
And make a duke thy bondman. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter FRANCISCO, *leading in* EUGENIA *clothed as the Body of* MARCELIA.

Fran. 'Tis my purpose—
I'll make the door fast—so—
Eug. Alas! I tremble
Thus to tyrannize upon and mock the dead,
Is most inhuman.
Fran. Come we for revenge,
And can we think on pity? If to enjoy
The wish'd-for sacrifice to thy lost honour,
Be in thy wavering thought a benefit,
Now art thou blest.
Eug. Ah me! what follows now?
Fran. What, but a full conclusion of our wishes?
Look on this flow'r, Eugenia—Such a thing
As yonder corpse, whose fatal robe you wear,
Must the pale wretch be summon'd to appear
In the grim court of death, whose senses taste
The poisonous powder scatter'd o'er its leaves—
Now mark, that when with rapturous lust,
Thinking the dead Marcelia reviv'd,
The duke shall fix his lips upon thy hand,
Hold fast the poison'd herb, till the fond fool
Has drunk his death-draught from thy hand he spurn'd.
Eug. I yield myself and cause up to be dispos'd
As thou think'st fit. *(Sits down veiled).*
Fran. Now to the upshot,
And, as it proves, applaud it.—My lord the duke!
Enter with joy, and see the sudden change
Your servant's hand hath wrought.

Re-enter SFORZA *and the rest.*

Sfor. I live again
In my full confidence that Marcelia may
Pronounce my pardon. Can she speak yet ?
Fran. No :
You must not look for all your joys at once ;
That will ask longer time.
Sfor. By all the dues of love I have had from her,
This hand seems as it was when first I kiss'd it.
Pesc. 'Tis wondrous strange !
Sfor. This act will bind e'en heaven your debtor.
The saints will smile and look on't—
Oh, I could ever feed upon this native
Sweetness. *(Kisses her hand again.)*

*(*EUGENIA *throws away the Flower, and sobs.)*

She wakes ! she lives! and I am blest again.

(She lifts up her Veil.)

Oh ! horror ! shield me from that face.
Eug. I can no more—thou'rt mark'd for death.
Pesc. Treason, treason !
Tib. Call up the guard.
Fran. Then we are lost.
Sfor. Speak.
Eug. This is—

Enter Guard.

Fran. Francisco.
Pesc. Monster of men !
Fran. Give me all attributes
Of all you can imagine, yet I glory
To be the thing I was born. I AM Francisco ;
Francisco, that was raised by you, and made
The minion of the time ; the same Francisco,
That would have us'd thy wife while she had life;
And, after, breathed a jealousy upon thee,
As killing as those damps that belch out plagues

When the foundation of the earth is shaken :
I made thee do a deed heaven will not pardon,
Which was—to kill an innocent.
Sfor. Call forth the tortures
For all that flesh can feel.
Fran. I dare the worst.
Only, to yield some reason to the world
Why I pursued this course—look on this face,
Made old by thy base falsehood : 'tis Eugenia.
Sfor. Eugenia !
Fran. Does it start you, sir ? my sister,
Seduced and fool'd by thee : but thou must pay
The forfeit of thy falsehood. Does it not work yet !—
Whate'er becomes of me, which I esteem not,
THOU art mark'd for the grave: I've given thee poison
In this cup, now observe me, which, thy lust
Carousing deeply of, made thee forget
Thy vow'd faith to Eugenia.
Pesc. O damn'd villain !
How do you, sir ?
Sfor. Like one
That learns to know in death what punishment
Waits on the breach of faith. Oh ! now I feel
An Ætna in my entrails.—I have lived
A prince, and my last breath shall be command.
—I burn, I burn ! yet ere life be consumed,
Let me pronounce upon this wretch all torture
That witty cruelty can invent.
Pesc. Away with him !
Tib. In all things we will serve you.
Fran. Farewell, sister !
Now I have kept my word, torments I scorn ;
I leave the world with glory. They are men,
And leave behind them name and memory,
That, wrong'd, do right themselves before they die. [*Exeunt Guard with* FRANCISCO.

Steph. A desperate wretch!
Sfor. I come: Death! I obey thee.
Yet I will not die raging; for, alas!
My whole life was a frenzy. Good Eugenia,
In death forgive me.—As you love me, bear her
To some religious house, there let her spend
The remnant of her life: when I am ashes,
Perhaps she'll be appeased, and spare a prayer
For my poor soul. Bury me with Marcelia,
And let our epitaph be— *(Dies.)*

THE END.

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Malcolm (a Scotch Naval Officer),	Mr. Sinclair.
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Matthew Sharpset (a resident in Surinam), ...	Mr. Jones.
Fogrum (a Londoner on his travels),	Mr. Liston.
Sam Sharpset (a Yorkshireman, his Mentor), ...	Mr. Emery.
Somerdyke (Agent to Lindenburg),	Mr. Taylor.
First Planter, ...	Mr. Treby.
Second Planter, ...	Mr. King.
Gambia (an African Slave), ...	Mr. Macready.
Officer, ...	Mr. Comer.
Provost, ...	Mr. Atkins.
Jailer, ...	Mr. Simmons.
Clifton's Child, ...	Miss Parsloe.
Mrs. Lindenburg, ...	Mrs. Egerton.
Stella Clifton, ...	Miss Matthews.
Miss Von Frump (a rich Lady of Surinam), ...	Mrs. Davenport.
Zelinda (a Quadroon Slave, beloved by Clifton), ...	Miss Stephens.

Indian Girls, Miss Carew, Mrs. Sterling, Miss M'Alpine.

SCENE—*Surinam.*

THE SLAVE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Sea-port in Surinam.—One side of the Stage occupied by Habitations of Wood, with striped Verandas.—Muslin Shades in lieu of Glass.—Orange Trees in fruit before the Doors.—On the other side a Fortification, Flag-staff, &c. backed by the view of a Bay.—Music.

Officer, SOMERDYKE, *Slaves, and Boy, discovered.*—SOMERDYKE *looking through a Telescope.*

GLEE.

Planters, Negro Girl, and Planters' Boy.

Planters' Boy. Blow, gentle gales, and on your wing
Our long-expected succours bring.
2d Planter. Look, look again!
1st Planter. 'Tis all in vain!
Boy. Lo! behold a pennant waving!
Planters & Girl. 'Tis the sea-birds' pinions laving!
All. Hark! a signal fills the air!
Planters. 'Tis the beething rocks resounding;
'Tis the hollow wave rebounding,
All. Wild as our hopes;—deep as our despair!

(Guns discharged, shouts heard at a distance).

Som. See! a fleet!

Offic. 'Tis the expected succour from England. Hoist the colours!

(*Inhabitants rush in*).

Som. My friends, the Colony is safe!—Surinam is preserved—here are our deliverers!

Enter Planter.

Offic. March out the garrison.

(*The Citadel Gates are thrown open, and Soldiers march out*).

(Governor *and Train enter—Soldiers present arms*).

Plant. Make room, the Governor is landing.

1 *Off.* Hail to the noble Governor of Surinam!

1 *Plant.* All happiness to your Excellency! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

(*Inhabitants join in cheering the* Governor).

Gov. There, that will do very well: really, your flattering welcome is so beyond my humble merits, that I am at a loss to account for this very warm reception, (*Fanning himself with his hat*) and this overpowering affection, (*Pushing them aside, as they press on him*).

Plant. Are you not come to save our lives?

Gov. Oh, that's it.

Som. Is not the negro rebellion at its heighth? And, but for your presence, wouldn't every Dutchman be massacred?

Gov. Aye, that accounts for your regard for me very satisfactorily. Well, now, as we perfectly understand each other, we'll proceed to business. It seems then, that the negro rebellion is in full vigour and triumph.

Som. O, dreadful! I dare say there are now a hundred in ambush in my plantation; so, pray, go there directly.

Gov. Thank you, kind, Sir, a thousand times. What use have the revolted negroes made of their acquired liberty?

Som. To burn, insult, and massacre even their own countrymen.

Gov. Indeed! then have at them; for on none can the chastisement of severity be more justly visited, than on those who pervert the noblest prerogative of man, into man's bitterest curse. *(Pointing to Slaves, who are ranged in the back scene).* Those, I suppose, are my slaves? (Officer *bows assent).* Are they all faithful?

Off. All! *(Slaves bow, and then call out,* "Gambia! Gambia!")

Gov. Gambia! what does that mean?

Off. 'Tis the name of a favourite slave—they wish him to address you.

Gov. Gambia, stand forth!

Gam. (Advancing). These slaves offer to their master the homage of their obedience, the humble pledge of their fidelity. For their faults, they solicit your mercy—for their helplessness, they entreat your pity—for their wrongs, they implore your protection—So, may you live in freedom, die in the arms of your children, and your spirit be wafted to the promised land of your fathers.

Gov. Well, this speech has, at any rate, one strong recommendation belonging to it—'tis a short one—But, come hither, Gambia, you say, *they* entreat, *they* implore—have *you* nothing to offer?

Gam. No.

Gov. No petition to present?

Gam. None.

Gov. No misery to endure?

Gam. Misery! Sir, I am a slave:—In that, all human wretchedness is comprehended.

Gov. Have you been long a slave?

Gam. Oh, for ages.

Off. Not a twelvemonth, your Excellency.

Gov. I understand him—I declare I fancy him—I dare say he's a good sort of rascal, for I don't see the mark of the whip.

Gam. Whip! Patience, kind Heaven! Sir, I am of giant strength—the negro's toils, performed with groans, and paid with stripes, are to me boyish pastime: Nature has kindly fitted me to my fate.

Gov. I think not; you have not merited your wretched lot.

Gam. Indeed, Sir, I have.

Gov. Your story—

Gam. Is soon told. In Africa I was a slave.

Gov. A slave?

Gam. The vilest—the slave of fierce ambition; revell'd in luxuries purchased by blood; stimulated by Europe's baubles, hunted my fellow-men—But the hunter was taken in the toils; just, full retribution, even to the uttermost pang, is now my doom; that freedom I denied to others, is now far from my hopes as hell from heaven; that country, stained with my crimes, sends its burning breeze across the main, to fire my brain to madness. That innocent man I sold to slavery—he has pardon'd me. Can I forgive myself?

Off. He does all he can, poor fellow, to atone—performs the labour of both.

Gov. Indeed! Why did you not join your rebellious countrymen here?

Gam. Because there is a state worse than slavery—liberty engendered by treachery, nursed by rapine, and invigorated by cruelty.

Gov. I shall think of him. My portfolio. (*Portfolio is brought by Secretary, which he opens*). See these instructions forwarded to the proper officers. (*Officer distributes them among the Slaves*). This letter to the Provost—these to the estate of Mrs. Lindenburg.

Gam. Be those my care.

[*Exit in great haste.*

Gov. His alacrity pleases me.

Off. 'Tis *love* gives him speed; for at Mrs. Lindenburg's lives a female Quadroon slave, named Zeliuda.

Gov. What, Captain Clifton's mistress?

Off. The same.

Gov. Why, those letters announce Clifton's return.

Off. Poor Gambia! did he know their contents, they'd be the heaviest burden he ever groaned under. His business in Europe was to purchase her freedom.

Gov. True; but in an evil hour Clifton fell among sharpers and gamesters—the hard-earned gains of a soldier became the prey of cowardly plunderers, and he returns to Surinam poorer than he left it. Who have we here?

Som. The Dutch Ladies of the Colony come to welcome your Excellency.

Enter Miss Von Frump, *and Ladies, attended by Slaves, bearing Umbrellas and Fans.*

Miss V. F. In the name of the fair inhabitants, I, their representative, congratulate your

Excellency on your return to Surinam. Have you forgot me, Governor?

Gov. Forgot you!—time, Madam, has as vainly been employed in erasing you from my memory, as I see his efforts have been unavailing in lessening the charms of the late Miss Von Frump—but what your name now is—?

Miss V. F. Oh, Miss Von Frump still.

Gov. Forbid it, gallantry—forbid it, taste!

Miss V. F. Ah, General, I have abandon'd the hope—pshaw! I mean the wish, of altering my virgin state—so much so, that I have sent for my nephew from England, to adopt him as my heir. My family, Sir, the Dutch Frumps, form'd an alliance with the English Fogrums.

Gov. Indeed! then Madam, I had the honour of being shipmate with the representative of the Frumps and the Fogrums.

Miss V. F. And is he a charming youth?

Gov. You shall judge for yourself, for he is now landing; and that you may judge the better, suppose for a few moments you conceal your name from him.

Miss V. F. Admirable thought! he will then speak of me with unembarrass'd gratitude and affection.

Gov. Probably.

[FOGRUM *without.*]

Fog. There, I'll give you no more; so, go along, ye horrid men of tar.

Sailors. (*Without*). Ha! ha!

Enter FOGRUM, *and two Sailors.*

Fog. (*To Sailors*). I tell you, it won't do; I that know every fare from the bridges down

to Limehouse-hole—What, you won't go? Holloa, York, you're wanted.

Enter SAM SHARPSET—*he sends off Sailors.*

Miss V. F. Who is that?

Gov. His name is Sharpset: he's his Yorkshire mentor, Hearing of tricks upon travellers, he hired this Yorkshireman, and united, they consider themselves a match for the keenest.

FOGRUM *and* SHARPSET *advance.*

Fog. Ha! ha! ha! try to take us in! No, no, that won't do, I say, Garlic Hill and Black Hamilton an't easy beat.

Miss V. F. I vow, he seems agreeable at a distance.

Gov. Yes, at a distance he is very agreeable.

Fog. Well, here we are at last, on sound terrestrial terrumfirmum ground. Do you know, that tho' as yet I've seen nothing but water and sky, I somehow feel amazingly improved by my travels (*looking about, and stretching his limbs*). Oh, there's old Governor —how tired I was of seeing his ill-looking countenance!

Gov. (*Overhearing*). What's that?

Fog. Upon my honour, I did not mean you should hear me—I only—that is—I meant—no, I did not—yes, I—York, you're wanted (*handing* Sam Sharpset *to* Governor).

Sam S. Yes, your Excellency, he only meant—he was tired of seeing—

Gov. My ill-looking countenance!

Sam S. No, your countenance looking ill—that was it.

Fog. Lud a mercy! I'm afraid I've said something pointed.

Sam S. Don't you be frighten'd about that.

Fog. I should be shocked, Governor, if I was too hard for you.

Gov. So should I, believe me—Now attend me to the citadel. Madam, good morning.

[*Exit, attended.*

Fog. Why, York, only think—I declare they have got ladies here!

Sam S. Ladies! to be sure they have, or how—In short, 'tis quite natural there should be ladies, you know—I say, ask one of them about your old aunt, that's going to die, and leave you all her money.

Fog. I will—(*He addresses Miss* Von Frump)—Ma'am, permit a youth, well known in the region of the Tower Hamlets, *sitiated* in Europe, to enquire if in any of your West *Inge* streets, you happen to know a superannuated Dutch Frow, named Von Frump?

Miss V. F. If 'tis *Miss* Von Frump you mean—

Fog. Yes, that's her; she never had the luck to get married—nobody never would have her. You must know, Ma'am, I am imported here on rather a sepulchral concern—the old girl finding herself kicking, sent for me to be her heir.

(*She turns away disgusted*).

—Ah! you turn away—I see how it is, but I'm prepared for the worst—I've brought a black coat with me—Oh! (*weeps*).

Miss V. F. Dry your tears, young man, for

Miss Von Frump is not only alive, but never enjoyed higher health than at this moment.

Fog. Ah, that won't do—He! he! he!—You want to make me cry in earnest.

Miss V. F. In earnest!

Fog. He! he! you only say that to frighten me—yes, you do—high health truly—why, her hearing's quite gone.

Miss V. F. Indeed!

Fog. And as for her lungs, poor miserable soul, she can't use them.

Miss V. F. Can't she? That shall be tried, however. Ah hem! know, thou degenerate Fogrum, that Miss Von Frump stands before you!

(SAM SHARPSET *whistles*).

—Who, in a fit of absurd caprice, could not be satisfied till she had seen you—I have seen you, and am quite satisfied.

Fog. Now, here's a pretty swindle! (*to* Sam Sharpset).

Sam S. Be quiet.

Fog. Why, 'tis false pretences.

Miss V. F. Wretch! hear my last words.

Fog. (*With alacrity*). Your last words! with the greatest pleasure.

Miss V. F. Finally to extinguish your hopes, know, I will this day send my promise of espousal to the elegant Mr. Sharpset.

Fog. York, that's your name—There's a Sharpset here already.

Sam S. I shou'dn't wonder; the Sharpsets are a very increasing family.

Miss V. F. Yes, I will marry, tho' 'tis to one of my own black slaves.

Fog. Now don't; why, to spite me, punish an innocent man? My dear old aunt, I can't

bear it—I—that is, you—no—York, you're wanted.

Sam S. That you should be connubially inclined, Madam, is quite natural; the wonderment is, the ceremony is yet to be perform'd.

Miss V. F. Hem! (*smiles*).

Sam S. But why talk of black slaves, when those of a prettier complexion would be proud to be slaves to so bonny a lady. Ha! (*sighs*)—that will do it! (*aside*).

Miss V. F. His friend makes atonement.

Sam S. I've settled it (*to* Fogrum). It's all right enough now.

Miss V. F. But how, Sir, can you excuse that unfeeling Fogrum?

Sam S. Why, Ma'am, you must know that he's fallen so desperately in love with Captain Clifton's sister, Miss Stella, that I verily think it has damaged his lunatics—Love, you know, Ma'am, makes strange combustion wi' us, *suspectible* swains—heigho!

Miss V. F. Well, if love be his malady, I may perhaps not utterly discard him!—Slaves! (*they advance*).

Fog. Oh lud!

Sam S. Don't you be frighten'd.

Miss V. F. Conduct these gentlemen where they may obtain refreshment.

(*Slaves hold Umbrellas over their heads, and a Female precedes each, fanning them*).

Sam S. I say, 'Squire Fogrum. (*Chucking Slave under the chin*).

Fog. What?

Sam S. Nothing.

Fog. York!

Sam S. Eh!

Fog. You're not wanted.

[*Exeunt under the Canopies.*

Miss V. F. Here comes a liberal importation of officers, and who knows but after a voyage, uncheered by the rays of beauty, that I may dazzle, and they may adore.—A lady with them! pshaw! they are a drug in the market already.

Enter Captains CLIFTON *and* MALCOLM, *with* STELLA. *Other Officers enter and pass off, bowing to* STELLA.

Clift. Welcome, my dear Stella, after shipwreck and sorrow, welcome to Surinam. Ah, Miss Von Frump, give me leave to introduce—

Miss V. F. Your wife, I suppose.

Clift. My sister, Madam.

Miss V. F. (*Aside*). Then there's hopes.

Clift. You know I left my heart at Surinam.

Miss V. F. (*Simpering*). I know! How should I know, Captain?

Clift. Tell me of my Zelinda—where?

Miss V. F. (*Snappishly*). I know nothing of other folks' slaves—plague enough with my own. Ah, Miss, you have come into a sad country for changing your condition into that connubial state religion enjoins.

Malc. Faith, Madam, we Britons o' the North are famed all the world over for foreknowledge and second-sight; so, to prevent so severe an affliction to so bonny a lassie, I've struck the flag of Independence, swore allegiance to Love, and hope to pilot her into the haven of Matrimony.

Miss V. F. What, he engaged too!—the devil's in the men, I think! [*Exit.*

Clift. Stella, adieu! I fly to Mrs. Lindenburg, to prepare her to receive the embraces of my dearest sister.

Stella. Very prettily said; but which I interpret—I fly to Mrs. Lindenburg, to prepare Zelinda to receive the embraces of her dearest Clifton.

Clift. Well, be it so. Can I forget that Zelinda preserved my life, nay more, blest, endeared, gave value to the life she saved? Never. Farewell! I'll soon return. Excuse—

Malc. Away with you—To leave a lad and lassie together, requires a far shorter apology than ye seem inclined to honour us with.

Clift. Well, defend your prize, for here comes an enemy to attack it. So stand to your guns, brave Captain— [*Exit.*

Enter Fogrum *and* Sam Sharpset.

Fog. Bless my soul! 'tis shocking sultry—I declare I'm all in a melt.

Sam S. (Slapping his cheek). Damn the musquitoes!

Fog. Celestial heaven! do my ocular eyes deceive me? No, 'tis my sweetheart, Miss Stella —La! I'm so glad. And so, you've been at the bottom of the sea, Miss—Any thing to be seen there? And pray, Miss, how did you get up again?

Stella. By the intrepid exertions of this gentleman (*taking* Malcolm's *hand*).

Fog. (*Getting between them*). Well, you need not trouble yourself to thank him, because I'll do something very genteel for him.

(Malcolm *takes* Fogrum *by the shoulder, and turns him from* Stella).

—Now that's much more familiar than agreeable.

Malc. } Ha! ha! ha!
Stella. }

Fog. Oh, I don't mind folks laughing at me. I've made my mind up about that, or I should have a pretty time of it. But, Sir, I demand—that is, I request—that is, I beg—that is—York, you're wanted—I say, here's a fellow pretends—

Sam S. Never mind, be quiet—I'll soon settle him.

Fog. Yes, we'll do for him; but don't let us be too hard upon the poor wretch.

Sam S. Hem! I say, Captain, a word or two, if you please.

Mal. Well, Sir, what are your commands?

Sam S. Wheugh! (*Whistles*).

Fog. What's the matter?

Sam S. A Scotchman!

Mal. Yes, Sir; and what then?

Sam S. Only, Sir, I give in—I know my place—I yield—It's all settled.

Fog. Settled! why an't you a match—?

Sam S. A Yorkshireman a match for a Scotchman! Lord help you!

Fog. Why, I thought you were far north—

Sam S. Yes, just far enough to know who's farther. Why, bless you, when they come into Yorkshire, we say—"How do ye do, gentlemen? Pray walk on—Don't stop for the want of a little money—that's the road to the South—good journey, gentlemen."—Lord bless you, we know well enough what we are about, mun.

Fog. Come here—If I was you, I tell you what I'd do—I'd say something damn'd clever to him.

Sam S. Would you? Well, I'll try; but its no use.

Mal. What gars ye glower se, mon?

Sam S Oh, I'm not at all surpris'd at seeing you here; for, go where you will, you are sure to find a Scotchman.

Mal. Then, gang where you wull, you are sure to meet with exemplary industry, uncorruptible integrity, and unquestion'd courage.

Sam S. There, I told you it was no use—so come along.

Fog. He little suspects how I'll give it him, some day. [*Exeunt.*

Mal. And will the blithsome day ever come, when I shall welcome the girl of my heart to my native Highland home?

SONG—*Malcolm.*

My Highland home, where tempests blow,
And cold thy wint'ry looks,
Thy mountains crown'd wi' driven snow,
And ice-bound are thy brooks;
But colder far's the Briton's heart,
However far he roam,
To whom these words no joy impart—
"My native Highland home!"
Then gang wi' me to Scotland dear,
We ne'er again will roam,
And with thy smile so bonny, cheer
My native Highland home.

When summer comes, the heather-bell
Shall tempt thy feet to rove;
The cushat dove within the dell,
Invite to peace and love:
For blithsome is the breath of day,
And sweet's the bonny broom,
And pure the dimpling rills that play
Around my Highland home.
Then gang wi' me, &c.

SCENE II.

Portrait of a Mangrove Tree.

Enter ZELINDA, *who leans despondingly against the Tree.*

Enter Mrs. LINDENBURG, *with* ZELINDA'S *Child.*

Mrs. L. My little adopted, where did you leave your mother? where is Zelinda?

Child. There, under the mangrove tree—Mother!

(Runs to Zelinda, *who advances).*

Mrs. L. My poor Zelinda! what, still drooping, still in tears?

Zel. Good Lady, dearest Mistress, do not think your poor slave ungrateful—indeed I feel all your goodness till my poor heart aches with its burthen. Ah Lady! none but the depised can feel how sweet it is not to be despised.

Mrs. L. Nay, I only fulfil a pleasing duty, made more grateful by a promise I made to Clifton, that in his absence——

Zel. Oh! think you, Madam, he will return? You avert your eye—Alas! I know that love for poor Zelinda may fly from his bosom, but I know that honour cannot—He will not forget he is a father.

(Turning to the Child, and enfolding it, continuing to look at it with affection).

Enter Servant, *who delivers Letters.*

Mrs. L. Letters from Europe — from my dear son, Lindenburg—then he will soon be here—Ah! *(Aside)* One in Clifton's character. Till I know its contents, she shall be ignorant of its arrival—Follow me, and rejoice, for my first request to Lindenburg, will be the freedom of Zelinda, and my little adopted Englishman.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* Lindenburg, *and Child.*

Gam. (Without) Zelinda!

Zel. Who calls?

Gam. Zelinda!

Zel. Gambia here!

Enter GAMBIA.

Gam. Even that wretch—Do not avoid me.

Zel. Gambia, forget, and leave me.

Gam. Leave you! Bid the parched traveller in the desert avoid the fountains—thou art the only sweet that's mingled in my cup of bitterness—When the task of toil is done, and I ask the moon with its cold dews to bathe my throbbing brow, and the night winds to allay the fever that consumes me, 'tis thy image that shields me from despair, thou art my sun, I live but in thy light—thy words, my food; my drink, thy balmy breath.

Zel. Gambia, I must not, will not hear you.

Gamb. Ah! still vainly hoping for the ingrate who has abandoned thee; think'st thou he will return? or, grant he comes, will it not be to spurn thy proffer'd love? What, constancy or gratitude to a slave! The white cheek

of Europe would be crimsoned at the monstrous indignity—

Zel. Gambia, you tear my heart, and basely wrong the father of my child.

Gam. Thy child! ungrateful woman, must I remind thee, when roused by thy shrieks, I found the huge Aboma serpent had twined its hideous folds around thy sleeping infant—when all else fled the scaly monster, I alone dared the deadly conflict; grappled his hideous crest, buried my hatchet in his brain, and woke thee from thy death-cold trance, by the warm embraces of thy preserved child.

Zel. Oh, think me not ungrateful—can I forget it? Never!

Gam. And can I forget how Zelinda hung upon my neck; strained me to her arms—her heaving bosom pressed against my throbbing heart—forget—not love! What, plunge me in flame, and tell me not to burn—place heaven before me, and bid me not adore! (*Kneels*).

(*Mrs.* LINDENBURG, *without*).

Mrs. L. Happy Zelinda! Clifton is returned!

Gam. Returned! (*starting up*).

Zel. Blessed moment! Gambia, farewell—

Gam. Stay, I command thee, and mark my words—Europe's cold sons may sink into nerveless apathy; but Afric's fiery children know no sleep of passion—Liberty lost, love unrequited, hope extinguished!—what remains to fill this bosom, but revenge, precious, sweet revenge! Let your proud son of freedom tremble at the vengeance of a slave.

Enter Child.

Child. Mother, my father's coming!

Gam. (*Seizing him*). Ah! his son—

Zel. Mercy! mercy!

Child. Why do you cry, mother? This is dear Gambia, that saved my life. You hold me so far from you, Gambia, I cannot kiss you.

Gam. His mother's voice! his mother's smile! (*kisses him*)—Fiends could not harm thee—Lost, lost for ever! (*rushes out*).

Clift. (*Without*). Where is she, where is my Zelinda?

Enter Clifton.

(*Entering*). My boy—my beloved!

Zel. What, still beloved of Clifton! Art thou then the same?

Clift. Yes; for even poverty has not forsaken me. I possess'd the means of rescuing the objects of my fondest love, from slavery's chains; but intemperance surrounded, temptation beckoned, avarice pushed me on, ruin followed, and with it bitterest repentance.

Zel. That heaven, the christian path to which you taught me to tread, will not desert us, therefore dearest friend—

Clift. Friend! is that a lover's welcome?

Zel. Clifton, hear me. The sacred truths you taught me, I believed—believing, I obey. I still may be thy tender, faithful friend—still a fond mother to this helpless boy—still the slave of man, but not the slave of vice.

Clift. Sweet monitress! how well she instructs me in my duty! Look up, dear suffering virtue, and rejoice, for this day heaven

shall receive our vows—Yes, this day makes thee a wife!

Zel. Best of men!—kneel with me, my boy —lift up thy innocent hands, in thanks, in gratitude—

Clift. Rise, and share my heart! (*raises them*). These precious moments I have stolen from duty—that dispatched, I will return.

Zel. Stay—I must guard you against a danger—there is a slave called Gambia—

Clift. What of him?

Zel. With a too partial eye he has seen—

Clift. He loves thee, Zelinda.

Zel. Alas!

Clift. Presumptuous—

Zel. Nay, we owe him gratitude, for he preserved this darling's life. Avoid him, Clifton, for he threatens dreadful vengeance; and to his nation, revenge is virtue

Clift. Fear nothing—I will be all you wish. Come, my boy.

Zel. And must you go so soon? Farewell! [*Exit* Clifton.

—Go, and make known to all, thy mother's happiness. [*Exit* Child.

—What sounds are those?—Ah, the note of the mocking-bird. Sweet songstress, thou who hast so often echoed my strains of woe, now strive to emulate the song of joy.

SONG—*Zelinda.*

Living Echo! Bird of eve!
Hush thy wailing—cease to grieve!
Feather'd warbler, wake the grove
To notes of joy—to songs of love!
Pretty Mocking-bird—thy form I see
Swinging with the breeze, on the mangrove tree!

SCENE III.

A View of a Sugar Plantation—Buildings arranged on each side—The centre of the Stage occupied by a Plantation of Sugar Canes—Negro Huts in the back ground.

SHARPSET *and* Planters, *without.*

Sharp. But, gentlemen, only till to-morrow.

1 *Plant.* Nonsense, I will be paid; or to jail you go.

They enter.

Sharp. Really, gentlemen, this is very hard usage; very hard indeed, not to hear me, when I was going to pay you all—

2 *Plant.* To pay us all!

Sharp. Yes, going to pay you all—a compliment.

1 *Plant.* Nonsense!

Sharp. I'll give you—

2 *Plant.* What?

Sharp. My honor—

1 *Plant.* Pugh! give us the truth.

Sharp. The truth do you want? Then by my soul you shall have it—ye vultures, ye cormorants, have not I made all your fortunes? Did I ever honor a bill when it became due? and when I have paid you on a Monday, did I ever let Tuesday pass without borrowing again? What, cage the decoy-duck, when a flock of wild ones are in sight? Is not a fleet arrived laden with commodities, exclusively consigned to my use?

1 *Plant.* What commodities?

Sharp. Fools! are articles of certain importation, and always marketable. Behold a couple of victims that shall be sacrificed to appease you. Stand back, I say, and give me room.—

(*They retire*).

Enter FOGRUM *and* SAM SHARPSET.[1]

Fog. Ecod, 'tis well I brought these bills of credit—what I call the transformables—or we might have been worserer off than the Blackies.

Sam S. I say, look there—that's a great man—how they gather round him, just like a parcel of Legs round a Pigeon at Doncaster races.

Fog. He's coming this way. Suppose I call up a smile, and risk a bow?

Sharp. (*Advancing*). Strangers and countrymen—a double claim to my protection.

Fog. There's for you! Great Sir, I am a man—no—yes—that is, we—York, you're wanted.

Sharp. We are both strangers, noble Sir, but not both countrymen, because he's a Londoner—and—(*Looking up at him*)—Eh! no, sure—why it is—Lud a mercy! May I just ask your noble name?

Sharp. Matthew Sharpset, Esquire.

Sam S. 'Tis him—huzza! (*Snaps his fingers*). 'Tis brother Matty! Yorkshire for ever! Why, Matty, hast thou forgotten little Sammy?

Sharp. The devil!—Ah, little Sammy, is it you? How do you do? What, you heard of my greatness, eh, little Sammy, and so—

Sam S. Bless you, not I—all your kin-folk thought you were drowned—I own I did not

draw that conclusion myself. I say, what a fine thing brotherly love is?

Sharp. Oh, delightful!

Sam S I conclude now, this is all your fine estate that we see here.

Sharp. No, my estate's quite out of sight. Your friend, Mr. —

Fog. Fogrum.

Sharp. A very ancient name. The Sharpsets have always depended on the Fogrums. What may those bits of paper be, Sir?

Fog. Bills, and letters of credit, Sir.

Sharp. (*Taking one*). Nobody understands credit better than I.

Fog. I suppose I shall want money.

Sharp. I think it very likely. (*Taking another.*)

Fog. I must see what's to be seen, you know —I didn't come here for nothing.

Sharp. Nor shall you remain here for nothing—(*Taking another*).

Fog. These must be cashed—they are indorsed.

Sharp. My dear Sir, my people will fly to effect it.—(*With authority*) Come here all of you.—(*Apart to them*) There, gorge on your quarry, vultures.—(*Aloud*) Begone!

[*Exeunt Creditors.*

Sam S. How attentive they are to you.

Sharp. Yes! Damn them! (*Aside*).

Fog. I suppose they'll keep the money safe?

Sharp. You may depend upon it. And have not you brought some little investment? Eh, Sammy?

Sam S. Just to turn the honest penny like— I've brought some skaits.

Sharp. Skaits! the greatest rarity here.

Sam S. Ah! I thought so—and some double-mill'd drab great-coats, lined with flannel.

Sharp. Faugh! (*fanning himself*)—A hit, Sammy—there is not such a thing in the colony.

Sam S. Ah! let me alone.

Sharp. Any thing else?

Sam S. Only a little matter of treacle, and pig-tailed backy—

Sharp. To the West Indies—Any coals?

Sam S. No coals.

Sharp. Those of course you sent to Newcastle—Well, gentlemen, if I can further serve you—

Fog. Kind Sir, if you could reconcile me to my aunt, Miss Von Frump—you must know the old girl wants to be married.

Sharp. (*Aside*). Yes, I do know that.

Fog. And so we have planned—excuse my mentioning it, but we are a couple of deep ones —He! he!

Sharp. Ah, my dear Sir, you need not mention that.

Fog. York, here, is to marry her, and we are to go snacks.

Sharp. (*Aside*) Zounds! the key-stone of my hopes undermined — I must counter-plot. Really, (*leaning on* Fogrum's *shoulders*) Sir, you are too much for us poor fellows. (*To* Fogrum).

Sam S. Ah, Matty, Matty, thou'rt at thy old tricks of bamboozeling and flummerying.

Sharp. Hush!—I would not attempt imposing on your good sense.

Sam S. My good sense—Come, no flattery—it won't do with me.

Sharp. Won't it—I'll try—I only said it, to see if my brother retained the same frank

heart, as I perceive he does the same open, handsome countenance.

Sam S. Why, there's no alteration for the worse there, I believe.

Sharp. Ha! ha! For the present, adieu! I'll meet you at Miss Von Frump's.

Fog. We shall easily find you out.

Sharp. (Aside) I hope not. Oh yes—the fact is, I'm more known here, than suits either my wishes or convenience. Beware of impostors!

Fog. Your caution is, I dare say, very well meant—but let them match York Minster—

Sam S. And Bow bell—if they can.

[*Exeunt* Fogrum *and* Sam Sharpset.

Enter Captain CLIFTON.

Captain Clifton! welcome, heartily welcome!

Clift. Ah, Sharpset. you here too!—You remember I became your security for 500 dollars, which——

Sharp. Oh, my infernal stars! that the warm joy of meeting an old friend, must be chilled by the consciousness of a pecuniary obligation.

Clift. Nay, I mention'd the Bond only, because I unluckily feel an inability to discharge it for you.

(Enter Slave, *who delivers a Letter to* SHARPSET*).*

But, Sharpset, why don't you marry? there's your old flame, Miss Von Frump—

Sharp. Egad, your question's a-propos—for here's the kind soul's connubial promise—

but liberty, precious liberty! while I can, I'll keep thee—for 'tis nobler to suffer a creditor to say—"You profligate, I put you into jail," than for a wife to say—"You shab, I took you out of one." [*Exit.*

Enter Governor *and Officers, followed by Planters.*

Clift. Governor, this unlooked for honour—

Gov. Clifton, this night we give to festivity—to-morrow must see you in the field—I have appointed you to command the expedition against the rebel negroes. Here are your instructions—Captain Malcolm, yours.

1 *Plant.* And, brave Captain, shew no mercy.

Clift. Sir!

1 *Plant.* Why, they shew no mercy to us Christians.

Clift. That is the very reason, if we are Christians, that we should shew mercy to them.

Gov. But where is the bride?

Clift. The church's rites are performed, and the slaves have made a festival; I think I hear their music. My Zelinda comes!

(An Indian Procession—At the end of which, Zelinda *is brought on, upon Slaves' shoulders—others dancing round her. She descends, and embraces* Clifton*).*

Clift. I present my bride to your Excellency.

Gov. A most interesting creature!

Zel. Oh, my husband! this great, this unmerited blessing! thanks, dear countrymen!

thanks, fellow slaves! All that remains is to drink from the calabash of mutual love. Give me the cup—Who has prepared it?

(Gambia *slowly advances*).

Gam. It is here. *(Eyeing* Clifton *with fierceness).*

Zel. Gambia! how terrible he looks! Alas, I dare not drink—I fear.

Clift. Ah, 'tis poison!

Gam. Poison to Zelinda, and by Gambia's hand! (*Falls on his knees*) God of my fathers, hear me—If one thought of ill to her dwell here, change this balmy juice indeed to poison! May withering torments blast my youthful strength, and may my wandering spirit ne'er find those bowers of bliss, which for the wretched slave, kind mercy has prepared. *(Drinks from the Goblet, then rises).*

Zel. Gambia, forgive me! Alas, how I have wronged you—But, oh! one blessing for my husband!

(Gambia *dashes the Calabash on the ground, and rushes out—A musket is fired*).

Enter an Officer.

Off. General, be on your guard—The rebel force advances—they threaten this plantation.

Gov. That must be prevented — Captain Malcolm, advance with your marines—

[*Exit* Malcolm.

—Arm the faithful slaves. [*Exeunt* Slaves.

Gov. Where's Gambia?

Clift. Doubtless, he has joined the rebels.

Enter GAMBIA.

Gam. Who calls for Gambia?

Gov. You see, Clifton, you are mistaken.

Clift. 'Tis fit he be secured.

Gam. Secured!

Gov. No, I will trust him—give him a sword. (*Takes one from Aid-de-Camp*).

Gam. You have found the way to secure Gambia.

Enter SOMERDYKE.

Som. The foe's at hand; they have fired the plantation—Beware of ambush.

Gov. Clifton, expect your succour instantly —follow me.

[*Exeunt* Governor, Gambia, Somerdyke, *and Attendants.*

Clift. Retire, dearest Zelinda.

Zel. Let me but share your danger—

Clift. No, no—thy presence would unman me—Go, go—'tis too late.

(*During this, rebel Negroes have peeped from the Canes—they steal out, and suddenly attack* Clifton, *who retreats, combating them.* Zelinda *shrieks, and falls*).

Enter GAMBIA.

Gam. What shriek was that? What do I see?—my hated rival in the rebels' power—strike home—they have him down, they bear him away—now I'm revenged!

Zel. Oh! mercy! mercy!

Gam. That voice!

Zel. Is there no pity for a wretched wife?

Gam. It is that voice that never called in

vain! Yes, proud Briton, thou shalt feel, and own my power! [*Exit.*

Zel. Ah! Gambia rushes on him!—No, he battles on his side!—he preserves him!

GAMBIA *enters, bearing in* CLIFTON.

Gam. There—there is the man you love! (*Giving* Clifton *in her arms*).

Zel. Generous, beloved Gambia! Look up, dearest Clifton, and with me bless your deliverer!

Clift. African! not for my life preserved, but in atonement for the wrongs I did your noble nature, behold me bend before thee.

Gam. Ah! my proud rival, have I brought you there? Why, this is noble vengeance. Pray, Sir, rise—Zelinda, thy hand—One sigh for expiring hope—one tear to the memory of my love—'tis past—there! (*He joins their hands*). And, happy Briton, love her as well as I have done, and my Zelinda's—your Zelinda's virtues will be rewarded!

Enter SOMERDYKE *and* Slaves, *armed.*

Som. Their numbers increase: their fury is directed against the slaves of this plantation, for their fidelity to their mistress.

Gam. Perhaps I may thwart their vengeance. Then return, and watch thy safety.

Zel. Oh, Gambia, think of Clifton—should he fall—

Gam. Take comfort; he will not—at least of this be certain, alone he shall not fall. [*Exit.*

Malc. (*Without*). Heave a-head, my hearts!

[*Enters with Marines.*]

—Here make your stand—here's the danger.

(*Soldiers rush on, and armed Slaves*).

[*Drum beats.*]

Clift. Advance, and clear the canes of those that ambush there. There's the road—I know you'll follow, when your Captain tells you it leads to victory.

Zel. Or to death. (*Sighs*).

FINALE.

Zelinda.

Ah! If in this dread hour of sorrow,
Should thy glory set in night;

Clifton and Stella.

Heaven may grant a kind to-morrow,
Warm with hope, with pleasure bright.

Malcolm and Chorus.

Now, ye brave, let us on,—your vengeance bestow,—
Those dastards in ambush confounding!
The war-cry of England resounding,
Triumph to freedom! and death to every foe!

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Sea-port in Surinam.—One side of the Stage occupied by Habitations of Wood, with striped Verandas.—Muslin Shades in lieu of Glass.—Orange Trees in fruit before the Doors.—On the other side a Fortification, Flag-staff, &c. backed by the view of a Bay.

Enter Attendants bearing Luggage, followed by LINDENBURG.

Lind. So, once more at home—Well, Sir?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mrs. Lindenburg is inform'd of her son's arrival, and hastens here to meet him.

Lind. I will wait her coming. Proceed with the baggage. [*Exeunt Attendants.* —After years of absence, welcome the new world, where, under my real name of Lindenburg, I hope to conceal the vices of the Chevalier Alkmar, which expelled me from the old. Is that my mother? Let me rejoice that the returned prodigal has virtue enough to feel the throb of affection at beholding the author of his being.

Enter Mrs. LINDENBURG.

Mrs. L. My dearest Lindenburg!

Lind. My honour'd mother!

Mrs. L. My long-lost, my beloved son, what anxieties have I not suffer'd—my letters unanswered—unwelcome reports—

Lind. Come, come, the bright hour that unites us, must not be clouded with the melancholy shadows of the past.

Mrs. L. True, my son; and your arrival to-day will give gladness to more than a fond mother, who has a favour to solicit.

Lind. Rather say, Madam, who has a command to honour me with.

Mrs. L. Best of sons! 'tis the emancipation of a female slave and her child.

Lind. Is the document ready? I'll sign it instantly.

Mrs. L. It shall be prepared. 'Tis a romantic circumstance, for her husband is an Officer in the English army—a Captain Clifton.

Lind. (*Starts*). Clifton!

Mrs. L. You start! you are agitated!

Lind. No, no—only the name is familiar to me—Precious mischief! (*Aside*).

Mrs. L. The money he had provided for purchasing her freedom, he was plundered of, by one Chevalier Alkmar—

Lind. (*Apart*). So, so, all is known—

Mrs. L. Who made insolent pretensions to his sister's hand, and drew on himself the chastisement of Clifton—Do you know the lovely Stella?

Lind. I have seen her, and certainly think her handsome—Now, proud beauty, 'tis my turn to tyrannize. (*Aside*).

Mrs. L. Come then, and give freedom to poor Zelinda.

Lind. Hold! would it not grace the gift, if

the parties were present?—Suppose you prepare a little festival on the occasion.

Mrs. L. My dear son, this is worthy of you —I'll about it instantly—Happy, happy mother! [*Exit.*

Lind. The wife and child of the hated Clifton, my slaves! Why, this is perfect vengeance! Fortune, I now acquit thee: thou owest me nothing. But hold—if I meet Clifton, my assumed name of Alkmar, the foul disgrace that fell on me, when this faithless arm betrayed its master, will fill the public ear, will rend a mother's heart. Could I perfect my revenge, and yet conceal my shame! Ay, but how?

Enter SOMERDYKE.

Som. Noble Sir, welcome to Surinam!

Lind. Ah! my agent, Somerdyke—

Som. Most faithfully so.

Lind. I hope then, the balances due to me are ready to be produced?

Som. I can't say they are. You must know, Sir, I am a man of a sweet disposition.

Lind. Indeed!

Som. And when people ask me to lend them money at fifteen or twenty per cent. I somehow have not the heart to refuse them.

Lind. Kind soul!

Som. Here's a list of bonds extorted from my good nature, and I hope you'll wait till some are paid—(*Giving Paper*).

Lind. Scoundrel! (*Aside, and looking over Paper*). Here is one, I see, that may be put to the credit of your sweet disposition—five hundred dollars lent to that prodigal Sharpset.

Som. An amiable weakness; but I have a counter security—Captain Clifton's.

Lind. (Eagerly). Indeed, my worthy fellow! I'm very glad you've been so prudent—You say the money due to me is not ready,

Som. Alas!

Lind. Then arrest Clifton on that bond, and name your own time for clearing your account.

Som. It shall be done—I declare you're just such a good-natur'd soul as myself—I'll about it directly.

Lind. Who come here? By my wrongs, 'tis Clifton's disdainful sister, and with her—

Som. Oh, that's the pretty slave the Captain has married.

Lind. Indeed! Ay, *my* slave—mine. Faith, she has tempting charms. Give her freedom! not for Peru's best mine. This way! [*Exeunt.*

Enter STELLA *and* ZELINDA.

Zel. Alas, he comes not! Pitying Heaven, give me my warrior back to these arms! Hark! I thought I heard the beat of the distant drum! No, 'twas but my throbbing heart—Pity me, lady!

Stella. Now, there's the advantage of being a wife—she can make a public demand upon sympathy, and vent her woes in a fine audible voice; while I, a poor maiden, must gulp down my sighs, and dare not cry "Ah me," for my poor sailor! But after all, a soldier's wife has to share many dangers and heart-aches—but she also shares her warrior's triumph and renown.

SONG—*Stella.*

The village maid sighs
When a red coat she spies,
Beholding the march of a Soldier.

But, ah, lack-a-day!
Soon he marches away,
Then, who'd fall in love with a Soldier?

But, in helmet so gay,
Should he whispering say,
" My girl, can you fancy a Soldier?

The heart of the brave
Will never deceive;"
Who'd not fall in love with a Soldier?

From the cold flinty bed
That pillows his head,
At the drum's double beat, starts the Soldier!

He regards not your sighs,
When glory's the prize,
Then, who'd be the wife of a Soldier?

But the fierce battle done,
The triumph begun,
When peace crowns with laurel your Soldier!

When, free from alarms,
You rush into his arms,
Who'd not be the wife of a Soldier?

[*Exit.*

[*A distant March is played.*]

Enter the Governor, Officers, and Planters—On the other side, enter the Troops, headed by CLIFTON—*disarmed Negroes follow.*

Gov. Gallant Captain, I congratulate you on the triumphant success of your expedition.

Clift. Please your Excellency, the sword achieved much, but clemency more; for, on the offer of mercy—a word, alas! to them scarce known—the revolted negroes returned to their duty.

Gov. The thanks of the Colony are due to all engaged; but chiefly to you, Captain Clifton.

Clift. Sir, if thanks must accompany desert, let them be bestowed on the most worthy: Gam-

bia! Gambia! I say! Quick to deserve, but slow to receive reward. Gambia, stand forth!

(Gambia *advances from behind*).

—To the enterprise, valour, and persuasion of this slave, are you chiefly indebted for this day's triumph and security.

Gov. He shall be rewarded.

Clift. Yes, my Zelinda, but for Gambia's protecting arm, thou would'st this day have pressed thy husband's bloody bier.

Gov. Captain Clifton, your promotion shall be my immediate care; but I have obtained from the Council a privilege, which will be dear to your heart.—In manifestation of their gratitude, they allow you to emancipate a slave.

[ZELINDA *runs to* CLIFTON.]

Gam. Precious boon! Now Zelinda, thou wilt be happy!

Clift. Best beloved!—Can I forego the blessing of giving freedom to a wife?—Can I forego the claims of honor, gratitude, and justice?—They must be satisfied.

(Secretary advances with parchment and inkstand).

Gov. Please to write here, the name of the slave you emancipate.

Clift. Give me the paper—'tis a trying contest,—pardon me, dearest inmate of my heart!—*(Writes)* Look, dearest Zelinda!

Zel. 'Tis noble!—'tis just!

Clift. Take it to the Governor.

Gov. [*reads*] "Captain Clifton demands the freedom of—Gambia!"

Gam. (Electrified at his name being pronounced, becomes violently agitated) —Free! a man! let me control this strong emotion! it will

not be!—thou open, liberal air!—thou teeming, bounteous earth!—thou interminable expanse of heaven!—thou spontaneous wilderness of nature! —thou art mine! all, all are mine! for I am nature's free born child!—Liberty! give me the language of gods, to tell that I am free! the tongues of angels, to pour forth the gratitude of a heart, swelling with its dignities! bursting with its joys! alas! I am unfit for thanks or converse! a few moments, spare me—Generous Briton! prophetic be my tongue! when thro' thy country's zeal, the all-searching sun shall dart his rays in vain, to find a slave in Afric—Zelinda, bid me bleed, die for thee, write but on my tomb, that Gambia died free! [*Exit.*

Gov. Clifton, farewell; this sacrifice of the endearing ties of husband, and of father, at the shrine of gratitude, excites my admiration and my envy.

Clift. I hope, Sir, I have done my duty; and see, my Zelinda smiles approval of the deed.

Gov. Oh, my friends!—'tis not by the thunder of the war, but by the still voice of conscience, that the liberty of mankind will be achieved—yes, slavery must fall before the Christian warrior;—the arena he combats in, is the human mind; Revelation unfolds his banner;—Truth forges his shield;—his armour is rivetted by Reason, and his lance is tempered by Mercy.

[*Exeunt* Governor *and Attendants.*

Enter MALCOLM.

Malc. Joy! my friend! — Lindenburg's return'd, and has promised emancipation to Zelinda. Hasten then, to Mrs. Lindenburg, and share in the joys of a happy mother.

Clift. Farewell!—I leave you, love, with a heart elated with the brightest hopes, and cheer'd by its own approbation. [*Exit.*

Malc. To the blessings that await you, let me add the gratulations of sincere and respectful friendship.

DUET—*Zelinda, and Malcolm.*

Malc. In joyful peace, disarming,
With hope thy bosom warming,
My friendship deign to prove.
Zel. Ah! language vain expressing
The pure, and heavenly blessing
That sanctions my fond love!
Malc. Joys now abounding,
Zel. Friends here surrounding,
Both. On high the Song we pour:
Friendship { your / our } hands uniting,
Love, to his bower inviting:
Ah! what can heav'n give more?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Mangrove Tree.

Enter CLIFTON.

Clift. There dwells the best of women, who has promised happiness to the loveliest. You rich, I envy not your wealth, for I shall possess Zelinda, my honour, and my sword; and the soldier's sword, while it gives immortality to the hero, bestows on the humblest, respect and competence. Yes, my sword, dear art thou to my heart; for memory treasures that proud day, when, in Belgia's plain, I unsheathed thee by the side of England's bravest hero.

RECITATIVE—*Clifton.*

Deeds of the brave, inspire a noble strain,
I draw my theme from Belgia's fertile plain;
Where, from proud Conquest, gentle Peace arose,
And to the warring world gave lasting, sweet repose.

SONG.

E'er Vict'ry did her wreath impart,
That broke the tyrant's yoke,
The words still vibrate on the heart,
Our noblest Captain spoke!

Basely to fly from Gallia's sword,
Ah! what would England say?
"Up, Lads, and at them!"—was the word
That bravely won the day.

On wings of fate the bullets fly,
Our comrades sink in death!—
Yet nobly join the battle cry,
With their expiring breath.

Basely to fly from Gallia's sword,
Ah! what would England say?
"Up, Lads, and at them!"—was the word
That bravely won the day.

Enter Provost *and Attendants.*

Prov. Stay, Sir!—

Clift. At whose command?

Prov. That of the law.—Captain Clifton, you are my prisoner—Here, Sir, is my authority.

Clift. Unfortunate reverse! a prisoner at this anxious moment!

Enter ZELINDA.

—Well, conduct me to your prison!

Zel. To prison!

Clift. Even so, my Zelinda! adieu! seek Mrs. Lindenburg—tell her—

Zel. Oh! Clifton! do not let them part us.

Prov. Sir, I attend you!

Zel. Mercy! support me! *(Faints).*

Clift. But a few moments spare me! Must I leave her in the icy arms of death? Is there no friend? Gambia, where art thou?

(GAMBIA *without*).

Gam. My benefactor's voice!

Enters.

What do I see? Zelinda! explain.

Prov. The gentleman going to prison for 500 dollars, that's all.

Gam. A prison!—What, captivity to the giver of freedom!—Is, then, a dungeon the temple of a soldier's triumph?

Clift. Gambia, I commit to thy care my heart's best treasure—Farewell, African, thou art free—prove thyself worthy of the blessing.

[*Exeunt* Clifton *and Officers.*

Gam. I will do so—she recovers—Zelinda!

Zel. Who calls?

Gam. Zelinda!

Zel. No, that's not the voice that speaks comfort here—Where is he? gone!

Gam. Be composed.

Zel. Oh, Gambia, restore him to me.

Gam. Would that I could! would that the sacrifice of life,—nay, more, of liberty—of liberty!—ah! light dawns!—hope revives!—Zelinda, I will restore thy husband. Hush these convulsive sighs, that rend my heart; waste not those precious tears, that now unman me—but hasten to the prison—I will soon follow, and bring—

Zel. Alas! I despair—

Gam. Despair!—Does not Gambia live?—Does not Gambia love? [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

The Interior of a Prison.

Enter SHARPSET *and Jailer.*

Jail. So, we've got you here at last.—What, not one oily word?

Sharp. Humph!

Jail. Not one beseeching bow?

(Sharpset *erects his head.*)

Oh, if you like silence and solitude, I'll take care you shall have plenty on't,—there! *(Places a Chair).* [*Exit, locking Gate.*

Sharp. Heigho!—Now then, fortune has done her worst—and is this her worst?—Pooh!—Is this what I dreaded?—Why, 'tis delightful, 'tis luxury!—In this shady blest retreat, there's no dodging and skulking from rascals I despise—no more cringing and grinning, till my back and jaws ache; and as to matrimony—what, plunge into purgatory to avoid this paradise!—Here I can laugh, sing, tol de rol de rol—To be sure, singing, without an audience to appreciate my vocal powers, is but poor dull work; and as for laughing, egad if I do, it must be at my own jokes, ha! ha! ha! ha!—Ho! *(Sighs)* How calm every thing is- very calm – particularly calm—amazingly calm —infernally calm—so calm, that the most hideous crash of a typhon, or the fiercest tornado of ladies' tongues, would be heaven to it—I say, how do you do—somebody—holloa! you any body—zounds, will nobody answer? I shall lose my

senses—I shall lose my voice—*(bawling)* Oh, that the dearest friend—

(CLIFTON *and Jailer enter, unperceived by* SHARPSET.—CLIFTON *throws himself into a Chair.)*

I had in the world, was seated in that chair—I would rush into his arms—I would—*(Seeing* Clifton*)*—Eh, what, Clifton! my dearest, kindest—now this early visit is real friendship—and so my misfortunes have brought you here?—

Clift. They have indeed! *(Sighs.)*

Sharp. Well, don't be cast down on my account, my fine fellow—you see I an't—I hope your stay with me won't be short.

Clift. Thank you! *(rises.)*

Sharp. You are fidgetty—I'm afraid you are going away soon!—

Clift. You need not fear that.

Sharp. You make me happy by saying so.—And so you're married—Come, sit down, sit down, and tell me all about it—don't hurry yourself, my dear boy!—I'll hear you talk for ten hours, with pleasure.

(Noise of Outer-gate unbarred).

(Zelinda *without*).

Zel. (*Without.)* Admit me instantly!

Clift. My wife's voice!

Sharp. Your wife!—What, she come to see me too?—upon my soul this is too much—it really distresses me! dear sympathizing angel!

Enter ZELINDA *and Jailer.*

*(*SHARPSET *bows and smiles).*

Zel. My Clifton! I come to share thy captivity.

Sharp. Cap-ti-ti-ti-vity—his! Clifton's!—I

dread to ask, and yet I must know – *(To Jailer)* What scoundrel brought that noble fellow here?

Jail. Why, if you must know the scoundrel's name, 'tis Sharpset.

Sharp. Oh, how welcome would a halter be!

Jail. And to mend the matter, his being a prisoner, prevents his wife from getting her freedom.

Sharp. Fool! idiot! villain! – aye, that's the word—unfeeling villain! – Clifton!—

(Clifton *holds out his hand).*

Don't forgive me—that would kill me.—Ass! accomplished, most incomparable ass! – insensible to feeling, deaf to honor, even blind to interest—Heavens, how have I neglected that angel, Miss Von Frump!—Oh, could I but now breathe into those ears with diamond bobs, my ardent vows—sigh on that bosom that heaves with fourteen rows of orient pearl!—claiming the fulfilment of this promise, which with a lover's ardour I kiss!—Oh, thou Dutch Venus!

(Gambia *without*).

Gam. Unbar your gates, open them wide, to receive the messenger of joy! the dispenser of liberty! the herald of Zelinda's happiness.

Zel. 'Tis Gambia's voice! he has fulfill'd his promise, and my husband will be free.

Sharp. Will he? then that clears both – so, out we'll march together, and at the altar of restored liberty, I'll just make free to sacrifice Miss Von Frump's marriage promise! – *(He is about to tear it).*

Jail. Hold! that's your road. *(Pointing to interior of Prison).* There are plenty of detainers against you.

Sharp. The devil there are!—Heigho! well, I alone shall suffer—there's comfort in that. Clifton

will be happy with the woman of his heart; and so should I be with her I love, if the divine Miss Von Frump were here! Oh, how I adore her!—

[*Exit, kissing the Paper.—Jailer opens the door for* Gambia, *and Exit.*

Enter GAMBIA.

Clift. Speak, Gambia! what meant your words?

Gam. Let it suffice—a friend who wishes his name should be concealed, has discharged your bond. Said I not, Zelinda, I would restore thy husband? said I not, Briton, I would not die thy debtor?—When the clock strikes one, your prison doors will be opened.

Zel. Happy hour! do you not long for the welcome sound?

Gam. It will soon be here, Zelinda.

Zel. Blessed liberty!

Gam. Aye, blessed liberty! *(Sighs heavily).*

Clift. You sigh—There is some mystery.

(Bell strikes one).

Zel. The welcome bell! then Clifton is free!

Gam. And Gambia's fate's accomplished!

Enter Jailer and SOMERDYKE, *who gives a Paper to Jailer.*

Jail. (Looking at the Paper). Captain Clifton, you are at liberty! [*Exit.*

Clift. Blessings on my unknown preserver! and thanks to you, my worthy friend.—Come with us to Colonel Lindenburg's, to witness the consummation of my happiness: and, as we pass along,

Zelinda, who never asks in vain, shall obtain from Gambia, the secret of my liberation.

Zel. Come, Gambia!

Gam. I'll—I'll follow—I have business with that man, which may detain—

Som. (Putting up his Pocket-book). Well, that's all settled, so come along, slave.

Gam. Hush! Go, dear Zelinda.

Clift. Slave!

Som. Yes, Slave—what do you stare at? He sold himself dear enough.

Clift. Sold himself! horror! self-sacrificed for me! It shall not be, Sir. I am still a prisoner.

Som. I know nothing about that; 'tis enough for me to know, I have bought him for Colonel Lindenburg, so come along!

Zel. Gambia, this cruel kindness—

Gam. Nay, if Zelinda frown on me—

Som. A fellow that puts so little value on freedom, deserves to lose it.

Gam. Not value it! has it not bestowed on me the god-like power of restoring a virtuous man to happiness? has it not gifted me with the angelic privilege of lifting up the heart of suffering woman? Farewell! the debt of gratitude is fully paid, and now, Sir, with all duty, your slave obeys you. [*Exit with* Somerdyke.

Clift. Amazed, oppressed, what shall I say—how act? Oh, I were unworthy the name of man, did I suffer this generous sacrifice! And is that the being with whom the proud European denies fellowship? if we are not brothers, let the white man blush that he is alien to the blood that mantles in that noble breast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Miss VON FRUMP.

Miss V. F. What a fuss Mrs. Lindenburg is making about this Zelinda! Well, *I* shall soon give a fête, sacred to wedded love! But where's Mr. Sharpset to claim my hand? Sure, the fellow don't mean to disappoint me—disappoint me, indeed! it will be a happy escape—a very joyful circumstance! Oh, there's my nephew, and his civil friend; perhaps he would have me—let me endeavour to appear as happy as I really am.

Enter FOGRUM, *and* SAM SHARPSET.

Fog. Now, mind, we go halves in her fortune. Swagger to her about lords—pretend to know them.

Sam S. Pretend! why, bless you, at York races, I am in the cabinet.

Fog. Mind—halves!

Miss V. F. Well, nephew, have you been looking out a tomb for me?

Fog. No, dear aunt, but I've been looking out a husband for you—my dear York, you're wanted.

Sam S. I own I wish to transplant this fine blooming aloe into my native plains at the top of Black Hamilton—a grand tip-top cool place, Madam—there I would introduce you to Lord Rubbish, Viscount Gumshun, Earl of Rattletraps, and—

Miss V. F. I suppose your great men have abundance of slaves?

Sam S. Oh, plenty—the wretches, with us are called toad-eaters.

Miss V. F. And do your noblemen follow business, attend the markets?

Sam S. Oh, yes, there's a *New Market* made on purpose for them: they all deal in summut—as coals, pictures, lead, parliament men, brimstone, and such like. Why, some of them are so fond of turning the honest penny, that they have been known to sell their voices.

Miss V. F. Well, I should not object to be acquainted with lords, provided they are not gentlemen.

Sam S. Oh, that may be managed, I assure you.

Fog. Oh, aunt! can you look at him, and refuse?

Miss V. F. Alas! my assent is of no avail—there's an obstacle.

Fog. An obstacle!

Miss V. F. Yes, a marriage promise given to his brother—till that is restor'd, I cannot form another alliance.

Sam S. Oh, Matty, thou'rt a double-faced rogue!

Fog. Yes, smoothing me with praising my great sense, brilliant wit—

Sam S. Yes, all opposite to the truth.

Fog. And talked of your beauty!

Sam S. Yes, damn it, that's his cunning—he speaks truth sometimes, the better to hum folk after.

Enter Slave, who delivers a Letter to SAM SHARPSET.

Sam S. 'Tis from Matty—let me see—it bea'nt grammared quite properly, but I'll tell you the con-

tents—" From the Castle—State Apartments"—How grand!—" beg to see you—bring your friend, Mr. Fogrum—my object is to provide for you both here,"—that is, in the state apartments. We'll go, and in our turns just wheedle master Matty a-bit.

Fog. And if we bring back the promise—then you'll consent.

Miss V. F. Why, if your friend proves himself so skilful a negociator as to produce that important document, he shall then see my ultimatum.

Fog. No, shall he tho'!—If you can produce the important document, she says you shall see her ultimatum.

Sam S. Why, that's plump, or the devil's in't!

Fog. Then, hey for the wedding, and hey for London!

Sam S. That's it!—I, like a fool, must travel to see wonders, when, I'll maintain, there's more wonders to be seen in London, than in all the world besides.

Fog. So there is; I can sing a song about that, and I flatter myself indifferently well—(*attempts to sing*)—York, you're wanted!

SONG—*Sam Sharpset.*

The World's Seven Wonders, every child doth know,
Fal de ral, &c.
They're very well to read of, but I'm prepar'd to show,
If for wonders you seek, to London you must go,
With a heigho!—
I'll prove it so. Fal de ral, &c.

King Solomon's Temple had pillars made of brass,
Fal de ral, &c.
But surely our Temples of Lawyers surpass,
For there's brass enough there to prove Solomon an ass,
With a heigho!—
Quid pro quo. Fal de ral, &c.

The Antipodes who dwell the other side the ball,
Fal de ral, &c.
Wear their heads below—but Saint Stephen's, on a call,
Can shew you many a great man without any head at all!
With a heigho!—
Is it Aye or No? Fal de ral, &c.

The Medicean Venus of beauty was the queen,
Fal de ral, &c.
But our Venuses of London excel her in mien,
With their *alablaster* skins—and there's plenty to be seen!
With a heigho!—
What a pretty show! Fal de ral, &c.

The Nile may o'erflow, and its muddy banks may drown,
Fal de ral, &c.
But our honour, our faith, our commercial renown,
Will hold firm the Bank of famous London town,
With a heigho!
Henry Hase and Co. Fal de ral, &c.

Your fine ancient heroes, the javelin they hurl'd,
Fal de ral, &c.
But our Tars, and our Soldiers, our flag being unfurl'd,
Made Europe confess them—the WONDERS OF THE WORLD!
With a heigho!—
I'll be d—d but 'tis so. Fal de ral, &c.

SCENE V.

The Pleasure Ground, with Pavilion, &c.

Enter Governor, *leading Mrs.* LINDENBURG—CLIFTON, *leading in* ZELINDA *and Child.*

Mrs. L. At length the welcome hour is come, when I can reward the virtues of Zelinda. Here

is the paper, Sir, that gives her freedom, wanting only my son's signature and your Excellency's seal. (*Giving paper*).

Gov. You impose, Madam, a welcome duty. This writing is in nature's fairest character, and Heaven itself will be an approving witness of the deed.

Mrs. L. Captain Clifton, my son heard with grief of your arrest, and will experience a pleasing surprise in seeing you here. I expect his barge every moment.—Retire into this pavilion, where refreshments wait you.—Will your Excellency please to enter.

(*All retire*).

(*The Barge floats in—from it lands Colonel* LINDENBURG, SOMERDYKE, *and Slaves*).

Lind. So!—great festive preparations—but I shall mar their revelry. My dear mother, I deeply regret the law of Surinam will not allow me to give freedom to your favorite slave.

Mrs. L. My son!

Lind. You know, Madam, the act is invalid—her husband not being present.

Mrs. L Oh, that difficulty I will instantly remove—(*beckons*).

Enter Governor, CLIFTON, *Child, and Attendants.*

Lind. Confusion! how is this—Clifton at liberty!—Well, be it so, still vengeance shall have its due.

Mrs. L. I present to your Excellency Colonel Lindenburg.

(Governor *bows, and gives him the paper*).

—Captain Clifton, this is—

Clift. Amazement!—the Chevalier Alkmar!

Mrs. L. No, no, 'tis my son Lindenburg!—why this surprise—that look of horror?

Lind. Peace, good mother. Whether the Chevalier Alkmar, or Colonel Lindenburg, this at least seems certain, that the dear wife of Captain Clifton's bosom, and the heir of all his honours, are my slaves—the creatures of my will—the drudges of my wants—the minions of my pleasures!

Clift. Never! (*Draws his Sword*).

Mrs. L. Hold! my son, explain.

Lind. Madam, you know not the cruel wrongs I've suffered—Please to retire—

Mrs. L. Willingly!—Lindenburg, when you have proved yourself the inheritor of your father's honour, ask your mother for her blessing—till then, farewell! [*Exit.*

Lind. My Lord Governor, I demand possession of my property: they are mine by law, which law you are bound by oath to maintain.

Gov. Alas, too well I know the law—I think, Sir, that without your protecting tutelage, I know my duty. Clifton, sheath your sword. You must submit; my heart bleeds for you, my friend; but outrage would justify oppression.

Lind. Bring out their chains, and drive them to my estate.

Boy My father, save me!

Zel. Oh, my husband!

Gov. Clifton you are agitated—I am collected—mild persuasion may do much—(*Apart to* Lindenburg,) Col. Lindenburg, you are a damned unfeeling scoundrel—*(with violent irritation)*

Lind. Indeed! shall I applaud your wisdom, most sapient Governor, for condemning without hearing, or your courage, for insulting, when your situation secures you from chastisement?

Gov. Chastisement! *(half draws his Sword).*

Lind. Is your blade hot—that you 'air it thus?

Gov. (Recollecting) No—I was merely playing with it—Wheu! 'Tis very warm!

Lind. I'm quite cool—

Gov. 'Sdeath and hell, Sir, did not you at play, rob him of the very money that would have redeemed his wife and child?

Lind. Robbed him!

Gov. I mean, he was irritated and impetuous —you collected—and that gave you the best of the game.

Lind. As it does now—

Gov. True!—He! he! (*endeavouring to laugh*) I wish you would sell me those slaves—I'll bid handsomely—I'm not very rich—

Lind. I am—that's my answer.

Gov. He! he! Damn him! [*Exit furiously.*

Lind. Their chains, I say!

(Gambia *appears on the Barge, holding them up*).

Gam. They are here—(*advances*).

Zel. Gambia! then there is hope, my husband.

Gam. (*Throwing away the Chains*). These fetters are too large—the forger of these bonds thought they were to controul manly vigour—the fool was ignorant they might be required for female softness, and helpless infancy.

Lind. See you secure them, or your life—

(*Enter Slaves*).

Gam. Fear not, honoured master! at my life's peril I will secure their safety.

(Lindenburg *tears the Paper*).

FINALE—*Somerdyke, and Chorus of Slaves.*

Strike the oar—your doom obey—
Slave devoted—come away!
Who shall conquer him, whose hate
Urges on thy destin'd fate?

Zelinda.

Lo! behold this infant bends,
To Mercy's seat his pray'r ascends!

Clifton.

Awful vengeance will decree
The doom of hated tyranny.

Chorus.

Strike the oar, &c.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Interior of the Prison—SHARPSET *discovered.*

Enter Jailer.

Sharp. Heigho! Jailer, has any body called?

Jail. No.

Sharp. Oh, dear me! not even one of my creditors?

Jail. No.

Sharp. What, they desert me too! I shall die—Oh, Miss Von Frump, wert thou here! but, who could ever coax Cupid into a jail? No, he hates a bailiff, for captivating more than he can; and would sooner lend you a halter, to suspend you in the air, than his wings to fly thro' it. If brother Sammy and his

friend would come, and could I persuade them that this prison was the Stadthouse, the Castle, and that rascal, the governor of it, I might escape, and, by virtue of this promise, marry the divine Miss Von Frump. Egad, I'll try —Oh, mother, Necessity, teem with twins of invention, and with their god-papas, Bronze and Cajoling, aid thy votary. Come here, my honest fellow.

Jail. Eh!

Sharp. Come here, you sly rogue.

Jail. Oh!

Sharp. Do you know, when I contemplate your figure, appreciate your politeness, and bend to your authority, I can't bear to call you jailer.

Jail. Nor I, you jail-bird.

Sharp. Thank you.

Jail. But can it be helped?

Sharp. Why, in high-bred accomplished jails, the chief, that's you, is called Governor —you are Governor, for here you govern every thing.

Jail. Yes—except when my wife's at home.

Sharp. Of course she's governante, and generally ranks above the governor—I shall always call you Governor.

Jail. With all my heart.

Sharp. Damn that little Dutch hat! (*aside*). Do you know, Governor, that our governors always wear such hats as these. Put it on, Governor (*giving Hat*)—The sight of those keys will ruin all (*Aside*).

Jail. I can't get it on.

Sharp. How the devil should you, with that bunch of keys in your hand! put them in your pocket, Governor—your fee-pocket—that's the

largest—aye, now with my pipe in your hand, you look something like a Governor (*giving him his Pipe*).

(Sam Sharpset, *without*).

Sam S. What, more locks?

Sharp. Here they are—'Tis my brother and his friend—rich as mines!—if they would be responsible for me, what a thumping fee you would have, Governor!

Jail. I wish they would then.

Enter Fogrum *and* Sam Sharpset.

Sharp. My dear Sammy, I sent for you to this castle—

Sam S. Yes, I know, but you are very difficult to get at.

Sharp. Did you ever know a great man that was not?

Fog. And you were not quite faithful to your promise?

Sharp. Did you ever know a great man that was? I did promise to reconcile you to your aunt; but, upon my honour, I could not come, could I, Governor?

Jail. Oh! no.

Sharp. Ten thousand pardons—(*introducing them*)—The Governor of this place—my brother, my friend; and, should I succeed in placing them here, you would, I am sure, take the greatest care of them, Governor (*they all bow*)—You are looking at these state apartments—very substantial.

Sam S. Very.

Sharp. These places are always built massive, to prevent improper people from getting in.

Sam S. Indeed! now I have heard of places

that are built massive, to prevent improper people from getting out.

Sharp. Very likely. I shall not dispute your superior information on that subject, my dear Sammy—(*Aside*) I hope he don't suspect.

Sam S. (*To* Fogrum). Come, let's get the promise from him. You break the ice.

Fog. I will—we'll do him—He! he!—upon my honour, we are a couple of shocking fellows; but we can't help it—you must know, Sir, he! he! he!—my aunt, Sir—he! he! he!

Sharp. Sir!

Fog. York, you're wanted.

Sam S. Why, the long and the short on't is, that Miss Von Frump has looked me over, found nothing much amiss as to shape and action, I believe, and has consented to become *Mrs.* Samuel Sharpset, Esq.

Sharp. The devil she has! *(Aside).*—'Tis a pretty plot, but if I don't find a prettier—Sammy, I give you joy!

Fog. Ah! there's brotherly love!

Sharp. With me, Sir, that's every thing—From my heart I give you joy!

Sam S. Could not you give me that promise that Miss Von Frump sent you, out of a bit of fun?

Sharp. Out of a bit of fun! Yes, so she did—You shall have it, my dear Sammy—here it is (*Taking out Papers*). Take it, my brother, and may Hymen—No, this is not it—this is a receipt for blanching the faces of the negroes, making black appear white—I find it very useful; it was given me by a celebrated lawyer. This is not it—'Pshaw! now I recollect, 'tis in my strong box at home, and here's the key. (Sam *going to take it, he prevents him*).

Fog. What, not trust your own dear brother?

Sharp. Sir, do you wish to see my head lie there, and my body there?

Fog. Lud a' mercy, Sir!

Sharp. It would be the case, did any one open it but myself—State secrets, Sir!—besides, the paper is bundled up with property of mine, that I defy any man in the Settlement to find.

Sam S. Well, go and bring it then.

Sharp. Yes, 'tis soon said—go and bring it—But, alas! I'm of such importance to the State, (painful pre-eminence!) so jealous are they—

Fog. I see—they are afraid you should give them the slip.

Sharp. You have hit it exactly. I should not wonder if the Governor had orders to prevent my leaving this palace. (*Raising his voice*). Tho', perhaps, if you would take my place till my return—

Fog.
Sam S. } With the greatest pleasure.

Sharp. (*To Jailer*). They will take my place with the greatest pleasure. I shall come back immediately.

Fog. I'll be bound for you, you will.

Sharp. He says he'll be bound for me. The fact is, the Governor fears he might be a sufferer, but he would not.

Sam S. That he would not, I'll answer for it.

Sharp. He says he'll answer for it. You see, Governor, my object in going is a brother's happiness, not my own.—(*Aside to Jailer*) What a thumping fee you'll have!

Jail. Oh! go by all means.

Fog.
Sam S. } Yes, go along.

Sharp. Is not it very sultry to-day?

Sam S. Come, Matty, don't be so grand and lazy.

Fog. How unwilling he is to turn out!

Sharp. Great men frequently are.

Jail. Come, you shall go.

Sharp. Well, if you all insist—Perhaps, Sir, (*To* Fogrum) you may blame me when I'm gone.

Fog. Pray don't be unhappy about that.

Sharp. Sammy, you may repent this—

Sam S. Why, we ought all to repent, you know; so, there'll be no harm if I do. Come, be off.

Jail. I'll see you safe out.

Sharp. If you absolutely force me out, out I must go. [*Exit with Jailer.*

Fog. Ha! ha! ha!—nobody has a chance with us.

Sam S. Poor Matty has got at wrong side of post—He, he, he!

Fog. Oh dear! Oh dear! I wish somebody would be so good as to stop my laughing—He! he!

Enter Captain MALCOLM *and Jailer.*

(*The Jailer having resumed his Hat, Keys, &c. on seeing* Malcolm, *their laughter suddenly stops*).

Fog. I say, York, how could that Scotchman get into the State Apartments?

Sam S. How could he get in? Damn me, if all the beef-eaters in London can keep them out.

Malc. My business is with Mr. Sharpset, who I understand is in durance in this prison.

Fog. Prison! Oh dear! York! (*Sighs*).

Malc. My friend Captain Clifton has interested me in his favor, therefore, Jailer, let me see him.

Sam S. Jailer! As sure as sheep's mutton, he is a jailer.

Jail. He was my prisoner, Sir, but these gentlemen have become responsible for his return, or the payment of his debts, if he does not.

Sam S. Oh, Matty! thou's a rogue!

Malc. A most generous sacrifice!

Sam S. Brotherly love!—Sir, that's every thing, you know.

Malc. Gentlemen, I leave you in the full enjoyment of your pure, delightful feelings.

Fog. Sir, Sir, don't be alarm'd at me—I'm only a simple Cockney.

Sam S. And I'm no but Yorkshire.

Fog. I have nothing of the pointed keen thistle about me—I'm a tender tulip in a bow-pot. Pray tell Mr. Sharpset to come back. We forgot te-to-eh!

Sam S. We forgot just to shake hands at parting.

Malc. True brotherly love—Ha! ha!

Jail. Come, I'll shew them into the strong room.

Fog. Strong room!

Jail. And that I may know which will best suit—a fee!—you understand!

Fog. A fee! Sir, I thought I was coming among the great—

Malc. And not provide a fee! Sir, upon honour, I blush for your total ignorance of the main spring of aw political accommodation—He! he!

Jail. Come, come away; away, I say.

Fog. York, we're both wanted.

[*Exit Jailer, forcing off* Fogrum *and* Sam Sharpset.

Malc. Poor lads! they'll have had enough of seeing the world. Faith, were I a Doctor of the Body Politic, I would prescribe for your grumblers, Foreign Travel: there's no such specific for throwing off the foul humours of discontent, or convincing you of the value of a good constitution.

SONG—*Malcolm.*

A Highland Laddie heard of war,
Which set his heart in motion;
He heard the distant cannon roar,
He saw the smiling Ocean!
Come well, come woe!
To sea he'd go—
And left one morning early,
Loch Lomond Ben,
And the willow glen,
And Jenny that lov'd him dearly!

He wander'd East, he wander'd South,
But joy he could not find it;
But he found out this wholesome truth,
And had the sense to mind it:
Of a' the earth,
The bonny North,
To cherish late and early—
Loch Lomond Ben,
And the willow glen,
And Jenny that lov'd him dearly!

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Colonel LINDENBURG'S *House.*

Enter GAMBIA, *meeting* ZELINDA.

Zel. Gambia, my friend—my hope—my succour—speak!

Gam. All is prepared for your flight.

Zel But, my child?

Gam. Aye, your child! Can his safety then have been forgotten? I have secreted him near the hanging-bridge—should cruelty, or more horrid kindness threaten, there you must fly—Here comes our master—conceal your terrors: Guilt becomes valiant, if innocence tremble. I will be near, and should he offer violence—

Zel. Ah! that thought—

Gam. But he will not—No, no, 'tis impossible! When Beauty is enshrined by Virtue, he must indeed be a devil, that violates the sanctuary—

Zel. Oh! Gambia, where will our miseries end?

Gam. May be, in death, Zelinda; but never in dishonour. [*Exit* Gambia.

Zel. To what fate am I reserved? The slave of him, who is himself the slave of passion—Oh that my humble voice could reach those hearts who pity the children of affliction.

SONG—*Zelinda.*

Sons of Freedom! hear my story,
Mercy well becomes the brave,
Humanity is Britain's glory—
Pity and protect the Slave!

Free-born daughters, who possessing
Eyes that conquer, hearts that save;
Greet me with a sister's blessing,
Oh! pity and protect the Slave!

Enter LINDENBURG *and* GAMBIA.

Lind. Slave! have you conducted Zelinda hither, as I ordered?

(Gambia *bows, and points to* Zelinda).

—Away then to your toil; and d'ye hear, faithfully discharge your duty to the master you serve.

Gam. I will faithfully discharge my duty—to the master I serve.

[*Exit, looking up to Heaven.*

Lind. Approach! — that firm step—those lovely, but composed features—that unruffled bosom, speak a welcome, but unexpected confidence.

Zel. Christian resignation produces christian fortitude.

Lind. (*Aside*). Arm'd at all points, I see—Hear me! the bitter wrong I suffer'd from Captain Clifton, might justify my utmost severity; but your beauty redeems all—It commands me to offer every indulgence, every enjoyment—

Zel. My heart sinks within me!

Lind. You are faint—repose here.

Zel. (*With horror*) No!—(*recovering her-*

self)—I better know my unworthiness, Sir—at humble distance your slave will wait.

Lind. Come, come, away with this—you are in my power.

Zel. I am;—and if you are a man, that secures my safety.

Lind. Your safety I am the guardian of—In these arms you will find it.

Zel. Monster! I know, that by resistance to your will, I may be punished: come to the punishment—I own the crime of being a faithful wife—plead guilty to an abhorrence of a brutal tyrant,—and will kiss the rack that is to torture me.

Lind. (*Attempting to seize her*). Thus I secure obedience.

Zel. O! save me!

Enter GAMBIA.

Lind. Who called you?

Gam. It seemed a heavenly voice—but that the blessed spirits do not suffer misery.

Lind. Begone!—Not obeyed?—Are you not my slave?

Gam. So devotedly your slave, that I will preserve my master's honour, though the price of duty be my life.

Lind. Indeed!

Gamb. Ah, Sir! be more just to the wretched victims of your power. If we sigh, may it not be from a breast o'ercharged with unmerited suffering? If the eye be dimmed with tears, may it not be from the divine fount of pity that they flow? If, for a moment, we taste of joy, may not an innocent heart give the impulse? If goaded to despair, by the laceration of every

tie dear to the human heart, we resist the foul oppressor, may it not be, that justice nerves the arm that honour dares the combat, "that heaven gives the victory."

Lind. School'd by thee, degraded wretch!

Gam. Aye, indeed degraded, for you are my master.

Lind. And thou shalt feel I am so. Within there! Chains and whips for that rebellious slave!

Gam. (*Apart*) Fly, Zelinda, to the hanging-bridge—your child is there—away!

[*Exit* Zelinda.

—You pass not!

Lind. Impotent, and unarmed—

Gam. Still in Zelinda's cause I am invulnerable.

Lind. This to try. (*Rushes on* Gambia—Gambia *seizes his arm*).

Lind. Ah! resisted! thus, then, I give thee to perdition.

Gam. That fate be thine. [*Exeunt.*

Slaves. (*Without*). Our master's voice! Follow! follow!

SCENE III.

A Hanging Bridge supported by ropes, suspended from the branches of Trees, which lay across the Torrent.

Enter CLIFTON.

Clift. Zelinda, where art thou? where Gambia? here he promised I should meet my wife.—She must, at all hazards, be removed from the power of Lindenburg. Ah! did not a female

figure rush thro' that tangled brake?—See—again! —'tis my Zelinda!—Ah! she falls!

(He rushes out—Re-entering with Zelinda).

—My beloved, my restored wife! that pallid cheek! I dread to ask—Lindenburg?

Zel. I have escaped his power; but, alas! have left the noble Gambia engaged in mortal conflict.

Clift. Let us instantly seek the protection of the Governor—Come!

Zel. And leave my child! he is concealed near this place, but where, I know not; first, let us secure his safety.

(Gambia *rushes in,—a broken Sword in his hand*).

Gam. Zelinda and Clifton, here! this is beyond my hopes!

Clift Tell me of Lindenburg!

Gam. 'Tis his blood that stains the fractur'd blade. Struggling for death, or life—Ah! more than life, combating for Zelinda's safety—I plunged into his breast, this sword, he aimed at mine; it broke, and he fell on the earth, writhing in mortal agony—I could not leave him to a death of torture—he was my foe, but he was prostrate—the hand that sought my life, lay harmless as the unbrac'd nerve of infancy—I extracted the fractur'd point, that rankled in the wound, and wiping away the gore that stained his guilty breast, I saw there marked—

Clift. What!

Gam. The—Hold, Gambia, exceed not the just measure of thy vengeance—Let the guilty secret rest in his guilty breast—No, Gambia, never shall man's curse vex thy wandering spirit, nor wither the aloe that blooms upon thy grave. Suffice it, that while this gives awful evidence of the dangers she has escaped, it prompts us in-

stantly to avoid those that threaten—Soon we shall be pursued by numbers, against whom courage were vain, and flight hopeless.

Zel. What, again in that wretch's power!

Gam. No, no, Gambia still will save that cheek from shame, that form from desolation.

Zel. But, my child? You told me, Gambia, I should see him.

Gam. I'll bring him to your arms. (*Going*)—I am prevented—Fly! fly! our pursuers are at hand—But, fear not for your boy—unless terror draws him from his concealment, he is safe: nay, there is no time for thanks, or question—Instant pass the bridge (*To* Zelinda)—Delay were destructive to Clifton's life (*To* Clifton)—fatal to Zelinda's honour! Away! away!

[*Exeunt* Clifton *and* Zelinda, *over the Bridge.*

Som. (*Without*). This way, by this road they fled—Secure the hanging-bridge, that cuts off their retreat.

(Gambia *ascends the Tree, to which the Bridge is fasten'd, and with the broken Sword cuts the Cords which support it. At the moment of the Pursuers' entrance upon it, it falls).*

Enter SOMERDYKE, *and Six of* LINDENBURG's *Servants.*

Som. Confusion! they have escaped!

Zel. We are safe, my husband.

(*Child runs on the Bridge*).

Child. It was my mother's voice! Mother! mother!

Zel. Alas! my child!

Som. Her child! then we triumph—seize him!

Move one step further, and you will see him buried in the waters.—Submit, or this instant is his last! (*Holding him up in the act of precipitating him*)

Zel. I do submit.

Gam. Never! (Gambia. *who has concealed himself in the branches, snatches him up into the Tree*). —Father, receive your child! *(Throws the Child across the Stream).* They have him— he is safe! Murderers of innocence! here is a nobler victim! Ha! ha! ha!

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in LINDENBURG's.

Enter LINDENBURG, *supported by Slaves.*

Slave. (*To* Lindenburg). How do you feel, Sir?

Lind That soon this feverish life will end. But, oh! uncheered by vengeance I must die! Slaves, mark my words—Lay me in the earth, even as I am!—no hallowed ground—no bell—no shroud!—Do you mark, I say?

Enter SOMERDYKE.

Som. Master, your assassin is secured!

Lind. Thy words have renewed the springs of life.—Bring him before me.

GAMBIA *is brought in, guarded.*

Som. Dost thou behold thy victim?

Gam. With heartfelt pity I do behold him!

Lind. Wretch! do you triumph in your guilt? You erect your head—

Gam. Only to the elevation of my integrity—no higher.

Som. He has confess'd the guilty deed.

Lind. Then consign him to the executioner—ask not for mercy.

Gam. Mercy is for the guilty. The only mercy I shall ask, is that of heaven.

Lind. Where's Zelinda?

Gam. Happy in her husband's arms.

Lind. Death, by torture!

Som. Ay, branded first, then executed.

Gam. Branded! (*Eyeing* Lindenburg)—What, on the breast?—Look to your master—see, he changes colour, he staggers!

Lind. Liar! 'tis false! (*Endeavouring to subdue his agitation*).

Gam. Sir, will *you* not save me from *that* stamp of infamy? I shall die, indeed, dishonoured, if the hangman's brand disgrace my body. (*Eyeing* Lindenburg).

Lind. Villanous slave!

Gam. (*Bowing*). Honour'd master!

Som. His presence torments him—lead him away!

Lind. Hold—release him!

Som. Release him!

Lind. Am I not heard?—Leave us together!

Som. With a murderer!

Lind. Ave, alone! (*To Slaves*) Why am I not obeyed? (*Pointing out*).

(*They go out, leaving* Lindenburg *and* Gambia).

—Approach near, Gambia—I—what shall I say?

Gam. Nothing—your anxious eye asks the truth—thus it is—while struggling to remove the weapon that rankled in its wound, I saw, seared in your breast, the brand of—thief.

Lind. 'Tis true; 'twas that made me resist all aid—fly from my home, to seek, in this wilderness, an unhallow'd grave; but I am not guilty—by heaven and hell, I am not! In Europe I was the associate of gamesters: in their loathed temple, they lured me to be their ministering priest, then cast me out their ruin'd victim. In the streets of Paris I encountered a villain, laden with the spoil. I demanded satisfaction, presented pistols—at that moment the police appeared, the coward wretch accused me of robbery. I was convicted—branded, and dishonour'd! Oh! agony of spirit! Worse than this body's torture! (*Is falling*, Gambia *endeavours to support him—he starts from him*) Slave! I am in thy power—how wilt thou use it?

Gam. In saving, if I can, my master's life. By inflicting that wound, I preserved the innocent—by healing it, I may save the guilty.

Lind. Amazement! this to the man who consigned thee to an ignominious death!

Gam. If we retire from human observance, and to your wound apply some herbs of healing power—

Lind. And wilt thou? Name thy reward—

Gam. I never traffic with my humanity.

Lind Ah, Nature, this is thy work, pure and undefiled!—But my secret—is it revealed?

Gamb. Revealed!—I may destroy, but never can betray—

Lind. How then to secure it?

Gamb. I am your slave—here is my breast!—

Lind. (*Falling into his arms*) Receive me in its noble sanctuary!—My wound calls for help—African, thy virtues have subdued me!

Gam. To be so vanquished, is man's proudest victory! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

An Indian Country.

The Governor, CLIFTON, MALCOLM, STELLA, ZELINDA *and Child, with Slaves and Attendants, discovered.*

Clift. Such, my Lord, were her perils, such her deliverance! But, alas! Gambia was seized by Lindenburg's slaves.

Zel. Oh! save him from their savage fury!

Gov. My afflicted friend, I cannot wrench from its grasp the iron law of slavery; but I should indeed dishonour that venerable Monarch, whose unworthy delegate I am, did I not administer it in the mercy that he loved.

(*Shouts without, and voices exclaiming* "Gambia is pardon'd!—Gambia is free!")

Clift. Ah! Gambia free—Blest sounds!

Gam. (*Without*) Where is she? Where is Zelinda? (*Enters*).

Clift. } Joy to Gambia!
Zel. }

Gam. My joy's to come—beloved Zelinda, the path to happiness lies through the vale of tears; but it is passed, and sunshine again expands its glories. Lindenburg lives to repentance, to atonement—he sends thee freedom, and by Gambia's hand! (*Presenting Paper*).

Zel. My preserver!

Clift. My friend!

Gov. Go, worthy African! and tell the world, that true liberty is the offspring of peace, the nurse of humanity, the parent of benevolence;

its home, the world; its family, mankind; its allegiance, Heaven.

(*Gay Music is heard*).

Clift. What sounds of mirth? Ah! Miss Von Frump, transported into Mrs. Sharpset, comes to be presented to your Excellency.

(*Slaves enter with White Cockades, followed by* SHARPSET, *and Miss* VON FRUMP, *in marriage dresses*).

Sharp. How do you all do?—My Lord Governor, Mrs. Sharpset—Clifton, Malcolm, give me joy!

Gov. Receive, Madam, my sincere congratulations—nay, do not blush.

Sharp. 'Tis excusable; but I hope I shall never see her blush for her husband. When I cause that heart to sigh, that has brought comfort to mine—When I dim that eye with tears, that has brightened mine with joy, may dishonour and contempt pursue me.

Miss V. F. But, where's my nephew?

Sharp. And Little Sammy—Oh! I've liberated them, and here they come.

Enter FOGRUM *and* SAM SHARPSET.

Miss V. F. Behold my husband!

Fog. Husband!

Sharp. Fogrum, my pretty boy, receive thy uncle's blessing.

Fog. Sir, on this stupendous occasion, I can only say—York, you're wanted.

Sam S. Brotherly love, Matty! Mind, stick to that.

Malc. Allow me to present my bride. Come, Sir, rivals no more, your hand. (*To* Fogrum).

Fog. Well, Sir, I shall be glad to entertain you in London.

Sam S. And I, in York.—Of course, you'll not think of stopping there.

Malc Not while the road leads to bonny Edinbro'

Gov. Clifton, I shall instantly dispatch you with advices to England. Gambia, will you accompany him?

Gam England! shall I behold thee? Talk of fabled land, or magic power! But what land, that poet ever sung, or enchanter swayed, can equal that, which, when the slave's foot touches, he becomes free - his prisoned soul starts forth, his swelling nerves burst the chain that enthrall'd him, and, in his own strength he stands, as the rock he treads on, majestic and secure.

FINALE.

Stella.

Should our praise of Freedom's Isle,
Win a sweet, consenting smile,
Your kindness saves
Your willing Slaves,
And crowns with joy their anxious toil!

Malcolm and Clifton.

Clothed in honor's proud array,
Ah! what can British hearts dismay?
If beauty's eyes—
The soldier's prize!—
With smiles protect our humble lay!

Chorus.

Should our praise of Freedom's Isle, &c.

Fogrum.

Your own dear Cockney do not flout—
Remove each anxious dread and doubt!
I fear this night—
No—that's not right,—
Here, York, you're wanted—I am out!

Sam Sharpset.

If you, my lasses fair and tall,
Have wishes that are conjugal,
I'll gallop down
To Yorkshire town,
And bring up husbands for you all!

Chorus.

Should our praise of Freedom's Isle, &c.

Zelinda.

If you pronounce an adverse doom,
A wanderer again I roam!—
And must I go?
Ah! pray say—no!
But make this place my happy home!
My curtsies, Ladies, I present:
Dear Beaux, my smiles to you are sent—
I'll try all arts
To win your hearts!
And sing you into kind consent!

Chorus.

Should our praise of Freedom's Isle, &c.

THE END.

London: Printed by R. McMillan,
Bow Street, Covent Garden.

MY UNCLE:

AN OPERETTA,

IN ONE ACT;

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre Royal English Opera-House,

MONDAY, JUNE 23, 1817.

BY SAMUEL BEAZLEY, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "IS HE JEALOUS?" "BOARDING HOUSE," &c. &c.

THE MUSICK BY MR. ADDISON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN MILLER, 25, BOW-STREET,
COVENT-GARDEN;
By B. M'Millan, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden.

1817.

[*Price One Shilling and Sixpence.*]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Commodore Jokely, Uncle to Subtle and Florid	Mr. Bartley.
Subtle	Mr. Broadhurst.
Florid	Mr. Wrench.
Ellen, Ward to Jokely	Miss Love.
Flounce, her Waiting-Maid	Mrs. Pincott.

SCENE,—*A Country Seat of Commodore* Jokely's.

MY UNCLE.

SCENE,

An Apartment in a Country House of Commodore Jokely—*Chairs, Tables, &c. &c.*

JOKELY *in the costume of a Valet, with a Coat on his arm, which he has just brushed.*

Joke. A pretty figure I cut here, in the disguise of my own valet! I don't know what sort of a master I may make in *propria persona;* but I feel I make a cursed bad servant, as the representative of my man Flourish. I leave every thing at sixes and sevens, and have found it easier work dusting the jackets of a dozen foreigners abroad, than brushing one Englishman's at home. Eh, who is here? Oh, Mrs. Flounce!—she is in my secret.

Enter FLOUNCE.

—Well, my nephew, and my ward—

Flounce. Are still in their dressing-rooms. I have been into the town for your portrait, and here it is.

Joke. (*Taking the Portrait*). Well done, Commodore Jokely! Here you are, surrounded

with diamonds, instead of four-and-twenty pounders—why, I look as snug here as if I had retired upon a pension.

Flounce. Miss Ellen will be delighted with it.

Joke. She must not see it though, till my stratagem has succeeded; therefore, Mrs. Flounce, do you keep it in your possession till occasion shall require it.

Flounce. You persist, then, in continuing to pass upon your nephews and ward for your own valet?

Joke. To be sure I do. I have sent for my two nephews, Subtle and Florid, to find out which is the most worthy of her and her portion; and in order to arrive at this point by a short cut, here I am in the wardrobe of my old servant Flourish.

Flounce. Was ever such a strange plan!

Joke. Why, as I have been deemed an odd fish for these forty years, I do not see any reason to change my nature now.

Flounce. But your new character may subject you to offices not quite so agreeable.

Joke. Oh, never mind! I have served my country too long, to find either difficulty or degradation in obeying orders. A sailor in his youth, soon acquires the habit of subordination; and the lesson is so well taught on board a man of war, that he does not easily forget it when he grows an old one.

Flounce. Your nephews may perhaps ask you some odd questions about yourself.

Joke. Then it will be my own fault if I have not a good character.

Flounce. Above all, I dread that wild young fellow, Mr. Florid.

Joke. Aye, aye, Florid's a wild boy, I know.

Flounce. Wild! mad, I think. He once came here suddenly, on a rumour of your return, in the hope of seeing you—and in the course of four and twenty hours, he not only turned the house out of window, but turned poor Miss Ellen's brain into the bargain.

Joke. Hush! here comes Subtle.

Flounce. Aye, aye, he is the man!—none of your hair-brain Templars.

Joke. Fair and softly, Mrs. Flounce. I do not like his close questions—he seems to want to board my cargo of doubloons.

Flounce. He is here; so I'll be off, for fear of a mistake. [*Exit* Flounce.

Enter SUBTLE.

Sub. Oh, you are there, my good Flourish.

Joke. (*Aside*). Good Flourish!

Sub. So, my cousin Florid is not arrived—I wonder at his delay—he seems to have been before-hand with your intelligence that my Uncle will not be here this month. Oh! what a moment of pleasure will his arrival afford me!

Joke. Aye, aye—he has been a tolerably good Uncle, I believe, to both of you.

Sub. You have lived with him a long time, Flourish—Eh?

Joke. Ever since he was born.

Sub. And have had a good place, I doubt not, and a kind master?

Joke. Pretty well, as times go, Sir.

Sub. Of course you are well acquainted with the state of his affairs, Flourish—Eh?

Joke. Almost as well as he is himself.

Sub. And is he really—is he so rich as people report, Flourish?

Joke. Why, how rich do they say he is?

Sub. They say fifty thousand pounds.

Joke. Half a plumb only! I believe you may treble the amount, and yet be under the mark.

Sub. Honest Flourish, you delight me—and his estate in the West Indies?—

Joke. Is quite a colony, Sir.

Sub. And his plantations, dear Flourish?—

Joke. Cover the whole island, Sir.

Sub. Bless me! and his cotton mills?—

Joke. There is not enough wind in the four quarters of the earth to turn them.

Sub. And his sugar canes, my worthy Flourish?—

Joke. Would serve for all the souchong of China.

Sub. And his coffee?—

Joke. All his sugar could not sweeten half the quantity he grows.

Sub. You delight me, my good Flourish, by the interest you take in my dear Uncle's affairs.

Joke. Yes, Sir, yes, Sir.—(*Aside*) Now would his affection enlarge with my estate, to the size of half the globe.

Sub. How I long to embrace this dear, though unknown Uncle!

Joke. He will reward your affection as it deserves. I dare say, you will be the husband he will choose for his ward; for Mr. Florid, they say—

Sub. Oh, he is a rake, a libertine—abandoned to the pleasures of the town.

Joke. Indeed!

Sub. Yes; but not a word to my Uncle!—tho' I should be sorry to see the happiness of the amiable Ellen so sacrificed.

Joke. Oh, never fear—I dare swear he will fix upon you.

Sub. I hope so. Yet Florid is what the Ladies call handsome—his manners are seducing—and it is possible, that both Ellen and my Uncle may be deceived by the affected frankness of his character.

Joke. No, no; my master is tolerably clear-sighted, and easily distinguishes between an honest man and a rogue—he'll soon discover that your cousin is one, and you are the other—Oh, you're the man! You'll have her, Sir—you'll have her.

Sub. Bravo, my friend!—you rejoice my heart to hear you say so.

SONG—*Subtle.*

How welcome to the lover's ear,
The voice that bids him not despair;
That dries suspense's trembling tear,
And by sweet hope displaces care!

And welcome to the lover's heart,
As sun-beams to the drooping flower;
The hope his cheering rays impart,
The promis'd bliss of future hour.

—Here comes Ellen. For more than a week past, I have been trying to make an impression on her heart.

Enter ELLEN.

Ellen. Good morning, Mr. Subtle. So, Flourish, you have received no farther intelligence from your master?

Joke. No, Ma'am;—as I told you yesterday, the arrival of the West India fleet will detain him a month longer.

Ellen. It is quite provoking, I declare. I have never seen him since my infancy. But though his features do not dwell upon my memory, yet are his repeated kindnesses deeply impress'd on my heart. Have you the portrait he promises me in his letter?

Joke. The jeweller has not finished setting the diamonds.

Ellen. The jeweller! It is the painter only that can give value to the portrait of a being whom we love. The diamonds of Golconda may enrich a toy that would be valueless without them, but never can endear the worth of a resemblance, whose original is treasured in the heart.

SONG—*Ellen.*

It is not the valueless gems that we prize,
Though bright round the portrait they glow;
For the pencil alone, to affectionate eyes,
By its truth, can a value bestow:
Nor can beauty, though dazzling at first to the sight,
To the breast true affection impart,
If beneath the blue eye that may sparkle so bright,
Fair truth does not dwell in the heart.

Joke. (*Aside*). By the Lord Harry, she's a charming girl! If Florid deserves her no more than the interested Subtle, I'll marry her myself.

Sub. You may leave us, Flourish. I wish to have some conversation with you, Miss Ellen.

Joke. (*Aside*). Oh, oh! going to let off a little of Cupid's artillery. I'll watch them, and discover the soundings of her heart. [*Exit.*

Sub. This continued absence of my Uncle, will retard his projected disposal of your hand, my lovely Ellen.

Ellen. In that respect, it rather pleases than grieves me; for perhaps he may wish to marry me against my inclination.

Sub. Has love then, my charming Ellen, never yet flapped his light and airy pinions round your heart, or found a refuge in that gentle bosom?

Ellen. Why really, Mr. Subtle, love is a word I hear every day from every mouth, meet in every novel that I read, and yet I have never found, or at least felt its real definition.

DUET—*Ellen and Subtle.*

Ellen. Tell the symptoms, and I will confess,
If of love I have yet felt the glow;
If I have, let my blushes say—Yes,
And if not, let my lips answer—No.

Subtle. Oh, the symptoms you'll easily guess,
If of love you have e'er felt the glow;
Let me look if your blushes say, Yes,
Let me hear if your lips answer, No.
The sudden start,

Ellen. The sudden start,

Subtle. The trembling tear,

Ellen. The trembling tear,

Subtle. The beating heart—

Ellen. I have it here.

Subtle. The tender sigh,

Ellen. The tender sigh—

Subtle. Too certain sign,

Ellen. Too certain sign—

Subtle. The downcast eye—

Ellen. Too sure 'tis mine.

Subtle. That sweet suffusion,

Ellen. My conscious cheek—

Subtle. That soft confusion,

Ellen. My blushes speak.

Subtle and Ellen. That in {her / this} heart these symptoms dwell,
{Those / These} eyes impart {those / these} blushes tell.

Ellen. Heigho! Well, to be honest, I *fear* I *have* some of the symptoms.

Sub. Indeed! (*Alarmed*). But recollect your guardian's determination in favour of his nephews.

Ellen. Oh, I do remember it; and it is actually for one of his nephews that I feel this symptom.

Sub. (*Aside*). What do I hear? She has never seen Florid—It must be myself. Amiable simplicity! and have you really experienced any of these sentiments?

Ellen. I am afraid I have.

Sub. Delightful candour! Such wealth—beauty I mean—seldom falls to the lot of man.

Ellen. (*Pondering*). Yes—from the moment I saw him.

Sub. Lovely Ellen!

Ellen. When with me, I wish'd hours prolonged to years; and time now lingers dreadfully when absent—

Sub. Charming creature!

Ellen. From Mr. Florid!

Sub. Florid! Confusion! I thought, Madam—I thought you had never seen him.

Ellen. He was here but for a day or two, and off again like a flash of lightning. But somehow or other—heigho! he is so lively—and so handsome—Don't you think so?

Sub. Oh, deadly lively—damn'd handsome! —(*Aside*) I choke with rage!

Joke. (*Coming forward*). She does not like him—thank Heaven!

Sub. (*Aside*). Here's this prosing fellow to torment me. She must, she shall be mine, even though I marry her while her affections are another's, and the consequence should be—

(*A Horn sounds without*). A horn! What means this?

Enter FLOUNCE.

Flounce. Here he is—Mr. Florid is arrived!

Sub. (*Aside*). Cursed fortune!

Flounce. There he is, in his tandem—Horn blowing—horses smoaking—whip smacking—the servants' hall in a state of confusion—his portmanteau thrown into the library—and his box-coat smothering the housemaid.

Ellen. Florid arrived! Oh, I am so happy! But I am horribly drest. This head-dress does not become me, does it Flounce? And my hair all out of curl—Oh, I must change my dress, mustn't I, Flounce? for I would not for the world but that he found me improved.

[*Exit* Ellen.

Flounce. Aye, aye—I knew Mr. Florid had turned her head.

Sub. It is that which distracts me!

Joke. You are in love with her yourself then? Eh!

Sub. Desperately! Her portion will be spent in Florid's dissipated pleasures.

Joke. Not so fast—not so fast—I shall take care that my master knows the real character of both his nephews.

Sub. Thank you, Flourish. (*After thinking*). My friends, there is no time to lose—I have no other resource but in your assistance. You may rely on my gratitude.

Joke. (*Aside*). Oh, he unmasks!

Flounce. Then you may reckon on our services.

Sub. I have observed your intelligent glances.

Joke. (*To* Flounce *aside*). Does he suspect us?

Sub. (*Coming between them*). If I mistake not,

you have a secret liking for each other—a little sort of *penchant*—that would be very glad to end in matrimony. Eh, Flounce! Eh, Flourish! Come, come, I know I am right, and if I succeed in attaining my object, I will make your fortunes at once.

Flounce. You are mistaken—indeed you are.

Sub. No, no; it is your bashfulness, and not your inclination which says so. Though Flourish is a little old—he is tolerably good looking.

Joke. Well, since your Honour has discovered our attachment—to tell the truth—we have a sneaking kindness towards each other.

Sub. I am delighted! Give me your hands, my friends. (Subtle *joins their hands*).

Flounce. La, Sir, you make me blush.

Sub. No, I will make you happy,—preserve Ellen from my libertine cousin,—place her in my arms, and I will give you a marriage portion from her dowry, that will make you independent for life.

Joke. Liberal idea!

Flounce. Generous churchwarden! (*Aside*).

Sub. Let us contrive some stratagem to save this amiable girl.

Joke. Aye, aye,—a stratagem, to save this amiable girl.

Flor. (*Without*). Take care of the new leader. Frank, put a lash on the whip, and mend the traces.

Sub. Here comes Florid!—Not a word—how unfortunate!

FLORID *enters.*

Sub. Ah, my dear cousin, welcome to Merlin Hall—a thousand times welcome!

Flor. Once is enough, my grave cousin. I am glad to see thee, with all my heart, though it be in the midst of this cursed dull rurality. How I hate all groves, but those in the Mall, Ah, my little Flounce—what, you're a fixture still,—not married, but in *statu quo*,—still Patty Flounce, Spinster. How is your pretty mistress, my smiling abigail?

Flounce. I'll run and fetch her down, Sir.

[*Exit* Flounce.

Flor. How infernally hot it is!—And who is that round-faced gentleman, with his hands in his pockets, and his elbows stuck out like the handles of a raisin jar?

Joke. (*Aside*). Round-faced! Impudent puppy! It shall be long enough before *your* hands are in my pockets, however.

Sub. He is our uncle's valet.

Flor. (*Eyeing him with his Glass*). Valet,—and pray, friend, in which of the ourang-outang islands did my uncle catch you? for I can never suppose you the production of any civilized part of the globe.

Joke. (*Aside*). Uncivilized rascal!

Flor. And so, your master, after his letter, desiring us to meet him here at Merlin Hall, can't come for a month!

Joke. No, Sir, his ships detain him.

Flor. It is a monstrous bore, to be drawn a hundred miles from the dear metropolis for nothing; just when the opera is filling to suffocation, and the streets so full, that one can scarcely handle the whip without over-running the awkward pedestrians. I'll lay the long odds, that this is some hoax of old uncle Jokely's; he has always been famous in the family as a quiz of the first order.

Joke. Has he?

Flor. Yes,—always committing some folly or other out of mere pleasantry, 'till he is as well known in the hoaxing world, as I am on the turf. What can be more preposterous, than his sending for us here to see which shall marry his ward? Why could not he trundle her up to town in a tandem—give her a season or two of the beau monde? that would have afforded an elegant polish to her rural simplicity, and given a fashionable finish to her rustic education.

Joke. Many a young lady, I have heard, who has been transplanted from her natural soil of rural simplicity, to the London hot-bed of polished immorality, has had reason to lament for ever the fashionable finish that has been there given to her education.

Flor. Well done, old morality! Egad, you're almost as queer a fellow as report has made your master. But we'll excuse all the old boy's follies and oddities, in respect for the good qualities which we know he possesses.

Sub. Speak more respectfully of my uncle's projects, Cousin Florid.

Flor. Oh, nobody can respect him more than I do—at least his name at the bottom of a draft, for I don't know him yet.—However, I'll be sworn that your grave worship cannot be more grateful for his kindness—many is the good scrape his remittances have helped me out of.—And as to his oddities, I like him the better for them, and desire nothing so much as to patronize him with my acquaintance. It will be villainously dull here 'till he arrives.

Sub. There is a good library.

Flor. Oh, I dare say, stuffed with useless

metaphysics and neglected morals. No modern novels, no modern sentiment, no pamphleteering scandal, or political fire-brands. They are the only things for these days.

Sub. It is because the moral of the ancients puts modern practice to the blush: but the library of a sensible man, Cousin Florid—

Flor. Is useless to me; for you know I am neither sensible nor sentimental, Cousin Subtle. Now if the old Commodore were here, one could drink. Does he drink? (*To* Flourish).

Joke. Like a fish.

Flor. And tell stories?

Joke. Like a newspaper.

Flor. Bravo! We shall do.

Sub. (*To* Jokely). You see I did not deceive you as to his character.

Flor. What's that you're whispering about?

Sub. I was praising your frankness to my uncle's servant.

Joke. (*Aside*). What a lie!

Flor. Praise me aloud then—I am not so modest, but I can hear it without blushing. But I dare say I interrupt you. You are fond of musty folios and black-letter editions; a modern, bound in calf, like me, does not interest you.

Sub. With your permission, I will resume the studies—

Flor. Which my horn interrupted. Go along, my boy—I hate to disturb people—*au revoir*—When do you dine?

Sub. At six—till when, adieu!—(*To* Jokely) I will contrive our plan. [*Exit* Subtle.

Flor. (*Yawning, and seating himself on the Sopha*). I am tired to death already with tranquillity, and would willingly change the mur-

muring of the zephyr, for the cry of "Live mackarel;" and the sweet note of the nightingale, for the hoarse bawl of a London ballad-singer. And so, old fellow, my uncle sent you to apprize us of his detention?

Joke. Yes, Sir.

Flor. Then why the devil did not your lazy legs ride post to Pump-court, to prevent my unnecessary journey?

Joke. My Master wished you to be here to meet him.

Flor. Your master is a damn'd whimsical fellow, Mister what's your name.

Joke. Flourish—at your service.

Flor. Why, then, Mr. Flourish, you have a wickedly bad physiognomy of your own; and I suppose it was only one of the extraordinary whims of my Uncle, that made such an ordinary fellow his valet-de-chambre.

Joke. You will do me more justice when you know me better, young gentleman.

Flor. Impossible, with that horrid nose, old gentleman. Why, my looking-glass would blush, to reflect such a countenance!

Joke. (*Aside*). Dam'me if you shall have my countenance!

Flor. (*Throwing his Coat over* Jokely). There, take my coat—here, pull off my boots.

Joke. Shall I send your man?

Flor. No, no; he is my horses' man—and they want him. So bite! bite!

Joke. But, Sir—

Flor. Damn it, don't talk, but pull off my boots. I have brought no valet of my own; so shall reckon on your services.

Joke. (*Aside*). Then you'll reckon without your host.

Flor. Where are my slippers? Now, were I a grave, sensible fellow, like Subtle, I would go and pass half an hour with Seneca, or amuse myself a little with Horace.

Joke. Ah, Mr. Subtle is studious, he knows the value of time.

Flor. True, true; and I have tried every thing to make myself like him—but I was not born for a philosopher! a whole box of Fribourg's Dutch carrotte, can't keep my eyes open over Coke upon Lyttleton; and as to the ancients, Homer makes me yawn, and Cicero talks me to sleep. I never could read any thing, excepting Ovid, when I fancied myself in love. No, no, Subtle is the philosopher, he is the man, after all.

Joke. Come, there's something handsome in that;—but suppose all this appearance of study and morality should be but outside shew?

Flor. Nonsense—what *I* say I *know*—and would sell my new tandem leader for twenty, to be such another man as Cousin Subtle.

Joke. Come, that is liberal, however! *(aside and smiling)* I think I shall like this fellow!

Flor. What are you grinning at there?

Joke. I was thinking of the pleasure my master will enjoy in seeing his nephews.

Flor. Faith, I don't know that he'll have much pleasure in seeing me. I expect and deserve nothing but complaints, and perpetual hints at repentance.

Joke. Why truly, they do say you have been a little bit of a libertine, a sort of Don Giovanni.

Flor. They do, do they? Kind souls! the good-natured world is always ready enough to trumpet the follies of a young fellow, while his

virtues, if he has any, remain unsought for, and unacknowledged.

Joke. As yours have been, perhaps; but my master has heard that your affairs are in some confusion too.

Flor. In damnable confusion! I have not Henry Hase's security for ten pounds: my rental might be all contained in a lady's *papillote;* and my tailor's bill would cover more space than my whole estate.

Joke. And do you expect to marry Miss Ellen?

Flor. To tell you the truth, I have very slender hopes of it; and, charming as she is, I could almost think it a pity that she should be thrown away upon such a mad unthinking fellow as myself.

Joke. (*Aside*). Well, that is honest at least. (*Aloud.*) But you forget the portion—her immense fortune!

Flor. Oh, her fortune—why that will be welcome enough to my creditors.

Joke. Well, that is disinterested, and I like you for it. Suppose now I could help you to re-establish your affairs? (*Aside.*) I'll try him.

Flor. You! you may as well attempt to pay the national debt with waste paper.

Joke. But I have a scheme to put Miss Ellen and her portion in your power.

Flor. Ah!—what is that, my old boy—ways and means?

Joke. Why, suppose I were to pretend to have received a letter from my master, desiring your cousin's attendance at Portsmouth?

Flor Well! what then?

Joke Why then Miss Ellen will consequently be here alone, and we will carry her

off in the night, while Madam Flounce is asleep.

Flor. While Madam Flounce is asleep!—hem!

Joke. Yes, while she is snug upon her pillow, you may give yourself a legal title to share Miss Ellen's, and secure her portion, in spite of your Uncle and Cousin.

Flor. In spite of my Uncle and Cousin—

Joke. Just so—Is n't it a good scheme? (*Aside*) He bites!

Flor. Why, hark ye, my honest fellow; I don't value myself much on my penetration, but according to the best conjecture I can form upon so short an acquaintance, you are a most precious rascal.

Joke. Rascal!

Flor. Out of my sight, lest I knock out your brains with the boot-jack—most pernicious scoundrel!

Joke. But, Sir—

Flor. Fly to the world's end—don't tempt my wrath.

Joke. But it is for your good—

Flor. Quit this room, or I'll break every bone in your skin—and quit the estate, or I'll order Frank to bastinado you.

Joke. (*Aside*). I had better retreat—he's a fine fellow, and shall have my ward.

Flor. Where the devil did I leave my horse-whip? [*Exit* Jokely. —Damn'd scoundrel! wheugh! If I had not flown into a violent passion, I should certainly have been tempted—There's nothing like bullying the devil a little, I find, to drive him away. What, deceive a relation who has been so kind to me! Egad I am growing moral at

last: a little repentance will induce my Uncle to pay my debts—and he will send me to the Temple, with advice to be more studious and prudent. I shall promise—and perform—if I can. But this Ellen, the little rosy-faced ingenuous girl, lives in my imagination, in all the charms of innocent sixteen. Well, what of that? I sha'n't die of love. There is nothing so ridiculous as dying, particularly for love. Life may hold out some chance for success; but to die for a girl—Pshaw, ridiculous!

SONG—*Florid.*

Let other men swear they will die,
For their mistress—and dying will bless her,
Not such is my project—for I,
Will live in the hope to possess her.
Or if one fair maiden say nay,
My dying would be such a bother;
I'd e'en wish the Lady good day,
And soon make my bow to another.

A dying plan never can thrive,
For of love tales, whoever has read one,
Where refusing a lover alive,
A Lady accepted a dead one.
With life still some hope may remain,
But once popp'd from this world to t'other,
There's no chance of returning again,
To try better luck with another.

Enter ELLEN.

Ellen. There he is! My heart beats so I can scarcely speak to him.

Flor. Ah! my charming little wood nymph!

Ellen. Welcome, Mr. Florid, to the country—

Flor. To be welcomed by the lips of my

little Sylph—but I beg your pardon, you are no longer the little girl I made my play-fellow —but absolutely, grown into a charming woman!

Ellen. My heart at least is still the same.

Flor. In heart the same, but most bewitchingly alter'd in person! You know not, my lovely Ellen, how often the remembrance of the short time I passed with you, has visited my imagination.

Ellen. What, amidst the gaiety of London, could you think of our country solitudes?

Flor. Yes, and of the deity which adorned them! But tell me, Ellen, have you ever thought upon those moments?

Ellen. Let my present welcome assure you, I have ever remembered them with pleasure.

Enter FLOUNCE *and* JOKELY.

Flounce. Your apartment is ready, Sir.

Flor. Then for a few moments, my charming Ellen, adieu!

Joke. Shall I attend you, Sir?

Flor. Out of my sight you unadulterated rogue! and if my Uncle does not hang you up at the yard-arm his very next voyage, beware of appearing in my presence, lest I take the law into my own hands, and rob the gibbet of a tenant, by breaking every bone in your rascally body. [*Exit* Florid.

Flounce. (Aside). Lord, Sir! I'm quite frighten'd to hear the young gentleman address you in this style!

Joke. (*To Flounce*). Send away, Ellen.

Ellen. What are they whispering about?

Some mystery. *(Aside).* I see you want to talk to Flourish, so I will go to my embroidery.

[*Ellen retires.*

Flounce. So, he has contrived a plot.

Joke. Hush! he is here.

Enter SUBTLE.

Sub. Ah! my friends you are alone, that is fortunate! Well, I have settled my plan, and we shall get rid of Florid directly.

Ellen. (*Behind*). Get rid of Florid! Oh the monster!

Joke. What is your plan?

Sub. A masterpiece of invention! But we must find somebody to personate my Uncle.

Joke. Personate your Uncle—I begin to guess your project.

Ellen. (*Behind*). So do I.

Sub. The difficulty will be, to find a fellow as clever as he is discreet.

Flounce. Flourish will be your man—he will act your Uncle to a miracle!

Joke. Yes, yes; I'll do it to the life.

Sub. Oh, no, that'll never do, for they have seen you. Stop—an idea strikes me. My Uncle is famous for the tricks he is perpetually playing—we will make them believe, that he is come here in the disguise of his own valet, to see us both before the introduction.

Joke. Aye;—and to prove which is most worthy of his ward. Excellent!

Sub. And just in character.

Flounce. And I will pretend to have been in his confidence.

Ellen. (*Behind*). And I also.

Sub. (*To* Jokely). But do you know his manners?

Joke. As familiar with them as with my own. I'll do it so well, that you yourself, shall think I am your Uncle in earnest, before I have done.

Sub. You must command Florid to depart immediately to the Temple and his law books. You shall then write to my Uncle, that for the sake of her portion, Florid had attempted to carry off Ellen.

Ellen. (*Behind*). I wish he would.

Joke. I understand you,—a little calumny, well thrown in, will be of infinite service.

Sub. Now then to prepare for action.

Flounce. Flourish wants nothing but the clothes, and he will be complete.

Sub. Suppose you rehearse a little—suppose me Florid, and let me see you threaten and bluster!

Ellen. (*Behind*). There's an ugly villain for you!

Joke. Never fear! (*Walking up fiercely to* Subtle). Sirrah—(I shall say), you have acted the part of an unprincipled scoundrel! You have formed the unjustifiable and ungenerous plan of marrying my ward, for the the sake of her portion—and are not more unworthy of the charming girl, than of my future favour and protection. Ellen shall be your cousin's—As for you, quit my house, and never presume to cross my threshold again.

Sub. Admirable!

Flounce. To the life!

Sub. Now for the old gentleman's wardrobe, of which you have the keys. The moment of my success makes your fortunes. Let us not

lose a moment, for the ridiculous old fellow may surprize us before our scheme is executed, and spoil our whole plot.

[*Exeunt* Subtle, *and* Jokely.

Flounce. So, so, I see plain enough which way the wind blows now. [*Exit.*

(Ellen *comes forward*).

Ellen. Well, I can scarcely believe my ears! Flounce too in the plot against me!

SONG—*Ellen.*

Flounce too, in this plot of ruin,
She whose faith I thought sincere,
Gain'd by gold to my undoing,
Leagues with foes against me here.

Thus in servile bosoms reigning,
Interest sways without controul,
In the servile thought of gaining,
Generous feeling quits the soul.

Enter FLOUNCE.

Ellen. Oh, Mr. Florid—I have made such a discovery! Flounce, Flourish, and your cousin Subtle, are all in a plot to drive you away.

Flor. What, in my own tandem?

Ellen. No—but to dress up Flourish, and pass him upon us for your Uncle—and he is to order you to town, and afterwards to calumniate you with his master.

Flor. Ah! I knew that Flourish was a great rascal. That horrid nose never belonged to an honest man.

Ellen. For my part, I'll tear Flounce's eyes out!

Flor. And I'll murder Flourish! drive me

away indeed! No—when my Uncle comes, I have some accounts to settle with him.—Hush! here come a couple of this precious trio.

Enter SUBTLE, *and* FLOUNCE.

Sub. Why, Florid! My dear Florid—the most astonishing circumstance—

Flor. What is the matter, my dear cousin Subtle?

Sub. Oh, the most curious thing in the world.

Ellen. What is that? I like curiosities.

Sub. You have heard of the whims of our Uncle.

Flor. Has he been playing any of his tricks now?

Sub. Would you believe it—he is actually here already—in disguise!

Ellen. My guardian here in disguise!

Flor. Come—come—*you* are joking now.

Sub. No—I am in earnest. I hope you have said nothing particular to Flourish—or rather the person who calls himself by that name.

Flor. Why? what of that ill-looking fellow?

Sub. Well—he is no other than our Uncle himself! Flounce was in his confidence.

Flounce. Oh, I'll take my oath of it.

Ellen. (*Aside*). My Duenna tells fibs with a pretty good grace, at any rate.

Flor. I am indeed astonished at what you tell me.

Sub. He is throwing off his *Costume de Valet,* and will be here in his own character immediately.

Flor. Oh, how I long to see this paragon of Uncles!

Enter Commodore JOKELY *in his own Dress*

Joke. I am glad to see you thus assembled.

Flor. (*Rushing violently upon and embracing him*). Oh, my dear Uncle! Permit me to express my joy, my gratitude, my pleasure, at the first sight of an Uncle, who has out-Uncled all other Uncles, in his goodness to his nephews.

Joke. What the devil are you about? Zounds! you'll smother me.

Ellen. It is only his excess of tenderness, my dear guardian.

Joke. Tender indeed,—one ought to be damn'd tough though, to bear such tenderness.

Flor. Oh, my honoured Uncle!

Joke. There, there—keep off: two such hugs would squeeze me into a jelly. But you, Ellen, —why don't you fly into my arms?

Ellen. Me! I am stupified with surprize!

Flor. You are a wag, Uncle,—you are, indeed. A valet! Ha, ha, ha, ha! You completely deceived me.

Ellen. It is singular,—how well the habit became you.

Flor. Oh, exactly! If he had been a shoeblack all his life, he could not have been more vulgar, or more in character. Upon my soul I don't flatter.

Joke. No, I'll be damn'd if you do.

Sub. Well, for my part, I guess'd something from the first.

Flor. Ah cousin, Subtle, you are a cunning dog—a penetrating fellow.

Ellen. We were completely deceived,—your air,—your manners,—every thing confirmed your story.

Joke. She too!

Sub. (*Aside to* Jokely). Now mind your cue—be in a devil of a rage.

Joke. Subtle and Flounce, leave us a few minutes,—I wish to have some conversation with my nephew, Florid, of whom I am sorry to say, I have heard some things not very agreeable to the ears of an affectionate Uncle.

Sub. For a few minutes only, I trust. (*To Jokely*). Now mind, a tremendous passion!

Flounce. (*Aside*). Yes, a furious passion!

[*Exeunt* Subtle *and* Flounce.

Joke. My dear children, at last we are alone, and I am glad of it with all my heart, for I have longed for the present moment, to tell you how much I value and esteem you both.

Ellen. You are really too good.

Joke. Yes, Florid. If your head was a little more cool, and your heart a little less warm, you would be less of a rake, and more to my fancy.

Flor. And if you had a little more modesty, and a great deal less impudence, and more honesty, and less rascality, you might be a little less of a scoundrel, and that would be more to my fancy. (*Following* Jokely *fiercely*).

Joke. (*Retreating*). Eh! Why, what the devil! Is this the way you talk to your Uncle?

Ellen. Oh, it is only one of his youthful follies, guardian.

Flor. How dare you look me in the face, you hoary villain?

Joke. This language—

Ellen. Is not very dutiful to so dear an Uncle, to be sure.

Joke. And you, Ellen.

Ellen. Ellen! a little more respect, fellow, if you please.

Flor. We have laugh'd long enough—I am now going to be serious.

(Florid *opens the Window, and begins to clear away the Table, Chairs, Sopha, &c.*)

Joke. What the devil is he going to do?

Flor. A pretty rascal, to disguise yourself, and deceive me.

Joke. Well, it was only one of my old tricks.

Flor. It will be the last trick you will ever play, Mr. Flourish.

Joke. Flourish! Ha, ha, ha! I tell you in sober serious truth, my name is not Flourish.

Flor. A pretty scoundrel you must be to send me away, Mr. Flourish.

Ellen. And calumniate him to your master, Mr. Flourish.

Joke. Flourish again! Damn Flourish, I tell you, I am your Uncle—your *real* Uncle, your *own dear* Uncle.

Flor. Silence, Sirrah! The infamy you attach to the name of that respectable character, by daring to adopt it, deserves an exemplary punishment, and you shall receive it. Come, Sir, out of the window—

Joke. Here is a predicament!

Flor. To put on your master's clothes! disgrace his name! Out of the window! One, two, three, and away!

Joke. What the devil shall I do? Hear me, Florid? Hear me, Ellen. The deuce take all stratagems, nephews, wards, and Uncles, say I.

Flor. And out of the window, say I—

Enter FLOUNCE.

Flounce. Bless us! what's the matter?

Joke. They won't believe that I am myself!

Flounce. Oh, I'll take my oath that it is your Uncle himself.

Ellen. Don't tell any more falsehoods—I overheard your whole scheme.

Joke. Ah, the little listener! But you are mistaken: I am really Commodore Jokely—upon my soul I am. That rogue Subtle, is the only person deceived—he still thinks me only Flourish.

Ellen. Is it possible?

Flor. I never will believe it—so, Flourish, out of the window.

Joke. Do you doubt these letters—these family papers?

Flounce. This portrait, intended as a present for Ellen, on the day of her marriage?

Ellen. How!—the portrait of my guardian! (*Taking the Picture*). They are indeed his features!

Flounce. Yes—the portrait of his Honour himself, which I brought from the jeweller this very morning.

Flor. (*Looking at the Portrait*). It is certainly devilish-like.

Ellen. Oh, Florid! how shall we obtain forgiveness?

Joke. Come to my arms, you little sceptic, and obtain it with a kiss.

Flor. Egad, Uncle—if you are my Uncle—you have discovered yourself just in time, to save you from a flying leap among the cabbages.

Joke. A pretty polite nephew indeed! However, I forgive that. But do you remember

the pretty stories you confided to me this morning?

Flor. Not a word of truth in it; besides, that confidence was made to Flourish, not to my Uncle.

Joke. Why, you are in debt to all the world.

Flor. That is the world's fault for trusting me. If people were not so ready to trust, young fellows would not so readily get in debt.

Joke. And who the devil will pay your debts?

Flor. Commodore Jokely; for it was upon the faith of his generosity they were contracted.

Enter SUBTLE, *behind.*

Sub. (*Aside*). Let us hear how Florid bears his dismissal.

Joke. (*Seeing him*). No, no—mount your tandem—blow your horn—off to the Temple again—ride post with your lazy legs to Pump-court, and never return till your head is filled with law and logic.

Flor. Then I must bid you farewell for ever. I am sorry too—for I am sure we should agree.

Ellen. Oh, I am certain of it.

Joke. No, no—you cannot cajole me.

Sub. (*Coming forward*). What do I hear? Are you displeased, my dear Uncle?

Joke. He is a rake—and I am in a rage!

Sub. Permit me to intercede for my dear Cousin: he is but young, and youth, you know, Sir, is liable to error.—(*Aside to* Jokely). Why don't you fly into a passion?

Joke. No, I will hear nothing. Ingrate! libertine! impostor! (*turning to* Subtle).

Sub. (*Kneeling*). On my knees I entreat his pardon.

Joke. (*Looking at* Subtle). Upon my soul,

nephew Subtle, you plead so pathetically, that you have softened my heart. Come, Florid, give me your hand, your Cousin has procured your pardon. We are friends for ever.

Flor. My dear Uncle—

Sub. (*Starting up*). Are you mad?

Joke. And since your Cousin says, your's are but the errors of youth, I must e'en forgive them, and Ellen shall be yours.

Sub. What is the blockhead about?

Joke. Do you not think she will be happy with him, Subtle?

Ellen. Oh, I know I shall, guardian.

Sub. (*To* Flounce). Why, what am I to believe?

Flounce. Only that Flourish was really your Uncle, and that you are caught in your own trap.

Sub. Confusion! I'll not believe it.

Joke. Go, and take time to consider of it. Quit this house, nor return till your heart is cleans'd of its malicious propensities.

Sub. But—

Joke. Not a word. When the head only errs, there may be some hope; but where the heart is bad, vice has infected the core of the plant, and it must be torn up by the roots.

FINALE.

As what comes from the head may be pardon'd, you see,
Of our author's censorium, pray pardon the sallies;
Though from folly perhaps they may not be deem'd free,
Yet I trust you can never accuse them of malice.

THE END.

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THE TOUCHSTONE;

OR, THE

World as it Goes.

A COMEDY, IN FOUR ACTS;

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY JAMES KENNEY.

LONDON.

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PROLOGUE.

In these bold days, when Bards are forced to change
The old and natural for the new and strange,
When farce presumptuous acts by tragic laws,
And builds on blood and murder for applause,
How can a play hope favour, which but shows
The world we live in, as it really goes?
Our fathers thought, through many a tasteless age,
Nature an ample subject for the stage,
From her old stock their characters they got,
And probability confined the plot.
Still in those times when Congreve, Cibber, wrote,
And all that set of scribblers had some note,
Our Bard has found, he thinks, some musty plays,
Almost as good as those of present days;
And could he write like them 'twould be, ye'll own,
The greatest novelty ye long have known.

No madness, tears, or silent situation,
No shipwreck, cataract, or conflagration,
His persons, such as ever cross your way
And such events as happen every day,
By these stale themes our author dares avow
He's gained your smiles before, and hopes them now.
Protect his offspring, once before ye furl'd
Your Egis o'er his picture of "The World!"
Now take it as it goes, you will but find
Still his old plot on foot to "*Raise the Wind.*"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Finesse	Mr. HOLLAND.
Garnish	Mr. WALLACK.
Paragon	Mr. HARLEY.
Circuit	Mr. HUGHES.
Probe	Mr. DOWTON.
Croply	Mr. OXBERRY.
Jones	Mr. FISHER.
Mrs. Fairweather	Mrs. HARLOWE.
Miss Becky	Mrs. ALSOP.
Dinah Croply	Miss KELLY.

THE

TOUCHSTONE;

Or, the World as it Goes,

A COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Country Road—On one side, the Gates of a Mansion—on the other a Cottage.*

PARAGON *and* PROBE *seated at a table, at the Cottage door—A jug of ale, glasses, &c.*

Pro. I tell you, friend Paragon, 'tis a weathercock world, we are all mere puppets—Fortune manages our springs, and we cut our capers accordingly—

Par. When you say so, friend Probe, you forget who you are talking to—Would you compare a scholar and a philosopher with a punchinello?

Pro. Why faith 'tis a favourite hypothesis with me, and you know I am shy of making exceptions.

Par. Come, come, take another glass, and do me justice.

Pro. With all my heart—I'll do your liquor justice at any rate.

Par. Why now harkye, friend Probe—Didn't we become sworn friends, from meeting as brothers

in misfortune? You, you know, were always at some scheme, some speculation to advance the arts, as you fancied, and couldn't bear disappointment. But, be honest—Did you ever know me the slave of circumstances? No, Sir—Haven't my feelings and opinions been as independent of events as any stoic of antiquity?

Pro. Oh! a great philosopher you have been, certainly. You commenced by studying the law, as the noblest field of intellectual ambition, but wanting perseverance, you had the philosophy to discover its contemptible chicanery, and turned poet—There again, upon having your tragedy rejected, you had the philosophy to discover the degeneracy of the modern stage, and turned critic to expose it—It was in the prosecution of this discovery, that I had the honor to meet you in a spunging-house in Carey-street. There again, in the pride of insulted dignity, you had the magnanimity to defy the tyranny of your creditors, till a friend offering to intercede for your freedom, your philosophy struck upon a new light again, and discovered at a glance, the value of a true friend, and the blessings of liberty.

Par. Aye, aye, we know your style, friend Probe—that's your way of putting things—Not that you're wrong in the main—That's not my meaning—There are fellows, I admit, without any balance whatever. Creatures of casualty—mere machines, as you say, in the hands of fortune. But I maintain it, Sir, the events of this world are to me, no more than those of a comedy—mere matter of amusement—I have a mind above them.

Pro. To a village schoolmaster, such a mind is highly desirable.

Par. Aye, and the village school shall be a reservoir of philosophy to all the little streams that

flow from the fountain head. If the rising generation would study with Peregrine Paragon, Bond-street would become an Athenæum—and the opera lobby, a Lyceum portico, for the intercourse of Pyrrhonian wisdom and the true antique *scavoir vivre*.

Pro. The opera lobby, I fear, wouldn't be much indebted to your academies.

Par. Sir, tho' a village schoolmaster, I don't envy the first of its subscribers. On the contrary, feel as much above them, as they feel themselves above the figurantes that entertain them.

Pro. Psha! I tell you we are all figurantes! mere "pipes for Fortune's finger, to sound what stop she pleases."

Par. Have it as you please, friend Probe. And perhaps you'll say that it's not from disinterested motives that I am just going to marry my pretty little Dinah Croply, who hasn't a shilling in the world.

Pro. Why your little Dinah Croply certainly does great honour to your taste, and I should be sorry to throw a damp upon your hymeneal speculations, at any rate.

Par. That's right. But I mustn't be too sure: it was only last night I asked her father's consent, and haven't had his answer yet. This squire Finesse's bailiff, you know—a distant relation of mine by the mother's side—an honest fellow, and tho' he has gone down in the world, I notice him just the same. Damn it, I hate pride or vanity, and as I can bend to those below me, so I am persuaded there neither is, or ever was, an individual essentially my superior.

Pro. I congratulate you on your humility.

Par. My possessions equal my ambition, and why should I desire more? Ah! here comes the little rogue herself—What my little Dinah!

DINAH CROPLY *enters.*

Di. Cousin Peregrine, good morning—my father's gone up to the squire's—so I slipt away to tell you that he has been speaking to me about you, and takes it all so kindly, that though he has'nt spoke out, I don't think there's the least danger, and so don't you go and fidget and make yourself uneasy—Dear me there's a stranger!

Par. No, this is my particular friend, Mr. Probe.

Di. True, I recollect.

Par. And so he takes it kindly?

Di. Oh! quite pleasantly—but first, you know, he must take advice of Squire Finesse.

Par. Pooh! damn Squire Finesse.

Di. For shame cousin; Squire Finesse is my god-father and his sister, Mrs. Fairweather my god-mother. My father reminded me that they had promised to do a great deal for me—why then, said I, father, now's their time—let 'em give us a stock of crockery and a couple of pigs, and we'll send 'em some wedding cake, and sing, Oh! be joyful.

Par. (aside.) Dear little soul! you see how rejoiced she is—as to Croply, his vanity is quite flattered, I've no doubt—and what did your father say of me, Dinah, eh?

Di. Why, says he, my dear Dinah, I must own, and so must you, that this Mr. Paragon is rather an odd, crazy-pated sort of a gentleman; and after all the money his father spent on his education, to come down for to teach a parcel of little bumpkins their A. B. C. don't redound much to his honour.

Par. Prodigiously kind of him indeed;

Di. So then said I—

Par. (aside.) Aye—now she—

Di. Why as to that, said I, father, what you say is very true—that nobody can deny.

Par. A very seasonable discourse.

Di. But then you know, says, I father, if he had been the great man he was meant for, deuce a bit would he ever have come near us, I'll be bound for him.

Pro. Ha! ha! ha!—

Par. Now what is there to laugh at?

Di. So you know it's as broad as it's long, said I. But however, father, says I, when we're married I'll soon set his wits agoing, I'll warrant you—and we'll go on, so purely and so swimmingly—Oh! my dear cousin! (*Embraces him.*)

Enter CROPLY.

Cro. High daisies! why you be taking matters for granted seemingly.

Di. (*to Cro.*) La! father; who'd a thought of seeing you?—

Cro. I feckins, it be lucky I be come, I've a notion; one might ha' thought yon gentleman might ha' kept you a little in order.

Par. My worthy friend, Mr. Probe, cousin. The proprietor and exhibitor of the phantasmagoria and the unparalleled illusions of the camera obscura.

Cro. Aye, I know—the hobgoblin gentleman—ecod he almost frightened me out of my wits.

Pro. I, friend, like your showmen of the play-house, do but hold the mirror up to nature, shadows for shadows—eh, friend Paragon—

Par. Don't listen to him, friend Croply. My little Dinah here has just been telling us the high opinion you are pleased to entertain of me—and if you'll only give your consent.

Cro. Why, dang it, you be a good-natured chap i'the main, tho' a little comical i'the upper story for sartain. Howsomdever I be pretty much for

trusting to Providence, so wi proviso as the squire do see no objection, and you do promise to stick to one trade, and not be always a chopping and a changing like—

Par. My dear Croply, give me but life and Dinah, and I'll educate the grand-children of the next generation—plague on the squire! To a man of my independence, what's your squire to me—your squire or any other—

Cro. Yes, but he be a great deal to me—we mustn't go to run counter to't squire. I reckon he and Mrs. Fairweather may do a deal for Dinah, in case they do take to it—and then you do know, there be Dinah's portion.

Par. My dear fellow! Her portion did you say?

Cro. Yes, there be a capital old family watch, and my picture took off just in the prime of life.

Par. Hem! For that, Sir, I should have a high respect certainly; and a fine old gold watch, eh?—

Cro. Gold—no—it be—let me see—pinchback, I think they do call it.

Par. Pinchback!

Di. No, father, shagreen, you know.

Cro. Aye, aye, it be pretty much the same; and you, master Paragon!—

Par. Me, father-in-law. I shall have my genius.

Cro. Well come, it be as even a match as can be, eh, Mr. what's your name?

Pro. You're right, friend, let him add steadiness and perseverance to his inventory, or he has named as naked an item as the carriage I once invented to go without horses.

Di. Indeed, Sir, you needn't put your spoke in his wheel at any rate.

Pro. Nay, my pretty wench, I wouldn't offend

you for the world—I'd rather dance at your wedding than spoil it, I promise you; therefore I'd advise you to apply to your great friends as fast as possible. I must be gone to see what promise for my exhibition. And as to you, friend Paragon, I'd advise you to stoop on this occasion, while you can do it with a good grace. Do you, master Croply, keep the cobler to his last, and let the lovers be assured, that without the companions I have mentioned, a wild cat is not such an enemy to good house-keeping, as your genius, nor any thing so likely to ruffle both the lady's love, and the gentleman's philosophy.

[*Exit.*

Di. What a comical chap it is!

Par. Never mind him, he's a humourist. However I think we had better lose no time in attacking the squire and the lady.

Cro. Yes, yes, but they be busy now wi Mr. Sketch, the architect, laying out improvements, and such like. By the way, master Paragon, talking of house-keeping, an't you and I got a bit of a bit of a relation, over seas, at's made a mint of money there.

Par. And what of him, friend Croply?

Cro. Why, from what I can learn, he's neither chick nor child of his own. To be sure, it's a matter of fourteen year agone since we seed un, when Dinah were a chicken.

Di. Lord, father, what signifies talking of him, when people go abroad they may be eat up by the savages, or drowned in the red sea, or roasted bythe burning mountains, and twenty other little accidents.

Par. You're right, my little Dinah—or if they escape, such down-looking, pin-finding grubs as old Pennywise, would rather die worth a plum, than help a poor devil of a relation with five shillings, to avert a summons to the court of conscience.

Cro. True master Paragon, whereby my poor father coming to trouble, were forced to bring me up to look a'ter cattle, instead of making me a genius like you, to give a whole village a beautiful edication for three ha'-pence a week.

Par. Well, well; I'll be obliged to you to give my scholars a holiday.

Di. Oh! father, here comes the 'squire.

Cro. So there be, and Mrs. Fairweather.—Come, shall we talk to 'em?

Par. Not I—Confound 'em, they affect to look down on me; and for your sakes I wouldn't wish to affront 'em. However, I think we had better step in and consider a little on the best way of doing the thing graciously, eh?

Cro. Aye, belike we had. Come, Dinah; we'll conduct matters handsomely at ony rate.

Par. Oh! handsomely by all means. We're both gentlemen born, you know.

Cro. True, and we'll behave as sich. Come, Dinah, hold up your head, lass.

[*Exeunt into Paragon's cottage.*

Enter FINESSE *and* Mrs. FAIRWEATHER.

Fin. Well, sister, I think, when our plans are handsomely executed, and we have got rid of this schoolmaster and his noisy brats, we shall have as select a country seat as any in the hundred.

Mrs. F. Aye, brother; and may the gods and goddesses, who preside over rural happiness, do you good of it, I say. But to shorten my winter season at this rate, brother, it's really what I haven't been used to. Here am I, losing all this beautiful weather at the beginning of July, whilst my dearest friends are enjoying Bond-street in their barouches, and choaking up the doors of the opera before sun-

set; just as the singers are getting rid of their colds, and a full-dress becomes supportable and refreshing.

Fin. Don't say your dearest friends. Isn't there your *protegé*, Mr. Garnish, whom your extensive influence has placed here in the country in the high road to fortune no doubt, sister, that he may speedily render your esteem for him, more worthy of your rank and condition.

Mrs. F. Mr. Garnish, brother, is a gentleman of a noble, generous mind, intelligence, and good breeding—you have often said so yourself.

Fin. And say so still—don't think I mean to sneer at your taste, sister.

Mrs. F. My taste, Charles! Give me leave to say, whatever my taste may be, such reflections are not pleasant even among relations.

Fin. Well, come, to make you amends, I've a much pleasanter subject in reserve. To-day I expected news—you know the hit I made last year in my speculations.

Mrs. F. Aye, brother, that subject is delightful. There you really played a brother's part—and when I think of it I forgive you every thing --There you did me every justice, and on that score you always find me ready to do every justice to you—I don't know how you manage it, but certainly to lounge quietly on one's sofa, and know that one's money is growing like the grass in one's meadows without one's giving oneself the least uneasiness, is a luxury more than oriental.—Really, Charles, you must be a very clever fellow—What with your packets of scrip, and your darling slices of omnium, you must have the prettiest head for business of any man in the city.

Fin. And to-day I expect a letter, that shall inspire you with an eulogy ten times more eloquent than any you have yet honoured me with.

Mrs. F. Do you, indeed?

Fin. Advice of the return of an adventure, that has prospered beyond my hopes, and in which I have embarked every thing.

Mrs. F. Delightful!—there's music in every word!

Fin. Your friend Garnish shall have a capital dinner on the strength of it. He'll be a most active trumpeter of our style and elegance, and we shall be courted and envied by the whole county.

Mrs. F. Yes, yes; there brother, you must do justice to his zeal and attention. And distinction is one pleasure of the country, that will always correct the spleen and protect us from melancholy—and I think, Charles, since our menage has been united I have conducted it with a laudable spirit and for our mutual credit.

Fin. You certainly have.

Mrs. F. Your uncle calls us extravagant, but we must keep up our consequence.

Fin. Or live out of the world. Sister—what think ye of changing the entry?—

DINAH *and* CROPLY *from the cottage.*

Di. Come, father, come along; what signifies studying—it never comes to any good—Say but half a word, and I'm sure Mrs. Fairweather will understand you.

Cro. Well, come, here goes, then.

Fin. What's here? Croply—are you looking for me?

Cro. Why, rather so, Sir.

Di. (*aside.*) I'll walk backwards for luck.

Fin. And my little Dinah, too.—

Mrs. F. Good morning, child.

Di. Good morning, Ma'am.

Fin. Come, don't hide yourself, Dinah. Look-ye, sister; I protest, she grows quite a woman.

Di. Yes, your honour; that's what father and I was thinking of; and so you see, your honour, he's come to talk to you about it.

Fin. Talk to me about it!

Cro. Yes, Sir; to discourse a bit wi' you and my mistress.

Fin. Why you don't want us to check her growing, do you?

Cro. Oh dear, no! quite the contrary. You see, the long and the short be, saving o' your presence, Ma'am, there be a bit of a loveyer i't case.

Mrs. F. A lover, Dinah!

Di. No, no, Ma'am, not a lover; only a young man that's been asking father's consent to let us be lawfully married, Ma'am, that's all.

Cro. Oh, yes, blessy, that's all; it be all right and regular.

Here PARAGON *appears listening.*

Mrs. F. To be married, forsooth!

Fin. And pray who is this young man?

Di. Mr. Paragon, Sir.

Fin. Paragon! What the schoolmaster?

Di. Yes, Sir, the schoolmaster; he's a very clever young man, Sir.

Cro. Oh, a vast compacity, that's a sure thing.

Mrs. F. Why, sure, child, you don't mean the shabby person that lives in that cottage?

Here PARAGON *hastily withdraws.*

Di. E—yes, Ma'am—Speak, father.

Cro. Why, yes, Ma'am; he be a bit rusty like, for sartain.

Di. No, father, it's only his coat that's rusty, I'm sure.

Mrs. F. Heaven bless you, child, what can have put such a thing in your head?

Di. Why, Ma'am, he's distantly related to father; and quite a gentleman born—isn't he, father?

Fin. So much the worse, child; it shows him to be a scatterbrain and a squanderer, that will bring you into nothing but trouble.

Mrs. F. Besides, these genteel, high-bred beggars, are always troubled with foolish pride and idle pretensions—If we could possibly think of continuing our countenance, I dare say the man would expect us to invite him to our table.

Di. Now would he, father?

Cro. Why he might like to be axed to dinner, you know.

Fin. I assure you, Croply, its a wrong thing.

Mrs. F. If she wishes to have me her friend, it can't be.

Fin. You mustn't think of it, Croply; its quite out of the question.

Cro. Why I must own, there be a deal in what your honour says.

Di. (*aside to him.*) Not one word of sense, father, I'm sure.

Cro. (*aside to her.*) Be quiet, will'y? (*to him.*) I'll turn it in my mind like.

Fin. Do, Croply.

JONES *enters.*

Jon. A letter, Sir, brought by express from London, and the messenger says it's of the greatest consequence.

Fin. The very letter I'm expecting—Here, Charlotte, here's the news.—Now my mind will be at ease.

Mrs. F. Open it, open it, my dear brother.

Fin. Tell the messenger to wait in the house till I see him.

Jon. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*

PARAGON *enters.*

Par. (*passing Jon.*) Your most obedient, Sir.

Jon. (*slightingly.*) Your servant, Sir.

Par. (*aside.*) There!---even the valet's above me!---Dinah!

Di. Oh! my dear Mr. Paragon!

Par. What success?

Di. They won't consent; and father listens to 'em.

Par. 'Gad then, I'll talk to 'em---I'll stoop with a good grace, as Probe says.

Fin. Where the plague are my glasses?---Oh, here.

Par. (*coming up.*) Sir, your most obedient, very humble servant.

Fin. Your servant, friend.

Par. If I might be allowed one word---

Fin. I am particularly busy at present, Sir. If it's on the subject we have just been talking of, Croply knows my mind, and you won't change it, I assure you.

Mrs. F. Pray, good Sir, don't be troublesome.

Cro. You see the squire be varry busy just now.

Fin. (*opening the letter.*) I wasn't uneasy. I knew my friend Styver's punctuality.---(*Reads.*)---What do I see!---Heaven and earth!

Mrs. F. Brother!

Fin. I'm thunderstruck! I'm ruined!---ruined for ever!

Mrs. F. Impossible!

Fin. A bankrupt!

Mrs. F. Who?

Fin. Styver, the Hamburgh merchant.---Every hope annihilated! My property---your property---both embarked with him, and whelmed in the common wreck.

Mrs. F. Oh! I'm fainting!

Cro. Sir, Sir, Madam be taken ill.---(*The others assist her.*)

Fin. My dear friends! support her, assist her. I must away immediately.---(*aside.*)---They have listened.---My worthy friends, take no notice of what you have heard. I'm convinced the intelligence is unfounded;---and even if it were not, with my means---my extensive resources---don't be under any alarm, I beg of you. Within there! send my sister's servant immediately. [*Exit.*

Par. She's coming about.

Mrs. F. (*recovering.*) Mr. Paragon---My kind good friends, excuse me. I'm better now, and must follow my brother. Never was poor woman more to be pitied---never was such another incautious, self-sufficient madman---and I am but rightly served ever to have trusted to him. [*Exit.*

Cro. I be quite mistified.

Par. (*imitating Mrs. F.*) Mr. Paragon---my kind, good friends.

Di. For my part, I don't know whether I stand on my head or my heels.

Cro. For shame, Dinah!

Par. (*sings.*) "Says Plato, why should man be vain?"

Cro. Come, don't ye sing. You wouldn't like it yoursen. They do seem quite knocked down.

Par. And where's the wonder, cousin Croply. Such poor flimsy characters as suffer their heads to be turned with good fortune, can never be expected to hold them up under reverses. I suppose I may have their consent now for asking for.

Di. I hope they are not quite ruined; but still we had better ask, while we can, father.

Cro. Aye, aye, we'll see how the land lies. Bless me! who be this little man running so fast?

Par. Who! why it's the little attorney, that turned up his nose at me at the Wheat-Sheaf, and pretended he knew more of law than I did. I'll cut him for his impudence.---(*Draws back.*)

Cro. Aye, faith, it be little Circuit, sure enow. He be civil enow to me, for I recommended un to squire. Mayhap he do come about these tidings. How be ye?

CIRCUIT *enters in great haste.*

Cir. Stand out of the way!

Cro. Stand out of the way!

Cir. Glad to see you, but you're not the man I want at present. Where's Mr. Paragon? I must see him immediately.

Cro. Here he be.

Cir. Ah! my dear Mr. Paragon! I'm happy to see you, Sir. Never was happier to see any friend, I assure you. I give you joy, Sir.

Par. Sir, I'm glad to find you convinced of your error. What, you find I'm right, I suppose, and not the pretender you took me for.

Cir. Never had such an idea, Sir. Find you right! Sir, its impossible you should be wrong. I know you have had a liberal education. Your old acquaintance, Mr. Allface, of Clement's Inn, is just arrived at my office, as fast as post horses could gallop him.

Par. Not to convince you of my accomplishments, I hope.

Cir. Not exclusively, certainly. Your cousin, Sir, old Mammon Pennywise, of Philadelphia---

Par. What of him?

Cir. Dead, Sir.

Par. Dead!

Cro. Old Pennywise dead!

Cir. Defunct, and decently interred; leaving a will legally executed, by which Mr. Paragon, as residuary legatee, becomes possessed of seven-eighths of his property, amounting in the whole to about three thousand a year landed estates, and something less than twenty thousand pounds money, and floating securities—

Par. I beg your pardon—I didn't exactly—

Cir. I say leaving you nearly the whole of his immense property.

Cro. What, cousin Paragon!

Di. Twenty thousand floating estates!

Par. Leaving me!

Cir. You, Peregrine Paragon, formerly of Paper-buildings.

Par. My dear friend!—(*Embracing all.*)—Oh! my dear Dinah! Oh! my beautiful papa! Oh! oh! I'm fainting.

Cro. Fetch Mrs. Fairweather's hartshorn.

Di. He's getting better, father.

Par. (*languidly.*) Mr. Circuit—'Tis too much!

Cir. Compose yourself, Sir.

Par. Tol lol de riddle lol.—(*Sings and dances.*) —You're sure it's all right.

Cir. I've seen the will, Sir; and, though I bow to your superiority, I think I know my business.

Par. Sir, you're the cleverest fellow on the rolls.—Where's Allface?

Cir. Tired to death, Sir; and waiting for us at my office.

Par. We'll go to him immediately.

Cir. I've a trifle of business with the squire's steward, and will be with you in an instant. [*Exit.*

Par. And, in the mean time, I'll go and equip myself, like a gentleman and a templar, and show my native seeming once again.

Cro. But the school,—

Par. Damn the school! This is breaking-up day.---Smash the slates, burn the copy-books, and let Probe have the good-will gratis.---Prepare for joy and jubilee.---I'm off.---" Youth's the season made for joy," &c. [*Exit.*

Cro. How lucky I didn't give in to squire's objections.

Di. Lucky! father.---It's quite marvellous!---Only think---Seven-eighths and twenty thousand pounds in Paper-buildings.

Cro. Let's follow un—let's stick to un—Nothing like striking while t'iron's hot. Come along, lass.

Di. Huzza! father. I'll ride to London in a coach and six, and you shall mount upon the dickey. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Enter* FINESSE *and Mrs.* FAIRWEATHER; *the former in a travelling dress.*

Mrs. F. Where are you going now, brother?

Fin. Where! To London, to Hamburgh, to the devil, for any thing I can calculate! What's to be done, heaven knows. Styver, it seems, isn't likely to pay sixpence in the pound; and the spot where we are, is nearly all we have preserved from the wreck.

Mrs. F. Aye, aye, Charles; this is no moment to reproach you. I wish to treat your situation with tenderness—and yet, common precaution—pretty specimen of your acuteness!—brilliant result of your prodigious genius for commercial speculation! and I, its unfortunate victim, to be obliged to hide myself from the pity of my late equals, to dismiss my establishment, sell my jewels, drop my carriage, and probably remain a widow all the days of my life. I shall never recover it—never, never!

Fin. To load me with reproaches when you talk of sparing them, is no great proof of your tenderness, sister. I don't wish to retaliate; and yet, I must say, if you had not displayed quite so high a spirit in your scale of expenditure, we might both have been the better for your prudence. However, as I begin to recover, I see no reason for despair whatever. I have credit and consideration—I'll begin again—I'll make another fortune—I'm just as wise now as before I made the first.

Mrs. F. Just as wise, no doubt. And poor me!

Fin. Your situation is hopeful, compared with mine. You have your devoted Garnish.

Mrs. F. Garnish! Well, and suppose I have. Suppose I could depend upon him. His situation, Charles, at present, is a poor dependence, indeed!

Fin. But, thanks to you, sister, his prospects are excellent. Besides, you have a handsome sum mortgaged on this estate, which, when it comes to be sold, as it must be now, of course will be paid you immediately.

Mrs. F. Well, that's something, to be sure; but it's a heart-breaking business, to think of dropping my carriage!

Fin. I wish you would drop it, with all my heart.

Mrs. F. And then, to expose us, as you did, to Croply, and his daughter, and the schoolmaster—and no doubt all the servants know it by this time.

Fin. Not one from me, I assure you. I'll send for Croply, and caution him more particularly.—[*Rings.*

JONES *enters.*

Let Croply be sent to me immediately.—[JONES *exit.*

Gar.(*without.*) Never mind, John—I'm expected—You needn't announce me.

Fin. Here's Garnish—Now hear me, sister—This is really no time for qualms and affectation.

Mrs. F. Well, what have you to say?

Fin. I know how far his gratitude goes. Indeed, I speak upon hints, which, with some parade of humility, he has himself given me.

Mrs. F. Well, Charles, and would you have me abruptly fall at his feet,—or accost him with, pray remember your poor unfortunate benefactress.

Fin. Not at all—Only receive him alone, and give him a fair chance. He has always talked like a a man of liberality and spirit, nor have we at present any reason to doubt his sincerity. At all events, let him decidedly declare—and as you bring no debts upon him, he has neither right to know your circumstances, nor the slightest pretence to complain of them.

Mrs. F. I hardly know what you're saying, but you will overrule me, brother.

Fin. On this occasion be it so—I act for your happiness, and therefore take advantage of your compliance. Come, put a good face on the business. If he should speak out, refer him to me at once, and we'll close with him immediately. [*Exit.*

Mrs. F. If I could only avoid dropping my carriage—Mr. Garnish—

GARNISH *enters.*

Gar. I hope my dear benefactress is well—The fortnight since I saw you in town, appears to me a century. In fact, absent from you and Finesse, I am absolutely without resourses—How does this rustication agree with you?

Mrs. F. Pretty well, Garnish.

Gar. Tho' absent, I have not been unmindful of you—and have prevailed on your friend Hardacre to rid you of your troublesome neighbour the schoolmaster. Here is his notice to quit.

Mrs. F. Thankye, Garnish—but I don't think we are particular about that at present.

Gar. And why not? I know the liberality of your disposition. But the village is large, and 'tis the fellow's duty to accommodate his superiors. Where's your brother?

Mrs. F. He desired me to make his excuses;

but he's engaged for some time upon particular business.

Gar. I can excuse him, Madam, believe me. It gives me an occasion for which I have ardently sighed ever since we parted, of repeating, and repeating more emphatically, the deep sense I entertain of that generous friendship to which I owe my fortune, my hopes, I may say my social existence.

Mrs. F. Mr. Garnish!

Gar. Can it, Madam, be otherwise? I disdain all paltry motives. I would stoop for preferment to no earthly being. But deriving it from a friendship that honours me, it gives me pride, inspires me with new ambition, and with the hope of becoming worthy of the last honour you can confer upon me. —You can't mistake me, Madam, and must forgive an admiration as full of respect as of devotion.

Mrs. F. Pardon me, Mr. Garnish. This is a discourse I was wholly unprepared for. Still I would not wish to treat it either with harshness or injustice. But I have other feelings to consult, and, taken so unguardedly, must beg you will excuse me for the present, and allow me to refer you to my brother. [*Exit.*

Gar. A discourse for which she was wholly unprepared! There, my dainty widow, you uttered an unconscious libel on my penetration.

CROPLY *enters.*

Cro. Cousin be so busy, I may as well come to't' squire—I beg pardon, Sir; I thought my master were here.

Gar. He is not here at present, as you see, Sir.

Cro. Ah, Mr. Garnish, here be sad news here! sad tribulation!

Gar. Tribulation, Croply!

Cro. Ha'n't you heard on't?

Gar. Not I.

Cro. Oh, blessy, master and mistress be ruined.

Gar. Ruined!

Cro. Past dextracation. Somebody in foreign parts have smashed all to bits, and all their fortin be made away with.

Gar. Are you sure of what you say?

Cro. Aye, sure enow; I seed un read the letter, mun.

Gar. (*aside.*) Pretty time I have chosen for my declaration.—The fellow seems hardly sober.—You have been drinking, Sir.

Cro. A little drap, Sir. Just as squire, you see, ha' met wi' a downfall, my son-in-law have had a tightish lift; so I ha' been complimenting o' he, and drowning my sorrow for t'other, both under one, like.

Gar. (*aside.*) Is there no way of getting out?

Cro. The sarvants do wonder what be come to me, but I'm no blab—and their understandings could'nt support it; I mun astonish 'em by little and little.

Gar. So, here comes Finesse—What the devil's to be done now?

FINESSE *enters.*

Fin. Well, Garnish, my boy, glad to see you.

Gar. Thankye, thankye.

Fin. Croply!

Cro. You sent for me, Sir.

Fin. Leave the room. [*Exit Croply.*] Why this is kind of you, to come without ceremony, on so short an invitation. You've brought an appetite, I hope.

Gar. I brought one, certainly.

Fin. Well, we must endeavour to spoil it.

Gar. (*aside.*) That's pretty well done already.

Fin. Well, and now to business.—So you have spoken your mind, it seems.

Gar. Sir!

Fin. Sir! Come, come; no needless modesty: there's no great reason to be so shy.

Gar. To be shy, Sir—I don't exactly—

Fin. You don't exactly—Psha! what signifies mincing the matter?—Why you have proposed yourself to my sister, haven't you?

Gar. Proposed myself, Sir! In what respect do you—

Fin. In what respect? Why, damn it, as gentlemen generally propose themselves to ladies.

Gar. My dear friend! if you come to reproach me with any such extravagance—be assured—

Fin. Reproach you with extravagance! Nonsense! Why now you're alarmed.

Gar. I am indeed—Excessively alarmed, upon my honour. If I have too fervidly expressed my gratitude, think not for a moment I could raise my hopes so far above my level, or dare to put so arrogant, so insulting a construction on the friendship of Mrs. Fairweather.

Fin. (*aside.*) The devil take his art and impudence! Has Croply blabb'd? Has my sister mistaken him? or what the devil's to be said upon it?

Gar. (*aside.*) If they get over that, the devil's in it—

Fin. (*aside.*) I must hedge our dignity at any rate—

Gar. If you are recollecting my expressions, I trust Sir, that properly weighed, they will be found free of any such offence as the family tenaciousness might at first have assigned them.

Fin. Well, well, my friend, your explanation is a relief to us, certainly—In fact it's a thing my sister never could have forgiven—Of course it must have shocked us both, had any colour been put upon her good offices, beyond the desire of promoting merit in whatever person she discovered it.

Gar. Sir, you ease me of a world of apprehension—(*taking his hand*)—I interrupted you—till you are perfectly at leisure I'll amuse myself in the garden. [*Exit.*

Fin. So there breaks another bubble, and now for another affectionate burst of sisterly invective. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*An elegant drawing room, glazed folding doors in the flat, opening on a pleasure-garden.*

Enter FINESSE *and* Mrs. FAIRWEATHER.

Mrs. F. The wretch! The insolent ungrateful wretch!—You see what you have brought me to—and will you suffer it? Is my consequence, my happiness, my honour, to be thus trifled with?

Fin. But hear me.

Mrs. F. No Charles—I'll not hear you—I'll no longer temporize with my pride and independence.—You have ruined me, degraded me, robbed me of my own esteem.

Fin. (*ringing*) Jones!—This is more than I can bear.

Mrs. F. You deserve it all.

JONES *enters.*

Jon. Did you call, Sir?

Fin. Let the horses be put to immediately. [*Jones exit.*

Mrs. F. What, now you have completed your work, you'll make your escape, I suppose.

Fin. What would you have me do?

Mrs. F. Do,—impose silence on your servants—I hope at least you'll stop the mouth of that shabby school-master.

Fin. What purpose can it answer?

Par. (*hollowing without*) Mr. Circuit! Mr. Circuit!

Fin. What noisy fellow's that?

Par. Where are you? What the devil do you keep a gentleman in this way for?

(*He enters at the folding door.*)

I beg pardon—I have intruded into your apartment.

Fin. And pray on what pretence, Sir?

Par. Looking for Circuit, Sir?—You know Circuit. He said he was coming here—to speak to your steward, I think. Where the devil can he be—(*looking round.*) Business of the greatest consequence, I assure you—excuse me—can't stop a moment—Circuit! Hollo! Circuit! [*Exit.*

Mrs. F. Did you ever see such a thing?

Fin. Never, upon my soul. The fellow's mad!

Mrs. F. Mad! He means to insult us.

Fin. I'll kick him out of the premises. (*Going*)

PARAGON *returns.*

Par. I beg pardon, in case you see Circuit, if you'll just say I'm waiting for him, you'll oblige me. Pray pardon me, but dispatch in business is every thing. Three thousand a year must be looked after. A thousand pardons—it's really the most teasing thing. [*Exit.*

Mrs. F. Three thousand a year! in mourning too!

Fin. The fellow's head's turned. (*Going.*)

Mrs. F. Stay, brother—mind what you're doing—here's Mr. Circuit coming—you had better inquire into this.

Fin. Well, perhaps it will be as well.

CIRCUIT *enters.*

Cir. (*entering.*) When you have got the papers let me know—Gentlefolks, your most obedient—I just called to say, Mr. Finesse, that Litigate puts off the trial for want of a principal witness.

Fin. Never mind the trial, Mr. Circuit, but tell us for heaven's sake, what has happened to that crazy schoolmaster,

Cir. What, Mr. Paragon! Oh, a mere trifle—only suddenly become heir to about eighty thousand pounds—

Fin. Eighty thousand pounds!

Mrs. F. Impossible!

Cir. Madam, Mr. Allface, from London, is now at my office, with the will, titles, &c. and a trunk of papers, which I have not examined, but the principal I have examined, and I hope you'll allow no man is a better judge of their validity.

Fin. Undoubtedly—

Mrs. F. Oh! fortune! fortune!

Fin. Thou slippery deity!

Mrs. F. Deity! she's a devil!

Fin. No sister, with us only a fallen angel—

Cir. With you!

Mrs. F. You know her tricks, Mr. Circuit—

Cir. Oh! yes, Ma'am, I'm in the thick of 'em—she's a skittish jade I'll answer for her—

Fin. A skittish jade you may call her; and you lawyers are a sort of grooms to her—you curry her, bridle her, and saddle her, ride her in her races; when she runs riot reduce her; and when no more's to be made of her, send her to grass, or turn her to the dogs.

Cir. You are sarcastic, good Sir—but what has she done to you?

Fin. Why, my sister and I rode double, you know—so she has thrown us both in the ditch, that's all.

Cir. I always told you, you gave her too much rein. But who doesn't? There's this Paragon in the clouds—perfectly delirious—talks of nothing but buying and selling—houses, lands, estates—

Mrs. F. Of buying estates?

Cir. Yes, Ma'am, he says he must have a country seat in the neighbourhood.

Mrs. F. A country-seat!—(*aside to Fin.*)—Don't stir a foot.

Fin. (*meeting her aim.*) Be quiet.

Cir. But what is this business of your's? Can I be of service to you?

Fin. Why, perhaps, you may, Circuit. And of the whole profession, I don't know any man more to be trusted than yourself.

Cir. Proud of your good opinion.

Fin. The truth is, we have had a loss—

Cir. I'm sorry to hear it.—(*Looking towards Mrs. F.*)

Mrs. F. Yes, Mr. Circuit; not to say a ruinous loss.

Fin. No, no; not ruinous; but pretty serious too! However, more of that another time. To come to the main point—You did me the favour, I think, to purchase this estate for me.

Cir. I did; and a very good purchase it was.

Fin. Very good.—And, circumstanced as we are, if you could now contrive to sell it to Mr. Paragon—

Cir. To Mr. Paragon?

Fin. Aye.

Mrs. F. He wants one, you say,

Cir. He does want one.

Fin. He can't have a pleasanter. You shall have a handsome per centage on the produce, and can act on our behalf as well as his. Turn it in your mind.

Cir. (*aside.*) Commission on the produce.—Attorney on both sides—It's a capital affair.—Sir, you have said enough. You have been my friend, and I shall rejoice in the opportunity of serving you. He's returning; and we couldn't take him at a luckier moment.

Enter PARAGON.

Par. Now, my dear Mr. Circuit—here's the certificate. It is all regular—and the sooner we proceed to business the better.

Cir. Why, Sir, now I think on't, your friend Allface went to bed after the fatigues of his journey, and will hardly be ready for us.

Par. Oh! with all my heart—there's no such tremendous hurry. Landed property will stay where it is—he can't dream away the will and title-deed. Eh, Ma'am?

Cir. This is your neighbour, Mr. Paragon. You are probably acquainted.

Mrs. F. Oh! yes. I am indebted to Mr. Paragon for his gallant attention this morning.

Par. Oh! not in the least, Ma'am.—Always happy to wait upon the ladies.

Mrs. F. (*aside.*) Brother—

Fin. Yes; yes, I'd as soon choak as be civil to him.—(*To him*)—Mr. Circuit, Sir, has been telling us of your good fortune.

Par. Oh! I dare say—devilish good job for Circuit.

Mrs. F. Allow me to offer my congratulations.

Fin. And I mine, Sir.

Par. Oh! to be sure. Oh! as to me, don't be the least uneasy, I beg—You'll find me just the same—Fortune will produce no sort of change upon me. This morning, to be sure—

Fin. Allow me to explain—

Par. Not at all—No apologies, I beg.—I bear no malice.—I excused you then—I excuse you still. I am rich, to be sure—what then?—immensely rich—but it does not alter me. I'm just the same quiet, well-meaning fellow as usual. I don't forget I was poor, and may be again. I look on your misfortunes with the greatest indulgence.

Mrs. F. Sir, if I might—

Par. A devil of a surprise, too. The idea, you know.—Waking in the morning, without a penny, and suddenly finding myself, I dare say now, richer than you were. I beg pardon—I wouldn't wish to make you uneasy.—And then poor old Pennywise—I really regret him with all my heart and soul—I do really—a worthy old man.

Fin. It appears to me—

Par. Heaven knows I'd much rather he had made me a handsome present in his life-time. But fate would have it otherwise, and I shall still mourn for him as a father. The will, you know, insists upon it—

Cir. True.

Mrs. F. Nothing can be more—

Par. The outside! what signifies the outside—"I have that within, which passeth show"—Black's nothing—Circuit wears black in compliment to his old friend, eh, Circuit?

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Par. And so did I, as a simple, classical, philosophical—

Fin. Will he let nobody speak?

Par. And then my friend Probe—Gad I had almost forgot Probe. How astonished he'll be—dazzled! electrified. Now let him see whether I forget myself in prosperity. (*struts about.*) Now let him say there's no firmness, no decorum, no moderation, no consistency of character. And little Dinah! your little *protegé*, Ma'am—Out of her wits with joy! No more petitioning, no more consulting of friends.

Mrs. F. In that matter Sir, I fear you mistook our motives. We thought then as we do now, that a scholar and a gentleman would be very unsuitably matched with a rustic peasant girl.

Fin. (*Aside*) Well put, sister, an excellent idea.

Par. Why, Madam, I don't know but you're right.

Cir. By-the-bye, in my way out, Sir, I met a boy going to you with this letter.

Par. For me.—excuse me. (*opening it*)

All. Certainly.

Par. (*reads*) "You will take notice to quit my house at the end of this term, as I can no longer neglect the complaints of my friends, Mr. Finesse and Mrs. Fairweather."

Fin. I complain!

Mrs. F. Or I?

Par. "T. Hardacre."

Mrs. F. Mr. Circuit! (*appealing*)

Cir. Oh! I'm convinced. He might as well have put it upon me.

Par. "P. S. My attorney, Mr. Circuit, not only declares your lease to be defective, but thinks you might be indicted as a nuisance."

Cir. Oh! a gross misrepresentation,—Mr. Finesse

Fin. Oh! Mr. Circuit knew we had no such wish. The fact is, Mr. Hardacre has a view of being returned for Barterborough, and this is an officious attempt to gain my sister's interest there.

Par. Your sister's interest!

Mrs. F. The late Mr. Fairweather, Sir, represented it in two sessions.

Par. Indeed, Madam. This is not amiss egad—the thing is clear, Madam, I see it in its true light, and now Mr. Circuit, how are we to employ our money?—that's the great point.

Cir. The very thing we were just talking of—Mr. Finesse, owing to the pressure of circumstance—

Par. Any property to part with?

Cir. This very estate.

Par. I'll buy it.

Fin. Positively?

Par. Immediately.

Mrs. F. (*aside*) Delightful!

Par. Fix your price—you're pressed—I shan't stand for trifles.

Fin. Sir, you oblige me.

Par. No obligation—it suits me—it accommodates you, and that's enough. Mansion, goods, coach, horses, lacqueys—take it all off your hands—It will save a deal of trouble on both sides.

Fin. With all my heart Sir—you meet my wishes exactly. You are the very person I looked for—and I rejoice to see fortune pass into the hands

of a character so open, so spirited, so decided in his transactions. Sir, your gaiety enlivens me. The bargain's made, the thing is settled, Sir, and here you are now the master. My house, my goods, my people, all except my sister's waiting maid, are now at your service.

Par. Your hand—agreed—a merry bond as Shylock says—we'll carry matters briskly—I buy your mansion—you're welcome to my school.

Fin. Thankye, Sir.

Par. Excuse a joke—I wouldn't wish to make you uneasy—I know you have plenty of resources—I heard you say so—Come, Mr. Circuit, the deed of conveyance we'll sign and seal on the spot—

Cir. At your service—But the terms—Mr. Finesse paid eight thousand guineas for the property four years ago—At present 'tis much improved—We'll say, nine thousand pounds—

Par. Perfectly moderate. (*Circuit makes notes.*)

Cir. Fixtures, goods, books, pictures, &c. how much?---

Fin. Why, including farming stock, you won't think three thousand too much---

Par. By no means---including farming stock, say, three thousand—

Fin. But you'll see all that---Then there's a mortgage of my sister's---

Par. Oh! That we dispose of, of course---All agreed—Come, Mr. Circuit.

Fin. Come, Sir.

Cir. I'll not lose a moment---Gentlemen, I congratulate you both---You, Sir, of a charming property, and you, Sir, of so fair and prompt a purchaser---Return as fast as possible---Capital affair---Peace to old Pennywise, and long life to his philosophical successor! [*Exit.*

Par. Now, I'm a country gentleman!

Fin. Sir, I hold myself fortunate.

Mrs. F. And I, Sir, not less so.

Par. Not in the least—An agreeable concurrence of circumstances, that's all—And now, Mr. Finesse, I wouldn't wish to hurry you, but as soon as I can take possession—

Fin. Instantly. I wish to be as prompt and decided as yourself, and mean to start for London this evening.

Par. Why so, Sir? You'll be exceedingly welcome to an apartment; or, if you prefer it, a place in my carriage—On second thoughts, a country gentleman, a mere country gentleman won't do. Haymaking, innocence, and all that, can never suit with the cherished memory of Paper-buildings. The rural interest is not what it was—and, as the London winter season is now at its height, we'll start together.

Mrs. F. You forget business, Sir—

Par. In your company, Ma'am, where's the wonder?—

Mrs. F. Oh! Sir!

Par. Besides, the papers can go back to London—And then, my little Dinah—She'll be vexed, I'm afraid—But I can't help it. With so much upon my hands, a thing of that sort must stand over for the present—There's no avoiding it.

Mrs. F. Of course, your company will be an additional pleasure to us.

Par. You're very polite, Ma'am—*(aside.)*—She's not amiss, egad!—

Fin. Won't you look over the premises?

Par. True. I must take an account of my property, no doubt. Not, but I know it pretty well

already—I've often peeped through the railing. —Often longed for a pop at the rabbits, Ma'am.

Fin. I am perfectly at your service.

JONES *enters.*

Jon. The horses are put to, Sir—

Fin. Take 'em out again—I shall not set off till the evening—and Jones—

Jon. Sir!

Fin. It's necessary I should acquaint you that I shall have no longer occasion for your services.

Jon. I thought it would be so, Sir—I'm sorry to leave an old master; but understanding what had happened, I meant to give you warning, Sir, and look for another place.

Fin. I have found you one.

Jon. I am much obliged to you, Sir.

Fin. With this gentleman.

Jon. Sir! With—

Fin. With Mr. Paragon.

Jon. Oh dear, Sir—I am not qualified.

Fin. For what?

Jon. For an usher, Sir.

Fin. What d'ye mean?

Par. An usher, Sir! You see before you a gentleman bred and born—and in possession of something between seventy and eighty thousand pounds.

Jon. Sir, I—

Fin. No more words, but attend to your duty.

Par. Yes, fellow; and unless you quarrel with your good fortune, I am now your master—the same wages, the same advantages, as with Mr. Finesse.

Jon. Sir, I shall be proud to serve you—*(aside.)* The luckiest thing in the world. [*Exit.*

Par. Enough. Now, Mr. Finesse.

Fin. Excuse me for a few moments.—Jones, show this gentleman the house and grounds.

Par. Aye, lead the way, Jones.—I protest, all this sits as easy upon!—but why shouldn't it ?—it's my native element! Lead the way, Sir. [*Exit with Jones.*]

Mrs. F. I wish my new situation sat as easy upon me.

Fin. Come, come; cheer, sister.—we shall come off with flying colours still. This is a chance as lucky as unexpected—I am instantly furnished with plenty of ready cash, which, with my quick eye to opportunities, may restore my fortune in another twelvemonth.—You'll have your mortgage paid down; or, if I am not over sanguine, the choice of leaving it where it is, and so continuing mistress of your present residence.

Mrs. F. Aye, there, Charles, there—now you're in the clouds again!

Fin. Aye, sister; the better to disperse them, and restore us to a new sun-shine. Paragon's the man for you.

Mrs. F. The man for me!

Fin. You have made a strong impression on him —now is the time to improve it.

Mrs. F. I improve it!

Fin. Aye, you and I too, jointly and severally. Come, come; he's a dashing, spirited, clever fellow; when he gets to London, show me the woman that will refuse him; and if you repel his advances, sister, I can only say, you have more pride than judgment.

Mrs. F. Why the man was disposed to be civil certainly; and for my part, I see nothing in his address but what might recommend him to the very first circles.

Fin. Many a man of fashion, Charlotte, might study by him. As to Garnish—

Mrs. F. Don't mention the wretch.

Fin. Why not? Now you are cool, I may tell you that, in that matter, I rescued your dignity completely.

Mrs. F. Sincerely?

Fin. You may rely upon it. On his denying the proposal, I positively turned the repulse on your side: told him your pride had taken alarm, and revolted at the least word that looked like a misconstruction of your patronage.

Mrs. F. Excellent! This will satisfy me perfectly—for, on this cue, I may not only be perfectly at ease with him, but even find the means to mortify him.

Fin. No doubt.

Mrs. F. Still, Charles, I don't think his presence here at this moment is likely to profit us much.

Fin. I was thinking so—I'll give him a civil hint or two. In the mean time, let us follow up our guest, or rather our host, and show him all the attention such a host deserves. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A bye way, with a view of the park, bounded by railing*

CIRCUIT *enters with his memorandum book.*

Cir. Here's a day of business—where the devil can my clerk be loitering—long deed of conveyance—stables, barns, pig-sties to enumerate, and no assistance!

Pro. (*without.*) Where is he? if he's in this quarter, I insist upon seeing him.

He enters, followed by bailiffs.

Your servant, Mr. Supplejack!—your servant, most condescending Mr. Circuit.

Cir. Mr. Probe!

Pro. Oh! it's Mr. Probe, is it? and what is become of your epithet of friend, Sir?—old friend! and worthy friend? I'm arrested, Sir, for a paltry sum of fifteen pounds, ten shillings—and these fellows tell me you're the attorney—but, said I; it's impossible. Mr. Circuit and I are old friends—our families were friends before us—and even since the date of your warrant, he, his wife, daughters and half a dozen of his collateral relations, have done me the honour to come gratis to my exhibition!

Cir. Really, Mr. Probe, this is a matter I am totally ignorrant of.

Pro. I thought so. I recollect in your youth

you intended to convince the world that a lawyer might be a fine, disinterested, liberal sort of fellow.

Cir. The affair, no doubt, has been managed by my partner, Mr. Prowler.

Pro. Oh! your partner! Mr. Prowler, I have done, Sir. You know your business. I see you know your business, and I have done. I must settle it, no doubt, with your partner, Mr. Prowler.

Cir. Business must take its course, Sir—you have friends to bail you, I dare say.

Pro. Friends! there is my friend Paragon—but he won't do, I suppose.

Cir. Paragon, Sir—Mr. Paragon your friend!

Pro. Why not, Sir! he has no partner, I know. I have just sent to him, if he'll serve you. They tell me he's at the mansion—currying favour, I suppose, with your rich client. Here comes my messenger.

A country fellow enters.

Well Sir.

Mess. Mr. Paragon do send word he'll pay the money—and do beg you'll come and take some red port wi' him. [*Exit.*

Cir. (*aside.*) My reputation's in jeopardy.

Pro. Pay the money and drink red port—pho! damn his foolery.

Cir. Pray, Sir give yourself no further trouble. (*to bailiff,*) Gentlemen, you may leave it to me. [*Exeunt bailiffs.*] I am sorry this affair has happened—pray use your perfect convenience.

Pro. Sir, you astonish me.

Cir. I hope not, Sir—I hope I shall preserve your good opinion—I set a value on it—you are a deserving man, Mr. Probe. But pray consider when an old friend comes in competition with a new client, how very trying to the feelings of an attorney!

Pro. But your's have triumphed, unexpectedly triumphed! so give me your hand, Sir.

Cir. With all my heart, Sir. Would you wish to join Mr. Paragon?

Pro. Join him! what, to sit perched with him on a coat of arms, in the great hall, till he's permitted to sneak up to a talking upstart, and a squeamish madam, as if he were profanation to their Turkey carpet. No, Sir—I'll come again, when his audience is at an end.

Cir. (*aside.*) He starts for London to-night. Couldn't you call to-morrow?

Pro. Perhaps I may, and perhaps not. I don't like his ill-timed jesting. [*Going.*

Cir. And pray, Sir, remember that an attorney's duty---

Pro. Is a tender subject—I shall—and do you remember that when he can't do it like a gentleman he parts with his best title, to rank above his bailiffs. [*Exit.*

Cir. Nothing but perplexity. Really these sudden whirls and eddies in the side of human affairs, require the most cautious pilotage from a king's ship to a cock boat, and very often the difficulty of going with the current, is almost equal to the indiscretion of facing it. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Garden.*

FINESSE *enters.*

Fin. I have left them together. Her hopes are again alive, and I hope will silence her complaints. Now to dispose of Garnish. Here he comes.

GARNISH *enters.*

Gar. What is it I have heard! My dear friend,

allow me to condole with you from the very bottom of my heart.

Fin. To condole with me, Garnish!

Gar. I have this moment learnt your misfortune. It has made me miserable.

Fin. I'm sorry you are so sensitive. I have suffered a loss, 'tis true, in the failure of my agent at Hamburgh. But these are things men of commercial adventure must naturally look for.

Gar. I rejoice to find it affect you so lightly. Indeed I should have forborne to press my society upon you, but that I thought my opinion, or perhaps my active services, might at such a moment be of assistance to you.

Fin. You're very obliging—but there's not the least reason to trouble you. Not that I mean to dismiss you—that is—not that there's any necessity—but, unfortunately, here I'm no longer at home.

Gar. No longer at home! Do you mean you are not in your own house?

Fin. That is my meaning exactly. It did not suit me to keep the place; and, for the sake of seizing an opportunity, it has been sold these ten minutes.

Gar. And may I ask to whom?

Fin. (*aside.*) Somebody else will tell him, I suppose.—To Mr. Paragon.

Gar. Paragon! What, your troublesome neighbour!

Fin. Our neighbour, the schoolmaster, by the death of a relation, now become a rich proprietor.

Gar. You surprise me! Unexpected changes, indeed! But surely he doesn't turn you out.

Fin. He is now master here; and we are both, in some sort, trespassers.

Gar. But surely he doesn't turn you out?

Fin. No, no. But still we have the lawyers coming with their parade of title deeds, inventories, and the Lord knows what.

Gar. Oh! don't mention that. I can read, copy, witness, any thing to be serviceable to my friends. Hang it, Finesse, I'm not the shifting, time-serving, skulker, to be thinking of myself in a case of this sort. Who have we here? Perhaps this is—

Fin. The purchaser himself, Sir.

Enter PARAGON *and Mrs.* FAIRWEATHER.

Par. Very pleasant—uncommonly pleasant, Mr. Finesse, as I always found it. Rather a want of style about the entry; but that's soon mended. You had laid out a great deal, and probably found yourself circumscribed. I've ordered an inventory of the moveables; and the steward has given me an account here of all the live and dead stock—hay, corn, timber, sheep, oxen, cows, calves—I beg pardon—is this gentleman included?

Fin. No, Sir; that is my friend, Mr. Garnish.

Par. Happy to see you, Sir. By the bye, you've company to dinner, I understand. Don't let me disturb conviviality, I beg.—All here perfectly at your service. You, Madam, I hope, will do the honours; and, if it's at all a point of ceremony, allow me to ask this gentleman in my name, and all the rest of your friends.

Gar. Sir, I shall be proud of the honour of your acquaintance.

Par. You're very polite, Sir. Is the gentleman a neighbour?

Gar. A resident in the town, Sir, and keeper of the county records. Whatever facilities I can offer you, Sir, I beg you may command.

Par. Sir, I shall remember your civility.—Oh!

my dear deceased benefactor and kinsman, how much am I indebted to you! 'Tisn't for your possessions; but when I think of the friends you have bequeathed me—Sir, you do me too much honour.

Mrs. F. You see his policy.—(*Aside to Fin.*)

Fin. I couldn't stir him.

Par. But with respect to the place, as I was saying, Finesse, the entrance is not the thing.—You must have noticed, Sir, a want of simplicity and decision—a confusion of taste.

Gar. You recollect, Finesse, it's a thing I've often observed. Simplicity in architecture, surely, Sir, is a main consideration. I see exactly the nature of your objection. It's a point where Sketch, is far from infallible. To the eye, formed upon the best models, nothing is more offensive than that anomalous jumble of styles, which modern artists are so apt to fall into.

Par. You seem, Sir, to have studied these matters.

Gar. Why, Sir, I own I'm attached to the arts in all their branches. I think I could suggest a change that might probably—

Par. Will you walk this way, Sir?

Gar. With great pleasure, Sir.—Excuse me a moment.

Par. Return immediately.

[*Exeunt Paragon and Garnish.*

Mrs. F. You see, brother, what with his effrontery, insinuation, and prating versatility, he'll wind himself about his new host, as he did about his old ones.

Fin. Use him accordingly. Turn even his treachery to our account. What think you of confiding to him your views, or more properly *my* views, on Paragon. Employ his trumpeting talents. If he

has still any uneasy scruples on the affair of this morning, you give him an opportunity of at once removing them; and, when his personal interest is no sacrifice, he must be a monster of ingratitude, not to seize an opportunity of promoting your's.

Mrs. F. Why, 'tis plausible, certainly. My interest and connections he has every motive to set forth to advantage, and will, himself, no doubt, be still glad to preserve my *friendship*, at least.

Fin. Clearly. He can light up Paragon's ambition—enlarge on your connexions—your influence at the approaching vacancy for Barterborough—in fact, trust entirely to his obvious ingenuity—He's coming; take it upon yourself—An appeal from your own lips will be more forcible.

Mrs. F. Well, Charles—With a proper use of your name, I think, I may venture to *sound* his loyalty, at least.

Fin. I'll take Paragon to see the pictures, and leave him to you.

Re-enter PARAGON *and* GARNISH.

Par. Yes, really. I think your hint exceedingly good. Your friend, Sir, is a man of taste; he has suggested an excellent improvement, and undertakes to superintend it himself—infinitely complaisant really—

Mrs. F. Nobody, Sir, more obliging than Mr. Garnish.

Gar. Nobody, Sir, so condescending as Mrs. Fairweather.

Par. Good, good—No compliment on either side—I see you are friends well worthy of each other—and faith, I think, we're an agreeable party —When is your dinner hour?

Fin. We should be within a few minutes of it—

Par. Good news, i'faith!—I hope your appetites haven't suffered on my account—

Fin. I rather think, Sir, you have improved them.

Gar. Mine I can answer for.

Fin. You haven't seen the pictures. You'll probably have time for a glance at them.

Par. Oh! the pictures, by all means—And the library—I'll be a Mecænas—Patronise poets, the arts, the drama.

Gar. There, Sir, you may do service—

Par. Sir, I'll buy up Drury-lane Theatre—manage it myself—Bring out sterling merit—and begin with a tragedy of my own—Come, Sir—

Gar. Pray, allow me—(*Going with them.*)

Mrs. F. Mr. Garnish—

Par. Mr. Garnish, the lady calls—

Gar. Madam—

Mrs. F. I must beg of you to excuse me, and I'm sure you'll spare me, Mr. Garnish—

Par. By all means—Ah! Mr. Garnish, how enviable is your occupation!—(*Exeunt Finesse and Paragon.*)

Gar. (*aside.*) What's coming now?

Mrs. F. Don't be uneasy—I'm not going to be angry with you, Garnish—On the subject of your unguarded expressions, this morning, my brother, it seems, is perfectly satisfied—I'm glad to find it is so—

Gar. So am I, Madam, believe me—

Mrs. F. My present business concerns another gentleman. This Mr. Paragon, as you may partly observe, begins to press *his* attentions on me in a very pointed and unequivocal manner—

Gar. Nothing in the world more natural—A woman of your brilliant attractions—

Mrs. F. Be cautious, Garnish. Take care how you offend a second time—

Gar. I shall take great care, Madam, be assured.

Mrs. F. As to me, Garnish, after a first passion, and so deep a wound as I received from the untimely loss of its object, to form any strong attachment seems almost impossible.

Gar. 'Tis, perhaps, the more for your happiness—

Mrs. F. Still my brother's opinion has always powerfully influenced me; and, by yielding to his views in this matter, I am willing to give him a proof of my confidence, to which he is well entitled.

Gar. I understand, Madam.

Mrs. F. You see the state of Mr. Paragon's mind. His giddiness, his thoughtless pliancy—

Gar. No doubt, Madam; easily led away; open, unsuspecting, free-hearted—not to like him is impossible; and lucky it is he is surrounded with upright and liberal minds like his own.

Mrs. F. Aye, indeed! You, Garnish, by that engaging air, which never fails of success, have powerfully recommended yourself.

Gar. Nay, mere sincerity—I own, I like the man—

Mrs. F. And, I am sure, may do much with him both for yourself and friends—

Gar. Do you think so, Madam?—

Mrs. F. I am sure so—And my brother, Garnish, anxious for a sister's welfare and happiness—

Gar. An excellent idea!

Mrs. F. What, Garnish?

Gar. (*loudly and eagerly to himself.*) There's my sister Becky!

Mrs. F. Sir!

Gar. Ma'am!

Mrs. F. And what of her?

Gar. I beg pardon, but—ee—the—merely, that

what with one thing and another, I quite forgot to mention, that she arrived last week from Lincolnshire, and was quite impatient for the honour of your acquaintance—

Mrs. F. 'Tis well, Sir—I now discover the precise limit, both of your friendship and your gratitude.

Gar. Madam, be persuaded—

JONES *enters.*

Jon. My master desires me to say the dinner is waiting. [*Exit.*

Gar. Allow me, Madam. (*Offering his hand.*)

Mrs. F. No, Sir, till I am well assured of the turn you propose giving to your brilliant idea, your attention to me, Sir, will be worse than thrown away. [*Exit.*

Gar. Why, what a damned unreasonable world we live in, and that I should have so little command of my tongue. I protest I am grateful—really very grateful. But, surely, gratitude may begin at home, as well as charity—Becky depends upon my connections; and though there is certainly a sort of provincial breadth and forwardness in her manners, yet she has always been a good sister to me, and may be more so—and to suppose I have a heart so insensible—so unnatural—But dinner's waiting, and good manners before every thing. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The inside of Croply's Cottage—Dinah discovered as having finished dressing herself in rustic finery—Croply tying his handkerchief at a small looking-glass.*

Di. Come, make haste, father.

Cro. Don'ty hurry me—Look how be my neckcloth tied.

Di. Lord, father, it isn't half high enough—here. (*Unties it and ties it again, very broad, and propping up his chin.*

Cro. Consarn it! I do look up i't' world now, sure enow.

Di. How am I behind, father? do I stick out?

Cro. Nay—not more than should be, child.

Di. Come, father; Mr. Paragon will take it ill if we don't make haste.

Cro. Well, but my coat, you know.

Di. Law, true, father. (*Takes his coat out of a chest of drawers, covered with rose leaves and lavender.*) Here, father; it's famously fresh and sweet. (*Helps it on.*)

Cir. (*without.*) Mr. Croply!

Cro. Come in.

Enter CIRCUIT.

Cir. Don't let me disturb you, Croply; I've only come to take an account of your place, to put it into the deeds.

Cro. Aye, but look sharp, Master Circuit, for we be off. Dang it, to think of my daughter's coming to be a squire's lady, and missus o' this here fine estate.

Cir. Your daughter!

Di. Yes, Mister Lawyer. Mister Paragon and I are going to be married immediately, and I'd recommend you to send your clerk to fetch the licence, as fast as possible.

Cir. Happy to have you for a client, Miss, but am afraid we must have counsel's opinion in this business.

Di. Nonsense! there's no need of any rigmarollery—you do what I tell you.

Cir. Sorry to demur—but those rigmarolleries,

in our dull way, Miss, are of more importance than your hop, step, and jump, vivacity, is apt to calculate. Imprimis—is there any contract?

Di. Contract!

Cir. Aye, or any thing amounting to a contract —any letters?

Di. Letters, Mister Lawyer—hundreds and hundreds.

Cro. Why where, child? devil of any did ever I see.

Di. No, to be sure you didn't—you don't suppose we should let 'em come in your way? Didn't he leave 'em of a night in the thatch of the cow-house? and didn't I slip out, after you was fast asleep, and read 'em by moon-light! and, when I didn't find any, go home and cry myself to sleep?

Cro. Was there ever such a sly baggage?

Di. But you may read 'em now, father, and we'll convince Mister Lawyer.

Cro. (*stopping her.*) Nay, dang it, don't give 'em to lawyer.

Cir. (*aside.*) Now here's a new dilemma—a friend's one thing, a wife's another; and whether I shall please my client most by taking up this cow-house interest, or scouting it, seems a case for the judges.

Di. In short, Mister Lawyer—

Cir. Mr. Circuit, if you please—don't call me nick names, my dear.

Cro. No, especially old nick names.

Di. Well, Mr. Circuit, then—if you don't do as I bid you, you'll get into disgrace.

Cir. Well, there's no harm in sending, but mind I don't engage for his using it.

Di. No, no; I'll engage for that.

Cir. Well, in that case, I've made my remarks, and I'm quite at your service.

Di. And you shall continue lawyer to the estate, just as before.

Cir. My dear, it isn't for that; but when I think of the billet doux, and the thatched cow-house, and the moon-light tears, my dear, I couldn't resist. I'm with you.

Di. Come along, father. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Drawing Room, with folding doors.*

FINESSE *enters* (*first calling without*) *followed by* *Mrs.* FAIRWEATHER.

Fin. Matthew! William! William! These fellows seem determined to remind me I'm no longer master here.

Mrs. F. Mr. Jones!

JONES *enters.*

Fin. Where's Mr. Garnish?

Jon. He's been gone some time, Sir. [*Exit.*

Fin. That's rather extraordinary. If your suspicion of his wishing to ingratiate his sister be true, 'tis strange he should leave Paragon so soon.

Mrs. F. Why, after what I said, I have some hopes he's heartily ashamed of himself, and that I may immediately expect a letter of apology and conciliation.

Fin. I hope it may be so. However, though a stranger's report would certainly have had more weight, I myself threw in enough of your connections and influence, and evidently much to the satisfaction of our host. Here he is.

Enter PARAGON.

Par. My dear friends, why do I lose you so soon? You do your cellar no justice, Finesse. Your country neighbours have taken it amiss, and gone. But I beg pardon—Mr. Garnish, I thought, was taking care of the lady.

Mrs. F. Mr. Garnish is gone, Sir.

Par. Gone, Ma'am! What, without saying a word!

Fin. That's usual enough. Eating your dinner, and drinking your wine, is considered among all well-bred people, as quite ceremony sufficient.

Par. Gad, I'm not for ceremony myself; and, since he's gone, why we'll e'en do without him. Your company, allow me to say, Madam, replaces a whole assembly.

Mrs. F. Still these gallantries, Sir.

Par. 'Tis impossible, Madam, to forbear them. And since we are left to ourselves—that is, in the presence only of your brother—

Fin. (*aside.*) It's coming.

Par. Whom I should by all means wish to be a party to my—to my—(*aside*)—Poor little Dinah! But one can't commit an absolute outrage—

Fin. You were going to say something.

Par. Ye—yes—that is if I might be permitted to—

Fin. My sister is all attention, Sir.

Mrs. F. To Mr. Paragon surely—

Par. Then Madam, let me say –

JONES *enters.*

Jon. Mr. and Miss Garnish.

Par. Show them in.—(*aside*)—Glad on't, i'faith.

Mrs. F. (*aside.*) Insolent!

GARNISH *and* MISS BECKY *enter.*

Gar. (*as they enter.*) Now don't talk too much.

Miss B. Do you be quiet.

Gar. Allow me to introduce to your acquaintance my sister Becky.

Miss B. (*coming up to Fin.*) Sir, I hope you're pretty well. My brother came as fast as possible to say what a charming acquaintance he had made; and really spoke of you in such terms, and would insist upon my coming, that it was quite impossible to—

Fin. I beg pardon, Miss Garnish; but I fancy you quite mistake the person all this is intended for.

Miss B. Sir!

Gar. That, Becky, is my much esteemed friend, Mr. Finesse.

Miss. B. (*distantly*) Your servant, Sir.

Gar. And that our engaging host, Mr. Paragon—

Miss B. (*eagerly*) Sir, I beg a thousand pardons.

Par. Don't mention it, Madam—your politeness has not miscarried, though it happened to be misdirected.

Miss B. Oh! dear Sir, that elegant way is so unusual, so like what my brother said of you—

Gar. Hem! (*intercepting*) Sir the very warm reception you were pleased to give me, induced me to take the very earliest opportunity of making known to you, a sister who has been the companion of my youth, and the partaker of all my sentiments. —(*Bows and under play.*)

Mrs. F. (*aside to Fin*) She hasn't so much as noticed me.

Gar. Sister. This is my amiable benefactress.

Miss. B. Very happy Ma'am, I'm sure.

Mrs. F. You do me too much honour, Ma'am.

Par. (*to Finesse*) These are seducing distinctions, Sir—but for my uncle Pennywise, I might still have blushed unseen among the dog-roses in the paddock fence.

Gar. The distinction, Sir, is ours. I speak as I feel—in friendship, there must even be a harmony of mind, a congeniality—

Miss. B. No doubt, just like love in that respect—I'm just the same candid creature as my brother.

Mrs. F. So it should seem.

Miss B. Oh dear yes! I cant say I'm fond of company. In Lincolnshire they could never draw me out—so often as I've been asked, by the Bradburys, and the Smiths, and the Roberts's—I am sure, last Christmas—you know brother—

Gar. Yes, I recollect (*aside*) Becky, hold your tongue.

Mrs. F. (*aside to Par*) She's quite ridiculous, —great pity, Madam, that Paragon must profit so scantily of your good opinion, as he sets off with us, almost immediately, for London.

Miss. B. Dear me! Going to London, brother!

Gar. Mr. Paragon!

Par. Couldn't miss the season you know—and such an opportunity—

Pro. No doubt—and the opportunity is fortunate for us all. I must have gone in a day or two on that business you know Becky—and to travel with such companions—

Miss B. But on what business Leonard?

Gar. Why my dear Becky the business—

(*Signs, &c.*

Miss B. Oh! very true—

Fin. Why 'tisn't a fortnight, Garnish, since you were there.

Gar. Yes—that was merely for pleasure.

Fin. I understand—and this, a journey of *business.*

Par. Well, well, no matter for the motive. The carriage is large enough to hold us, and egad we'll all go together.

Mrs. F. (*aside.*) Insufferable!

Fin. (*aside.*) Ridiculous!

Miss B. Delightful! to London—there we shall meet with company properly genteel.

Mrs. F. The nature of your business, Mr. Garnish, may be easily guessed.

Gar. And your guess, Madam, might be naturally accounted for.

Miss B. I think so indeed!—We are no more blind, than other people, Madam.

Mrs. F. Spare me Miss Garnish—this tone may be very well with the Bradbury's, and the Smith's and the Roberts's—

Par. Ladies, ladies—I'm shocked! I wouldn't for the world have a misunderstanding in my house, and in a circle so accomplished—

JONES *enters.*

Jon. Mr. and Miss Croply Sir—

Par. Mr. and Miss Croply!—and did you show them—where are they.

They enter.

Li. Here we are cousin Peregrine (*stops*) dear! I beg pardon—all these fine gentlefolks—

Co. Well, never mind, lass. I be a genteel original misen—Well cousin, you mun ha' been very impatent—but you see we be, come at last.

Par. Yes—I see you are come—

Mis. B. (*aside*) What low impudent people!

Cro. Come, Dinah—

Di. We've tramped all across the Park. I think, dear Peregrine, you might have sent a *shay* for us; but, Lord! you must have had so much to do, settling for our house, and such a heap of law matters. Dear Madam, I'm so glad you begin to have a good opinion of my dear Mr. Paragon. I thought something would turn up, to show you what a nice man he was.

Gar. *(to Paragon.)* Your relations, it seems.

Par. Very distant—

Di. I'm sure, Ma'am, I shall never forget how good you and the squire mean't to be to me; and to do every thing in our power to help you.

Mrs. F. You are very generous, child.

Fin. Softly, my pretty Dinah! Isn't your head a little turned, child? Is it possible you and your father can still dream of your marrying Mr. Paragon?

Miss B. Oh! dear quite ridiculous, for a young person like you to presume to think of such a thing—

Di. A person like me! And what sort of a person are you, I wonder—God bless the King!—Well, I'm sure—What, you're setting your fine cap at him, I suppose. But he's not for you, Ma'am; look at him; bless his rogue's face; why, he could have sat at his school-desk, and been prayed for by the likes of you any day of the week. Fine doigs, indeed!

Cro. Well said lass. A chick 'ot old cock i'faith—

Miss B. What vulgar creatures!

Gar. My dear! Mr. Paragon's relations!

Di. No, no—My Peregrine's none of your turn-abouts; none of your upstarts; he's above it, and he'll tell you so. Why don't you speak to 'em,

cousin? You love him as well as ever, I'm sure—Don't you now?

Par. Oh! certainly, certainly, just as well as ever. (*aside.*) There's no hypocrisy in that. But, at the same time, Dinah, the---the---(*aside.*) Curse me, if I know what to say!

Gar. (*aside.*) Perhaps, I may be less at a loss. You must be sensible, my little dear, that situated as Mr. Paragon is, encumbered with business, and under the necessity of setting off immediately for London—

Di. To London! then it's all over; and can you think of deserting your poor Dinah---

Par. Deserting! No; no—

Di. And can you so soon forget all the vows you've made me: the kind things you've said to me, under the great elm-tree; and the lessons you've given me; and the letters you used to leave for me?—

Gar. Mr. Croply I am sure will.

Cro. Oh! damme, none o' your flummery to me—harkye, cousin.

Par. My dear Croply! don't let us quarrel, I beg. When you did me the favour to send up your names, I was praying for peace and harmony, which if any gentle mediator would only do me the favour to restore—

JONES *enters.*

Jon. Mr. Circuit and Mr. Allface.

Par. Desire Mr. Circuit to walk in.

Di. There! When Mr. Circuit has brought the license, as I desired him—

Miss F. The license!

CIRCUIT *enters.*

Mrs. F. (*to him.*) Is it possible, Sir, you have brought the license?

Cir. Eh ?

Fin. (*to him.*) I hope you haven't thought of such a thing!

Di. I'm sure he's got it—haven't you, Mr. Circuit ?

Cir. Ma'am !

Par. You have brought the conveyance, no doubt.

Cir. Oh ! yes, the conveyance—certainly—

Miss B. And not the license, of course.

Cir. Ma'am !

Gar. Oh ! As to a license, you know, it may be used now, or another time, or not at all, just as it happens—But the title deeds you know must be attended to—

Par. True. You must excuse me, now, Dinah —Goodb'ye—I shall be sure to think of you—but the title deeds—and a thousand things—and—you understand—

Gar. Yes, yes—Impossible ! he shouldn't be mindful of two such natural, plain-spoken, interesting—Come along, my dear Sir. (*Exit with Paragon.*)

Cir I'm very sorry my dear—but you see—he cuts the cow-house. [*Exit.*

Miss B. I hope you won't take it to heart, child —I dare say you'll soon find another sweetheart—

Mrs. F. You had better go home and think of your duty, child.

Miss B. (*to Mrs. F.*) After you, Ma'am—

Mrs. F. Couldn't think of it, Ma'am—[*Exit. Miss Becky.*]

Mrs. F. and Fin. Ha ! ha ! ha !

[*Exeunt following and mocking Miss Becky.*]

Di. Oh ! father ! who would have thought this !

Cro. Concern it ! We'll pluck up a spirit.—That for him, and his money !

Di. I wouldn't have him now if—and yet I could be so happy with him.

Cro. There be no need to lose the place, neither.

Pro. (*without.*) In here, do you say?

Cro. I'll be shot if there bean't that Mr. Probe.

Di. Perhaps he'll speak for us.

PROBE *enters.*

Oh! Sir!

Pro. Why, what is all this?

Cro. Han'ty seen cousin?

Pro. Not I—I found his house deserted; and a fellow in livery, I met at the door, hauls me here headlong, and says he'll send him to me.

Di. Oh! Sir, such changes!

Cro. Bless'y, he be turned a squire.

Pro. Squire! What do you mean? A bank director or a strolling player?

Cro. Oh! none of your shammies; he's got a mint o' money. But you won't do for he—you bean't smart enow.

Di. He has used us so ill.—But I'm sure you'll speak for us.

Cro. Oh! that he will. Come wi' us before you do see un.

Di. Yes; and we'll tell you all about it.—Come.

Pro. The dog-days are set in, and they're all raving. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT THE THIRD.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The mansion gates; Paragon's house, &c.*

PROBE *enters in a full dress (grotesque and ill-sorted.)*

Come, now I think I shall not disgrace the rest of the party. My friend Paragon behaved as he ought. Friendship lighted up his looks, and gave a congenial warmth to our meeting. Though, I must own, the presence of his gay friends had a visible effect upon the state of the atmosphere; and the mercury of my thermometer was certainly a few degrees lower at our parting. He didn't like my allusions to old times. Then came the glances at my threadbare coat; and I may at least thank my profession for a full-dress, to set his mind at ease. A little concession is fair and reasonable. He has promised me my five hundred pounds. I may now take rooms in London, and rival the great Merlin himself.—But there's his Dinah—his poor little Dinah!—I promised not to neglect her. Oh! here he comes—and without his train, thank Heaven.

Enter PARAGON.

Par. Ah! what my Probe, my friend! my censor general! glad to see you back—I was afraid I had offended you—

Pro. No no—but I just slipped off to put myself in better trim.

Par. Oh! no need of that whatever. (*Aside)* Rare taste, upon my soul—well, my boy, I hope we shall have many jolly days together—but I wish you had stayed—I've turned out for a little breathing—Such music!—Mrs. Fairweather has given us some airs of the last fashion—and Miss Becky has favoured us with the battle of Prague, and a vocal budget of twenty years' selection. Egad, she pipes it as fiercely as a young canary, and with as little asking for—

Pro. Thank heaven I was out of hearing—you know me, boy—commend me to a London paper, pint of ale, and a pipe of tobacco, and for all other pipes and pipers, Lord Chancellor Bacon, or any modern chancellor, never was more savagely indifferent—

Par. (*aside*) Ale and tobacco!—damn it.—Well, my boy, you shall have your five hundred pounds—

Pro. Thankye—thankye—that's hearty; and I hope I shall make a good use of it.

Par. Oh! no doubt of it—like myself, you wanted but the means to become a most meritorious member of society—I must be useful, Probe—

Pro. No doubt—as far as comes withing your reach—you have no ambition, you have often said.

Par. No—no ambition, certainly—but, you know, I've studied the constitution of my country—and at our initiatory society made some progress as an orator—and as a most promising opportunity offers, I think, if I were to start for Barterborugh—eh?—

Pro. To start for Barterborough? Why, have you any business there?

Par. You—you misconceive me—I mean as candidate—as member for the place.

Pro. What! As member of parliament?

Par. Exactly.

Pro. (*Aside, as finding it difficult to contain himself*) My five hundred pounds are in jeopardy.

Par. What d'ye say to it?

Pro. Why, faith, I don't see what I can say at present—but by-and-bye, you'll know more about it, perhaps.

Par. No doubt, no doubt, you have heard me speak at the school of eloquence.

Pro. Once, I think, I did.

Par. And I hope to some advantage.

Pro. No doubt—a slight respect for prosody and grammar, placed you there in a most distinguished point of view.

Par. I understand your sneer, Sir,—but I'm an infant, an idiot, without either wit, sense, or common instinct, I dare say.

Pro. Nay, nay, nay,—you mistake me. I'm not inform'd—you say, you have an opportunity.

Par. A very good—and my friends really are so pressing that—

Pro. Your friends! What, those—

Par. Those you saw—

Pro. Aye—Miss Becky and the squire, and the lady you made your bow to this morning.

Par. Oh! that—psha! we must overlook that—especially if by a suitable match—that is a match, where neither party will feel incompatibly situated—you understand me.

Pro. Yes, yes,—the confounded money almost choaks me. (*Aside.*)

Par. Of course, Dinah—a good little girl, no doubt.

Pro. Aye, I promised to talk to you about her.

Par. What! you have seen her then?

Pro. I have—poor child—she's almost broken hearted—

Par. I dare say—it's really a trying business—how I shall manage it—now you, Probe—what would you advise?

Pro. Why, if you would really have me speak my mind—I—a—what do you say to it yourself.

Par. Gad—any other person in my place certainly—a—don't you think so?

Pro. Faith it's a very ticklish case for *me* to decide. *(aside)* Damn the money.

Par. However, I'm off for London to night; and a short absence may do the thing quietly.

Pro. Off for London!

Par. Yes—that's why I'm sorry you left us so soon—however, we shall soon meet again.

Pro. Meet again! Why should we part? I haven't a place taken for my exhibition to-morrow, and mean to look after my patent immediately.

Par. My dear fellow, if you knew how many we were—

Pro. Oh! as to me, I'll put on my roquelaure and mount the box.

Par. That I couldn't submit to—but I'll put it to my fellow travellers.

Pro. What, Miss Becky, I suppose, and—

Par. Yes, yes—The same party—just to amuse myself.

Pro. I wonder they have given you so long a respite—so, here they come. I thought their patience must be almost exhausted.

Enter FINESSE, Mrs. FAIRWEATHER, GARNISH, *and* Miss BECKY.

Miss B. Oh! Mr. Paragon we couldn't think

what had become of you. Dear! have you been sending for the show gentleman?

Par. This, Ma'am, is my friend, Mr. Probe.

[*Probe turns toward her and bows.*

Miss B. Well, so it is—the same gentleman—I vow, I didn't know him again.

Pro. Yes, Madam, the show gentleman, and Mr. Paragon's old and particular friend.

Miss B. Oh! I havn't a doubt, Sir—I'm so stupid—I might have thought Mr. Paragon's friends couldn't be any great—that is, might be very worthy.

Gar. (*taking her aside.*) Becky, hold your tongue, (*aloud*) the gentleman is a professor of natural philosophy, and, no doubt, has assisted Mr. Paragon in his studies.

Miss B. I dare say, brother—And if it had occurred to me that Mr. Paragon had ever had any studies—

Gar. (*aside.*) Be quiet.

Par. (*aside.*) To think of putting on his damned exhibition dress.

Pro. If these gentlefolks knew the hours we have passed together—our little contemplative rambles to the Jew's-Harp and the Yorkshire-Stingo—how we consoled each other as brother-sufferers in Carey-street—

Par. Eh! my dear boy—

Mrs. F. (aside to Fin.) The figure annoys him—I'll provoke his uneasiness.—Why, Mr. Paragon, your friend is as fine as a bridegroom.

Par. Yes; rather gay—not the best taste in the world—but a good-natured fellow—all to please the ladies.

Mrs. F. I'm afraid we've given him a deal of trouble.—(*All the party get together, eyeing and quizzing* PROBE.)

Pro. The gentlefolks are merry, friend Paragon.

Par. All in good humour, my dear fellow; no offence whatever.

Pro. Did you mention my travelling with you?

Par. No; but I will.—Ladies and gentlemen, my friend Probe is setting off for London too, and would be happy to join us.

Mrs. F. What, in the same carriage?

Par. That is, if the ladies wouldn't be incommoded.

Miss B. Dear! it will be very awkward.

Gar. Awkward, Becky—not at all.—A friend of Mr. Paragon's.—'Tis easily settled. We can order a chaise; and any two of us, for instance, I and the gentleman, or Mr. Finesse and the gentleman, can go together.

Fin. If it will oblige Mr. Paragon, with great pleasure.

Gar. Oh! we'll settle it.

Par. There, the gentlemen will settle it. Excuse me. I've a deal to do—and must attend the ladies. You'll arrange it among you. Pray allow me. (*Gives the ladies each an arm, and exeunt* PARAGON, *Mrs. F. and Miss B.*)

Gar. (*noticing Paragon's manner.*) This is a clear case. Here's a cut intended here; and you know, my dear Finesse, I can't bear to say an unpleasant thing to any human being; therefore—Mr. Probe, this gentleman is kind enough to agree to every thing. [*Exit.*

Fin. (*aside.*) I fancy he's right; and therefore the less ceremony the better.—The fact is, Mr. Probe, that at this hour, and with the necessity of sending to the town for a chaise, the thing is scarcely possible. But the Accommodation passes every

morning, and you are almost sure of a place, either inside or out. I wish you a good evening. [*Exit.*

Pro. Now do I cut a tolerably ridiculous figure; and, what is worse, my conscience says deservedly —deserve! I have deserved ten times my disgrace. Had these puppies drowned me in the fish-pond, and Miss Becky and her companion dried me with tossing in a blanket, they would have come short of my deservings. I should still deserve to dangle at the gate-posts, as a warning to all parasites and sneaking apostates, who libel the whole world, and out-sin their own invectives. But it will do.—Damn his money!—a single taste is a dose, and the five hundred pounds stop the way no longer; let 'em go—to some other self-sufficient coxcomb—his disinterested friends here—or the free and independent electors of Barterborough, if he likes. And for those gentlefolks, I'll give 'em a touch of my professorship—I'll doff their vizors, and show the trick of them. Here come's the generous attorney. If I could first get at *his* springs, and move *him* to my purpose—

CIRCUIT *enters.*

Cir. (*to Pro.*) So, Mr. Probe—I am bound to thank you, Sir.—I am to return your compliments, it seems, to my friendship and gratitude.

Pro. What, *the law* losing its temper!

Cir. I behaved handsomely to you, Sir; you can't deny it.

Pro. Certainly not; and your flashy pretensions are now perfectly intelligible.

Cir. Yes—and so, I suppose, are your flashy pretensions.—(*Eyeing him.*)—Rough honesty, I see, can polish upon occasion. You were determined not to disgrace the Turkey carpet, it seems.

Pro. (*aside.*) I'm fairly in for it. My little field-flower droops—and I—pretty account I have to giveof my fostering protection.

DINAH *enters.*

Di. Oh! my dear Mr. Probe, I have been so anxious, so impatient—Well, and have you seen him?

Pro. Yes. I have seen him—

Di. Well, and what success? Will he hear reason?

Pro. Not much at a time, my dear, and unfortunately talks still less—

Di. Ah! I thought there was but little hope. You have changed your dress. My fine clothes did very little for me—

Pro. Mine have'nt done a great deal for me.

Di. But did you press him very hard? Did you say all that you possibly could?

Pro. Umh!

Di. Ah! no. I dare say you didn't. I'll be bound you were so occupied with your own concerns, you said very little for poor Dinah—

Pro. Aye—there it is—the satirist rates the philosopher; the philosopher out-swaggers the satirist; and in comes a check apron to put 'em both to the blush.

Di. Ah! poor me! poor me! You know, Sir, how I loved him when he was poor, and unfortunately I love him all the better for being rich.

Pro. Why, that is unfortunate, indeed.

Di. My poor heart is a stubborn thing, Mr. Probe, it won't whisk about like the straws at the barn door. Though, I'm sure, it will soon be just such another withered thing; and, when it lies quiet in the church-yard, poor Mr. Paragon, I know, will be the first to cry over it.

Pro. (*blubbering*) No—damn me, if I think he will. Oh! If you would but take me, little one—I'd love you to life again. Why shouldn't we make our fortunes together—eh? I'd put you in my bills—advance my prices, and show you for a prodigy. But tell me, Dinah, and yet I'm sure I needn't ask you—You, it seems, were related to old Pennywise, almost as nearly as this Paragon. He must have been superannuated to forget you; and if, in fact, he has not—if I, in searching over his papers, with his attorney, had discovered a writing, that turned the tables upon Paragon, and gave you the property instead of him—

Di. Me, the property!

Pro. I say, if it were so—Would you, after his treatment of you, think of sharing it with him.

Di. Would I---Now, harkye, Mr. Probe, I don't know what you're aiming at; for after what has happened, 'tis impossible to say what may, but mind, if you have found any such writing, and I am to have every penny of the money, here I stand and swear---

Pro. No, no—

Di. Yes. I do swear, that I never will have any husband but my dear, dear, cousin Paragon.

Pro. That's enough. But still, I think, you ought not to have *him*, unless that you can make out that he still loves you, and could now be brought to keep his promise.

Di. But how am I to find that out?

Pro. Why—what think you of making him jealous?

Di. (*Slaps him on the shoulder, as struck with the discovery.*) The very thing—I see into your design. I'll do it—it's a bright thought—How came it into your head?

Pro. How! Why your fire has struck it out—About it—if you were to—

Di. I know what I'll do—I'll write him a letter—

Pro. Good.

Di. I'll go and do it at his own desk.

Pro. Very convenient—and if you were to—

Di. Now, let me do it my own way; for you'll only puzzle me.

Pro. Well, do it your own way then. I'll trust you—and, harkye, I'll send somebody to fetch it, and give 'em the cue to deliver it—

Di. Thankye, Sir, thankye—Now, I shall know the truth; and, one way or another, be out of my misery. [*Exit into Paragon's cottage.*]

Re-enter CIRCUIT.

Cir. (*showing a paper.*) This is the document, Sir; now your plan.

Pro. My plan is, first—Sir—that let who will reign, you shall be Vicar of Bray.

Cir. Sir!

Pro. Don't mistake me, Sir. You are a man of business, and it is your duty to look to it. Don't think I rank you with the shuffling train that dangles at the tail of your foolish client. On the contrary, I'd have you join with me to play 'em off like puppets, as they are, and show him the simple *mobile* of all their antics.

Cir. An excellent moral!

Pro. To 'em then, and about it. I'll explain as we go. Come.

Di. (*from the window.*) Mister lawyer, will you mend my pen?

Cir. Your pen, my dear? [*Takes out a case.*] Here, here's one ready made—

Di. No, no—Your pens won't write love-letters, I'm sure—and you see Mr. Paragon's want mending.

Pro. Come in, Sir—We shall want her letter, and you may get some valuable hints from her, I promise you. [*Exeunt into cottage.*

SCENE II.—*A room in the mansion.—Enter* PROBE, CIRCUIT, *and* JONES *showing them in.*

Jon. This way, gentlemen—Which is the lady you wish to speak with?

Pro. Miss Garnish; I think her name is Becky.

Jon. Let her know immediately. [*Exit.*

Pro. We'll begin with Miss Becky first, and I warrant we shall soon have the rest about our ears. —Matters are well understood between us, and you'll be guided entirely by me.

Cir. Implicitly.

Miss BECKY *enters.*

Miss B. Who can it be—This show gentleman again! Did you send for me, Sir?

Pro. I did, Madam. This gentleman and I have an affair to communicate of some consequence—

Miss B. A secret, Sir!

Pro. A secret, Madam! Leave, I conjure you, this short-sighted, this intoxicated Mr. Paragon, and let him entrap only the artful and designing—

Miss B. Sir—

Pro. Your brother, my dear young lady, is leading you into a snare, and I couldn't help coming to save you. You are a simple, innocent, unsuspicious, unsophisticated, young creature—

Miss B. Me, Sir? Law! what do you mean?—

Pro. The world is beset with dangers, and mankind full of whims and fancies, and irresolutions. You heard Mr. Paragon recommend me to this gen-

tleman, to look over his relation's papers, and there, fatally for him, I find—

Miss B. What, Sir!

Pro. A second will, my dear, by which, owing, no doubt, to some evil report of him, Mr. Paragon is disinherited---

Miss B. You don't say so---

Cir. My clerk, Madam, is gone off to the town to fetch back Mr. Allface immediately---

Miss B. Dear Sir, I'm so much obliged to you ---You'll allow me to whisper it to my brother---

Pro. Certainly---

Miss B. Perhaps, it will be hushed up for the present; and, I'm sure, if it's any accommodation, you will be very welcome to our places in the carriage —(*Aside*) Mercy defend us! If my Stamford lover hears of this, I'm ruined every way.

Pro. and Clerk. Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit.*

Pro. Now they call a new dance, and Miss Becky leads off in grand style. Thus it is, my hero —Fortune fiddles; and, by my faith, they'll follow her to as many figures as would stock a polite repository. Set and change sides—back again—now its hands six round—and, presently, I reckon, my friend will be casting off two couple—Whether he will return to his old partner, the master of the ceremonies can't yet decide—Here's one upon the listen; we'll give him his ears full.

FINESSE *enters listening.*

Fin. *(aside.)* What can it all mean?

Pro. Be secret, my dear Sir; and pray conceal it for the present—You know the world. The moment these new friends know Paragon to be disinherited, they'll leave him like a wounded deer to his miserable fate—

Fin. Paragon really disinherited?

Pro. Who's that?

Fin. Pray, good Sir, have no fears on my account—unintentionally I heard your last words—If they be true, pray be explicit; and, be assured, I shall never use your information to your friend's injury—

Pro. Sir, he is (I may say now) under your roof, and hospitality commands the strictest secresy—

GARNISH *appears cautiously listening.*

Fin. You may rely upon it.

Gar. (*aside.*) Can she be mistaken?

Cir. (*aside to Pro.*) There's another listener.

Pro. Good. (*to Fin.*) Why, then, Sir, there is a testamentary writing, whose legal force Mr. Circuit decides to be unquestionable, revoking the will in favour of Mr. Paragon, and leaving the whole property, excepting trifling legacies, to one—Who is it?

Cir. Dinah Croply—

Fin. Dinah Croply!

Gar. (*aside.*) I'm perfectly satisfied.

Mrs. FAIRWEATHER *enters.*

Mrs. F. Good Heavens! Brother, can all this be true? I have overheard Miss Garnish talking in the strangest way with her brother, about Mr. Paragon's being disinherited—

Fin. You hear, Sir—

Pro. Nay, it seems, there's no disguising it—

Fin. It's very true. These gentlemen will explain all—for it is a business that requires my immediate attention. [*Exit.*

Mrs. F. Dear Sir, this is a sad intelligence—

Miss BECKY *re-enters.*

Miss B. Where is my brother running? Oh! Mrs. Fairweather, have you heard it?

Mrs. F. I have, indeed. How can it be, Sir?

Pro. By a subsequent will, Madam—

Mrs. F. And pray, Sir, who does the money go to?

Pro. To another relation---A Miss Croply—

Mrs. F. What! little Dinah Croply.

Cr. Dinah, your little *protegé*, Madam—

Mrs. F. Who could have imagined this!

Miss B. And you, to have been so unkind to her---

Mrs. F. Me, Madam!

Pro. Here comes Mr. Paragon---Poor fellow! quite unconscious of the change that awaits him---

Mrs. F. A change, indeed!

PARAGON *enters speaking.*

Par. Why, where are they? Ah! ladies, glad to see you haven't deserted me---Where are the gentlemen? Probe, my boy---Well, have they found you room?

Pro. Yes; there'll be plenty of room—

Par. So much the better— Gad! we'll bowl along merrily. If it was day time, I'd drive you myself; driving's a noble exercise---an Olympic recreation—to see four noble animals spanking along before you, obedient to your thumb and finger---the hills echoing to the smacking of your whip---'Tis pastime for a god—

Pro. Poor fellow!

Mrs. F. Four animals in his thumb and finger--- } (*aside.*)

Miss B. Smacking his whip, too— }

Par. Why, what's the matter with you all?---

Any accident—Have the gentlemen shot each other?—

Mrs. F. Almost as bad—

Miss B. Heaven knows!

Mrs. F. Alas!

Pro. Ah!

Par. Why, Probe—what is it? What the devil are you groaning about? Why don't you speak?—

Pro. Hem!

A Messenger enters.

Mess. A letter for Mr. Paragon.

Par. Here, Sir—[*takes it.*] from Dinah! I hope she hasn't drowned herself—[*Looks round, then reads.*]—"As you have turned false-hearted, the best way is to think no more of it, but forget and forgive—(Well, come—that's pretty cool, and not very tragical) especially as I have got another lover who will have me directly; and so I mean to take him at his word, and not go crying after one that only laughs at me for my pains. So God bless you; and if you marry one of the fine ladies, may she love you half as well as your poor

"Dinah Croply."

What! talk of loving me, and go and marry another directly. Why, was there ever such levity —such insensibility! No, no—'tis I that am insensible—'tis I that am blind—besotted! Ah! my friends, I don't wonder at your pitying me—I'll fly to her—fall at her feet—jump into her arms—If my rival is a gentleman, shoot him on the spot—and if not, kick him to the devil. [*Exit.*

Cir. I'd better follow, in case of assault and battery.

Pro. What do you say to this, ladies?

Mrs. F. Say, Sir, that such conduct clearly be-

trays his knowledge of the whole affair; and, as he refused Dinah two hours ago, it is our duty to undeceive the poor innocent, and prevent her being imposed upon .

Miss B. Oh!—Our bounden duty.

Pro. A very shrewd idea, Madam.

Miss B. We had better go immediately.

Mrs. F. Where are the gentlemen?

Pro. Never mind the gentlemen, Madam. Allow *me* to conduct you; and proud I am of being a party to a purpose so humane and purely disinterested. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The outside of Croply's cottage—A rustic view of the boundary of a park, meadows, &c.*

DINAH *enters from the door.*

Di. Ha! ha! ha! Why sure this Mr. Probe is a conjuror in real earnest. There's something in what he said—I'm sure there is, or else he's running his rigs at a pretty rate.—Then, faith, I'll run my rigs too.—I'm sure the spark I've got there, is good for nothing but to make sport with; and so I'll show him. Here comes father, and he shall help me.

CROPLY *enters.*

Cro. Why, Dinah, do you know I think that hobgoblin chap have made a bit of a stir. The carriage have a been waiting this half hour, but devil a soul do go nigh it, nor any likelihood.

Di. If it should be my letter—

Cro. Your letter!

Di. Yes, father. I've writ to Mr. Paragon to say I'm going to marry somebody else, just to see how he takes it, you know.

Cro. No bad notion.

Di. And the best of it is, father, I've really got another lover—quite a gentleman too—and he's now in the cottage, waiting for your consent to carry me off to London immediately.

Cro. Why thy head's turned.

Di. You go and see, then.—Ho! stay—here come's squire Finesse. You'd better hear what he's got to say. Harkye, do you know I think the money's coming to me.

Cro. Why sure.

Di. I have my reasons—so don't you meddle nor make, but let me manage.

Cro. Well, I wish thee bean't crazy—But thee shall have thy way.

FINESSE *enters.*

Fin. Croply, my business here will surprise you. But it is time I should explain why I have opposed your daughter's marriage with Mr. Paragon. Know, then, my worthy friend, that I love her myself—that I have long loved her—and never shall cease to love her.

Cro. What! love Dinah!

Di. Love me, Sir!

Fin. Desperately, Dinah. Here, on my knees, I swear it, and am ready to take you and your father to London, and marry you immediately. Speak—Don't trifle with me. Will you consent?

Di. Why, father—(*looks at Croply, who incontinently bursts into laughter.*)

Fin. Am I laughed at?

Dinah. Law, Sir, father thinks you're laughing at us.

Cro. Aye sure, Sir.

Fin. Be convinced then this instant. You can

be equipped on your arrival, and a chaise will mee us at the end of the village.

Di. But, Sir, I've got another lover, now waiting in the cottage for father's consent.

Fin. Psha! some low clownish fellow, who is unworthy of you.

Di. Perhaps he may say the same of you.

Fin. He! and do you think, Dinah, I cannot silence a fellow of this sort? Send him to me instantly.

Di. Well, and if that's the case, I will send him. [*Exit into cottage.*

Fin. I intreat you, Croply, not to hesitate a moment—Your daughter will be a treasure, dearer to me than all I have lost. Your situation shall be greatly improved, and her happiness will be the study of my life.

Cro. Nay, Sir, I do leave it entirely to Dinah.

Enter GARNISH *and* DINAH.

Gar. (as he enters.) Where is the rascal? Where is the impudent vagabond?

Di. Here, Sir.

Fin. Garnish!

Gar. Finesse!

Cro. Drat me if I did not think so.

Fin. This is surprising, indeed!

Gar. Surprising it seems, but not singular.

Fin. I hope, Sir, with my own people—

Gar. Come, come, my friend.—*(Aside)* This matter is very well understood between us, and words are a waste of time.

Fin. But, surely—What says Dinah?

Di. Me!—Upon my word, gentlemen, I don't think there's a pin to choose between you.

Gar. Harkye, Finesse—as matters are critical, I think, by half a dozen words of agreement, I could settle the affair to our mutual satisfaction.

Fin. Well, provided I am treated honourably—

Gar. Can you doubt me? There's pen and ink in the cottage. Come, we'll decide for you, my dear, in a few moments. [*Exeunt Fin. and Gar.*

Di. I am very much obliged to you.—So now, father, I am going to be disposed of like a ewe lamb.

Cro. Dang me, but the world be turned topsy-turvy.

Di. Here comes Peregrine!—Here comes Peregrine!—Here he comes at last!

PARAGON *enters.*

Par. Dinah!—My dear Dinah!—Is it possible? Can you forget me so soon?- -Could you dispose of yourself so hastily and so cruelly?—Listen to me, my dear Dinah! [*Kneels.*

Miss BECKY *runs in.*

Miss B. My dear! My dear!—Don't listen to a word he has to say!

Par. Miss Becky here!—Mrs. Fairweather too!

Enter Mrs. FAIRWEATHER *and* PROBE.

Mrs. F. Yes, Sir, I am here!

Dinah (*aside.*) And thank Heaven, Mr. Probe!

[PROBE *goes to her and* CROPLY, *and talks apart.*

Mrs. F. I come, Sir, to warn that dear child, who has always been the object of my tender protection, against your treacherous intentions.

Par. Why, damn it, Madam, this morning you warned me against her. Excuse me, Madam—I don't wish to be indelicate—You are a beautiful

brilliant creature; and, I dare say, it isn't the first time you've been told so, but you are above me, Madam—you and Miss Becky are above me—the carriage and horses are at your service—I find London, at this moment, would neither agree with my head or heart, and though you should confer on me the first lordship of the treasury, here would I stay among the buttercups with my little Dinah?—

Di. Oh! my dear! dear Peregrine! [*Cries aside.*

Par. Ah! in tears! then I may hope again!

Mrs. F. Very pretty, and very sentimental—and so when you find yourself cut off with a paltry legacy, and the bulk of your relation's fortune left to Dinah, you decide for her and the buttercups—

Par. What do you mean, Madam?

Pro. 'Tis true, indeed, my friend—the change which the lady speaks of, has been discovered in the examination you charged me with.

Par. Don't say so—you'll drive me mad—you'll drive me to despair. But I knew nothing of it.—Here I swear—

Di. No, don't swear cousin—it's of no use—I'm engaged to another gentleman, who is now in the cottage, and you shall see him.

Par. A gentleman too!

Di. (*aside.*) That is, if they have settled who's to have me. [*Exit.*

Par. I shall never, never recover it.

Mrs. F. (*aside.*) Who can it be?

Enter DINAH, GARNISH, *and* FINESSE.

Di. Here he is, Sir.

Mrs. F. Garnish!

Miss B. My brother!

Mrs. F. (*aside*). And *my* brother a looker on.

Par. Is it you, Sir? Is this your friendship, Sir?

Gar. And is this your fair dealing, Sir? *Your* love naturally sought its level, and Dinah's has done the same.

Par. Level or no level—I make bold to tell you, Sir, that you are a treacherous deceitful knave, Sir.

Gar. A village schoolmaster may say much with impunity, Sir.

Pro. Hold, Mr. Garnish—Mr. Paragon may be nearer your level than you imagine.—The second will is without witnesses, and it is yet doubtful whether the needful evidence can be obtained in its support. And as it bequeaths Mr. Paragon an annuity, I am authorized to propose, in order to soothe his feelings and prevent litigation, that he divide the property equally, provided he cease to be troublesome.

Par. No, Sir, unless Dinah share it *with* me—I'd rather perish than disturb her right to a single shilling.

Pro. But your heirs might—and as I hold a suit in chancery to be of more terror than this gentleman's disappointment—allow me, as director general of this puppet-show, to determine, that Peregrine Paragon and his cousin Dinah, join issue by lawful matrimony—and leave these fine gentlefolks to pair it out among themselves.

Di. With all my heart.

Par. Dinah! (*she jumps into his arms.*)

Fin. Why, Garnish, you are fooled here.

Cro. To be sure he be!—Ha! ha! ha! ha!

All. (*except Becky*) Ha! ha! ha!

Pro. Fooled! No—the girl has made what use of him she could.—He wouldn't serve his best friends otherwise.

Miss B. Scandalous!

Mrs. F. Miss Becky angry too.

A Postillion enters.

Post. If Mr. Finesse is here his chaise is waiting where he ordered—

Anolher enters.

Post. And if Mr. Garnish is here, his chaise is waiting in the same place—

Gar. We shall attend—(*Exeunt Postillions.*) Why, friend Finesse, methinks you keep me in countenance.

Fin. Excuse me, Garnish—I can't affect much virtue, I am a detected culprit like yourself—and when I resigned my pretensions on a *carte blanche*, I own, I clearly foresaw the issue that awaited yours.

Par. Our bargain stands, Mr. Finesse?—

Fin. Undoubtedly—

Par. There, Sir, there must be some conscious trespassers on my premises, not meaning either you or Mrs. Fairweather—

Gar. Sir, your hint is so delicate and ingenious, that I should discredit my taste in not immediately taking it—

Miss B. I think you had better, brother.

Gar. Mrs. Fairweather will give me leave—

Mrs. F. Leave of absence, Sir, now and for ever—

Gar. Madam, I trust—

Miss B. Lord, brother, you'll never get over this—so come along—

Gar. Hold your tongue, Becky—gentlefolks, I, by no means despair of recovering your good opinions—and in the mean time, am quite content to be considered as your very humble servant.

Miss B. And a good riddance.

[*Exeunt Garnish and Miss Becky.*

Mrs. F. I fear, Sir, we have also to reproach ourselves—

Par. With nothing, Madam, I trust, but what good nature and charity may forgive—

Pro. Aye, now you use intelligible terms—and such as become the vocabulary of feeble humanity—The slips of the best of us, in the hour of trial, may teach us good-nature, and charity to lend a hand to our stumbling neighbour—in spite of all crotchets—To despair for the good cause, is to live for nothing; and let me recommend the pleasure of a poor professor in redeeming a frail head from disgraceful folly, and an honest heart from depravity.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

(Singing without.)

"Oh what will become of me?—oh what will I do?
Nobody coming to marry me!—nobody coming to woo."

(Entering.)

Now ladies—is our poet's usage fair,
To baulk us thus,—and laugh at our despair?
To let the world in me, an arrant flirt, see,
Who pops the question as she bobs a curtsey?
Could he not catch, in his satiric net,
Our kindred animal, a male coquet?
Are they so scarce?—Pray ladies look around.
Scarce!—bless me, no—I'm sure they here abound.
Oh! ye tremendous host of lady-killers!
Ye oglers!—whisperers—waltzers and quadrillers!
Who doubtless think our sighs, and sad mishaps,
So many feathers in your coxcomb caps;
You think I'm blind, perhaps—that may be true—
But I've my quizzing glass as well as you!
There enters, one, would any heart entice,
Dear, youth! who make your conquests at half price?
Flutter the benches thro' each neighbouring box,
Then, lolling, trim his hyacinthian locks.——
Won't you, Sir, take Miss Becky off the shelf?
Ah! no, you're wedded—to your own sweet self.
And you, ye fair, how perilous your cases,
Who meet their fierce assault of lobby graces;
Yet hear these sounds, each ray of hope bedimming,
"A damn'd good house—but very few fine women!"

Nay, some, like pictures shifted for a light—
Are seen thro' half the town in one short night;—
O'er their fond victims glance and disappear,
Rob some poor poet of his listeners here;
Then at the opera, crowding the last cranny,
Obscure Mozart, and rival Don Giovanni.
Soon they may scorn us for a novel fury,
And Talma's pic-nics desolate old Drury.
Speed ye, sweet souls! —my tongue I now must guard,
To beg a word for Player and for Bard.
We live, you say, in a degenerate age;
We toil, you cry, for a degenerate stage—
Adieu! ye Bards whose wit for ages thrives,
Ye Garricks!—Barrys!—Abingtons and Clives!
Our poet for himself the charge will own,
And mourns with comedy her vacant throne;
Yet while unfriended, she must need give place
To each adventurous alien from her race,
Let critics grant some share of their applause
To a weak struggler in the good old cause,
The happier skill of happier days to learn.
Let me too hope,—degenerate in my turn!
Yet proud while you with generous eye implore me
To do but half *my mother did before me.*

From the Press of W. Oxberry & Co.

THE

MERCHANT OF BRUGES;

ALTERED FROM

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER'S

COMEDY

OF

BEGGAR'S BUSH.

BY THE

HONORABLE DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.

NOW PERFORMING, WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE,

AT THE

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WHITTINGHAM AND ARLISS,
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1816.

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TO THE HONOURABLE

GEORGE LAMBE.

MY DEAR LAMBE,

THE favour with which this play has been received on the stage, is the reason and the apology for its present publication. In affixing my name to it I am chiefly happy in the opportunity it affords me of publicly acknowledging that to your judgment, which first directed my attention to the "Beggar's Bush," am I indebted for much valuable aid in the progress of its alteration. The songs, of which the first three are from your pen, have found too much favour with the public not to be here given to the right author.

I have another pleasing duty to perform, in here confessing the obligation this Play is under to the performers of Drury Lane Theatre,

whose talents it would be as impertinent in me here to eulogise, as it would be ungrateful to omit my thanks for the warmth of their zeal, which you have, as well as myself, so often had opportunities of witnessing and admiring.

I am,

My dear LAMBE,

Your faithful and obliged servant,

DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.

To J. C. HOBHOUSE, Esq. Author of the Prologue and the Epilogue, I can never omit an opportunity, either public or private, of expressing my obligations and affectionate regard. He has assisted me on this occasion with the second song given to Jaculin.

ADDRESS,

WRITTEN BY J. C. HOBHOUSE, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY Mr. POPE.

WHERE Macedonia's madman, foil'd, withdrew,
Where Rome's triumphant eagles never flew,
Beyond the realms for ancient pride assign'd,
In worlds ambition never hop'd to find,
Far to the setting and the rising day,
Britannia's boundless empire spreads away.
O'er either sphere her standards float display'd,
And art and science spring beneath their shade:
And e'en when time shall rank our vanish'd state
With all the mighty names that once were great;
Still shall the language live, and leave behind
One trophy of the lords of human kind;
Each conquer'd clime retain their yoke, and each
Submit, for ever, to the master-speech:
Our sages still, and still our poets reign
In manly eloquence and lofty strain;
Still to the farthest age, the latest hour,
Your wide dominion last in Shakspeare's power.
Ye, then, whose breast the generous wish inspires,
To leave your *sons* the language of your *sires*;
Leave unimpair'd, the bright inheritance,
The finish'd work, of freedom and of sense:
Think how this living organ of the age
Demands your *care*, demands your *patronage*.
Your *care*, lest all-usurping folly, plac'd
By sister fashion on the throne of taste;

Of native eloquence, the grace and force
Corrupt, and poison at her purest source.
Your *patronage*, since wisdom's accent falls
Lifeless, that echoes but to silent walls:
In vain Thalia, at her idle helm,
Rules undisputed in an *empty* realm.
Whilst we, her servants, unrequited, share
The thankless toil of *duty* and *despair*.
'Tis all too little, that your critic eye
Discern our scenic monsters, and decry;
Boys, bears, curs, cavalry, may meet your scorn;
Yet one thing more remains—let MEN be *borne*.
Let Punch and Pantomime be brush'd away;
Agreed—on this condition—*bear a Play*.
Ah! let the Drama's voice, though long repress'd,
Still find an echo in your patriot breast;
Here let that once-lov'd voice be heard, and here
Awake the genuine smile, the genuine tear.
Here Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, yet be known;
Here moving Massinger, be still your own:
Rowe's piercing passion, Otway's tender scene
Again be cherish'd, as they once have been.
Nor sparkling dialogue, nor pleasing plot,
With Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, here forgot;
Nor Sheridan, himself, deplore the fate
Of wit unfelt, and nature out of date.
As *your's* the *duty* then, be *your's* the *pride*
To *patronize* the labours that you *guide*:
Your judgment only can protect our zeal,
The PEOPLE, are a BRITON'S best appeal.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Wolfort	Mr. S. Penley
Gerrard or Clause	Mr. Holland
Hubert	Mr. Rae
Goswin or Florez	Mr. Kean
Hemskirke	Mr. Raymond
Vandunke	Mr. Munden
Merchants — First	Mr. Ebrington
Merchants — Second	Mr. Powell
Merchants — Third	Mr. Cooke
Merchants — Fourth	Mr. Evans
Higgin	Mr. Oxberry
Prigg	Mr. Harley
Snapp	Mr. Hughes
Ferrett	Mr. Coveney
Ginkes	Mr. Miller
Beggar, (Mute)	Mr. Ebsworth
Clown	Mr. Penley
Boors — First	Mr. Kent
Boors — Second	Mr. Minton
Boors — Third	Mr. Appleby
Boors	Mr. Buxton
Boors	Mr. Brown
Boors	Mr. Vials
Boors	Mr. Goodman
Landlord	Mr. Sparks
Sailor	Mr. G. Smith
Page to Vandunke	Mr. J. Seymour
Four Attendants on Wolfort, at the head of the soldiers	Mr. Matthews, Mr. Hope, Mr. Cooper, Mr. G. Wills

Other Beggars, Soldiers, and all the Gentlemens' Chorus.

Jaculin	Miss L. Kelly
Bertha	Mrs. Horn
Margaret	

Beggars, Mrs. Bland, *and all the Ladies' Chorus, and Ladies' Dancers.*

MERCHANT OF BRUGES,

&c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The outside of the Gate of Bruges. Public House on one side of the Stage, with the Sign of the "Right Heir."

HIGGEN, PRIGG, FERRETT, *and other Beggars discovered as having been drinking at a Table, Crutches, &c. lying about. Curtain rises, and discovers them singing the following Glee and Chorus.*

Well, brothers, our merry old king is dead;
What matters? we'll soon have another instead:
He would not have cried
Had you or I died.
Then mourn him no longer, but merrily sing,
Rest, rest to the bones of our merry old king.
[CHORUS *repeats the last two lines.*

Drain the can, brother;
Fill up another;
Drink till our eyes with tears shall swell,
Tears of brandy alone;
And the monarch that's gone
Shall be wept in the liquor he lov'd so well.
[CHORUS *repeats the last two lines.*

Hig. Well said, my masters, peace be to his rags.
His was a gold and silver reign; he, tyrant like,
Did never force away your hens and bacon
When ye had ventur'd for't.
Prigg. And in return
We've lent him Christian burial; in good sooth,
That's more than follows on your soldier's end.
Fer. The chance was his.
Hig. Ay, marry was't. But mark,
The chance that laid him low did make him king,
And yet may crown us too.
Prigg. So't be in right
Of our old custom and election—law.
Hig. True, Prigg—'tis fit we do observe the laws.
Here is the table doth exact from all
A strict obedience, or expulsion. First,
Be perfect in your crutches and your feign'd hurts,
Then your torn passports; with the learned ways
To stammer and be dumb, and blind and lame.
Prigg. Aye, and shed tears to move compassion.
Fer. Are not the halting paces all set down?
Hig. All in the learned language. Brother——
[*Boors call from behind the scenes.*
Prigg. Peace!
To your postures.

Enter Three or Four BOORS *with Pipes.*

1 *Boor.* What ho! mine host with the big belly! beer!
Stark English beer! Well met, my merry souls.
What! your trade thrives methinks since Wolfort reigns
O'er prostrate Flanders, in despite of Bruges!
Your state doth grow in numbers,—marry, why?
He now thrives best who hath the least to lose.
Hig. Bless you, masters, we suffer with the times.
2 *Boor.* Come, Landlord! beer!

Enter LANDLORD *from the House with a Jug of Beer.*

Land. Here's o' the right sort.
1 *Boor.* Then here's to the right heir—the lost Earl Florez.
Where is old Clause?
He gives respect and countenance to beggary;
An' ye make him your king, I'd call myself his subject.
Hig. What, old solemnity, our grey-beard bishop? heh?
Prigg. See, here he comes!

Enter CLAUSE.

1 *Boor.* Good morrow, worthy Clause:
How fares it with ye, man?
Clause. Not better than the times
Give token of—but for old Bruges here,
Whose charitable sons still feed our wants—
We had long fled this bleeding land
Where tyrants do make beggars of ye all.
1 *Boor.* There thou say'st well! Our nobles are no more——
Our cities ruin'd, and the great wealth of Flanders
Center'd in Bruges!—She alone defends
Her rights and liberty 'gainst Wolfort's power.
Here's to her burgomaster, old Vandunk.
[*Beggars and Boors drink to Vandunk.*
Clause. I will be with you straight; but first must hence
Awhile into the town. We'll meet anon.
[*Exit into the town.*
Hig. Let's forward then. Our doxies do repose
Under yon trees. Go some, and call them hither,
And then trudge gaily home to Beggar's Bush.

GLEE.—MEN.

Come, doxies, come. The cheerful day
Is bright, and winds are hush.
[*Enter women.*

WOMEN.

Then take thy staff, and troll the lay,
And trudge to Beggar's Bush.

Our welcome home, a blithe one too,
The thrush's song shall be;
And never dwelt a merrier crew
Beneath the greenwood tree. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Presence Chamber of the EARL *of* FLANDERS.

Enter HUBERT *disarmed and guarded, met by* WOLFORT *and Train from the opposite Side.*

Wolf. What! Hubert stealing from me? Who disarm'd him?
'Twas more than I commanded; take your sword,
I am best guarded with it in *your* hand,
I've seen you use it nobly.
Hub. And will turn it
On my own bosom, ere it shall be drawn
Unworthily or rudely.
Wolf. Would you leave me
Without a farewell, Hubert? Fly a friend
Unwearied in his study to advance you?
Who ever yet arriv'd to any grace,
Reward, or trust from me, but his approaches
Were by *your* fair reports of him preferr'd?
Nay, what is more, I've made myself your servant
In making you the master of those secrets,
Which not the rack of conscience cou'd draw from me:

Nor I, when I ask'd mercy, trust my pray'rs with.
Yet, after these assurances of love,
These ties and bonds of friendship, to forsake me!
Forsake me as an enemy! Come, you must
Give me a reason.
Hub. Sir, and so I will,
If I may do't in private; and you hear it.
Wolf. All leave the room!
[*Exit Guards and Courtiers.*
You have your will; now speak,
And use the liberty of our first friendship.
Hub. Friendship! When you prov'd traitor first, that vanish'd;
Nor do I owe you any thought but hate!
I know my flight hath forfeited my head,
And so I make you first to understand
What a strange monster you have made yourself.
I welcome it.
Wolf. To me this is strange language.
Hub. To you! Why, what are *you?*
Wolf. Your prince and master,
The Earl of Flanders.
Hub. By a proper title
Rais'd to it by cunning, circumvention, force,
Blood, and proscriptions.
Wolf. And in all this wisdom
Had I not reason? When the protector, Gerrard,
Who underhand had by his ministers

Detracted my great actions, made my faith
And loyalty suspected? in which failing,
He sought my life by practice.
Hub. With what forehead
Do you speak this to me? Who, as I know't,
Must and will say, 'tis false.
Wolf. Hah! my guard there.
Hub. You bad me speak, and promis'd you would hear,
Which I now say *you shall:* not a sound more,
For I that am contemner of mine *own*,
Am master of *your* life; then here's a sword
Between you and all aids—although you blind
The credulous beast, the multitude, you
Pass not these untruths on me.
Wolf. How! untruths?
Hub. Aye, and it is favourable language,
They'd been in a mean man lies and foul ones.
Were not those rumours,
Of being call'd unto your trial, spread
By your own followers? who, being suborn'd,
Came forth and took their oaths they had been hir'd
By Gerrard to your murder: this once heard,
And easily believ'd, your well-taught slaves
Snatch'd hastily their arms, and barbarously kill'd
Such as were servants, or thought friends, to Gerrard,
Vowing the like to him.
Wolf. Will you yet end?

Hub. But he with his son, Florez, (the true heir
By right unto this country from his mother)
Forsook the city, and by secret ways,
As *you* give out and *we* would gladly have't,
Escap'd their fury, though 'tis more than fear'd
They fell among the rest. Your cruelties since
So far transcend your *former* bloody ills,
As if compar'd, they only would appear
Essays of mischief—do not stop your ears,
More are behind yet.

Wolf. Repeat them not.

Hub. A prince in nothing, but your princely lusts
And boundless rapines.

Wolf. Hold! I beseech you.
Thou art to me in this a greater tyrant
Than e'er I was to any.

Hub. I end thus
The general grief. Now to my private wrong,
The loss of Gerrard's daughter, Jaculin,
The hop'd-for partner of my lawful bed,
Your cruelty hath frighted from mine arms.
Think you that I had reason *now* to leave you?
My life is irksome; here *securely* take it,
And do me but this fruit of all your *friendship*,
That I may die by you, and not your hangman.

Wolf. Oh Hubert! these your words and reasons have
As well drawn drops of blood from my griev'd heart,
As from mine eyes these tears! Can you but think

Where Gerrard is, or your lost love, or Florez,
Whom in his infancy—
Hub. You stole; and *since*
Have kept conceal'd, the better to maintain
The usurpation of his seat.
Wolf. By heav'n
I stole him not, nor know I where he is,
Nor if he lives; soon after my return
From Brabant, whither I was sent to treat
About a future match with our young earl,
He was at that time missing, and remains
Unheard-of to this hour; if you can find him,
I will resign the earldom.
Hub. Sir, do not abuse
My aptness to believe.
Wolf. Suspect not you
A faith that's built upon so true a sorrow.
Make your own terms, ask for them all conditions
My power can grant, or your suspicion prompt.
Hemskirke, the partner of my secret'st councils,
Shall journey with you to this wish'd discovery.
I have of late receiv'd intelligence,
That some of Gerrard's friends are 'bout Bruges
To be found; which I did then interpret
The cause of that town's standing out against me.
But now am glad, it may direct your purpose
Of giving them their safety, and me peace.
Hub. Be constant to your promise, and you have it.
Wolf. Distrust me not: and 'prosp'rous be your search. [*Exit Hubert.*

Wolf. Let me but have them once within my grasp,
Their blood shall write the warrant of my peace! [*Exit Wolfort.*

SCENE III.

A Street or Square in Bruges.

Enter THREE MERCHANTS.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis much that you deliver of this Goswin.

2 *Mer.* He bears himself with such a confidence
As if he were the master of the sea,
And not a wind upon the sailor's compass
But from one point or other were his factor,
To bring him in the best commodities
Merchants e'er ventur'd for.

3 *Mer.* 'Tis strange!

2 *Mer.* Yet does he still continue a *good man*;
To doubt him, wou'd be held an injury,
Or rather malice, with the best that traffic;
Yet this in him deserves the least of wonder
Compar'd with *other* his peculiar fashions:
Is there a virgin of good fame wants dower,
He is a father to her: or soldier
That in his country's service, from the war
Hath brought home only scars and want—his house

Receives him, and relieves him with that *care*
As if what he possess'd had been laid up
For such good uses, and he steward on't.

1 *Mer.* I wou'd not wish a better man to deal with.

2 *Mer.* Ne'er doubt it; he's your man. See, here he comes!

Enter GOSWIN *speaking to a Servant.*

Gos. From England, said ye—bid him be welcome to my house. [*Exit Servant.*

2 *Mer.* Save you, Master Goswin—

Gos. Good day to all!

1 *Mer.* We bring you the refusal of more commodities.

Gos. Are you the owner of the ship that last night put into the harbour?

1 *Mer.* Both of the ship and lading.

Gos. What's the freight?

3 *Mer.* Rich cloth of gold brought from Cambal.

Gos. Some two hours hence I'll come aboard.

1 *Mer.* The gunner shall speak you welcome.

Gos. I'll not fail.

3 *Mer.* Good morrow!

[*Exeunt first and third Merchants.*

2 *Mer.* Have you bethought ye further, sir,
On what I am to part with?

Gos. I take it at your own rate, your wine of Cyprus,
But for the rest, I cannot save in them.

2 *Mer.* Make me offer of something *near* the price
That may assure me, you *can* deal for them.
Gos. And if I could
I would not do't with too much loss.
2 *Mer.* 'Tis a rich lading—you know they are so cheap.
Gos. For which I were your chapman, but I am
Already out of cash. [*Going.*
2 *Mer.* I'll give you day. [*Following him.*
Gos. Why look you, there is now in prison
And at your suit, a pirate, and past hope
To live a week, if you shou'd prosecute
What you can prove against him; set him free,
And you shall have your money to a stiver—
And early payment.
2 *Mer.* This is above wonder!
A merchant of your rank, that have at sea
So many bottoms in the danger of
These water thieves, should be a means to *save* 'em,
And stay the hand of justice that is ready
To fall on them.
Gos. You mistake me,
If you think I would cherish in this captain
The wrong he did to you, or any man.
But I was lately with him, being assur'd
A braver fellow never put from shore:
I read his letters granted from this state.
Since want of what he could not live without
Compell'd him to the pirate act he did,
I pity his misfortunes; and to work you

To some compassion of them, I come up
To your own price. Save him, the goods are mine;
If not, seek elsewhere: I'll not deal for them.
2 *Mer.* Well, sir, for *your love*, I will *once* be led
To change my purpose.
Gos. For your profit rather.
2 *Mer.* I'll presently take means for his discharge. [*Exit second Merchant.*
Gos. Heaven grant my ships a safe return before
The day of this great payment, as they are
Expected hourly 'n port; my credit yet
Stands good with all the world.

Enter GERRARD.

Ger. Bless my good master!
The prayers of your poor beadsman ever shall
Be sent up for you.
Gos. God o' mercy, Clause;
There's something to put thee in mind *hereafter*
To think of me.
Ger. May he that gave it you,
Reward you for it with increase, good master!
Gos. I thrive the better for thy prayers.
Ger. I hope so;
For that I have fed upon your bounties,
And by the fire of your bless'd charity warm'd me:
And yet, good master, pardon that I'm bold
To make one suit more to you.

Gos. What is't? say on.

Ger. 'Tis not for money,
Nor clothes, good master, but your good word for me.

Gos. That thou shalt have, Clause; for I think thee honest.

Ger. To-morrow, then, dear master, take the trouble
Of walking early unto Beggar's Bush;
And, as you see me, among others, brethren
In my affliction, when you are demanded
Which you like best among us, point out me,
And then pass by, as if you knew me not.

Gos. But what will that advantage thee?

Ger. O, much, sir;
'Twill give me the pre-eminence of the rest,
Make me a *king* among 'em.
At your better leisure,
I will inform you further of the good
It may do to me.

Gos. 'Troth, thou mak'st me wonder!
Have you a king and commonwealth among you?

Ger. We have. And there *are* states are govern'd worse.

Gos. Ambition among beggars!

Ger. Many *great* ones
Do part with half their states to have the place.
To cringe and beg in the first file, master.—
Shall I be so bound unto your furtherance
In my petition?

Gos. That thou shalt not miss of,

Nor any worldly care make me forget it.
I will be early there. [*Exit Goswin.*

Ger. Heaven guard my master! as it surely will,
To wrest the bloody sword from Wolfort's grasp,
And save himself the land he's born to rule:
My friends, ere long, shall see their long-lost prince;
And Flanders, to the latest ages show,
A merchant's still the tyrant's deadliest foe.
[*Exit.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II. Scene I.

The Scene discovers Higgen, Ferret, Prigg, Jaculin, Snapp, Clause, Ginks, *and other Beggars.*

Hig. Come, princes of the ragged regiment,
You o' the blood; what title e'er you bear,
I speak to all that stand in fair election
For the proud diadem of King of Beggars.
Higgin, your orator doth beseech you
All to stand forth, and put yourselves in rank,
That the first single comer may at view
Make a free choice.

Prigg. First put a sentinel.

Hig. Thanks to my lord. The word's *Fumbumbis.* [*Exit Snapp.*

Fer. Well; pray, my masters all, that Ferret be chosen.
Y'are like to have a merciful mild prince of me.

Prigg. A very tyrant; I—an arrant tyrant,
If e'er I come to reign;—therefore, look to't,
Except you do provide me mum enough,
And beer to booze with. I must have my capons,
And ducklings in the season, and fat chickens,
Or straight I seize on all your privilege,
Call in your crutches, wooden legs, false arms,

All shall be escheated; and then, some one cold night
I'll watch you, what old barn you go to roost in,
And there I'll smother you all i'th' musty hay.

Hig. Whew!—This is tyrant-like, indeed.

Enter SNAPP, *preceding* HUBERT *and* HEMSKIRKE *in Cloaks.*

Snapp. Fumbumbis.

Prigg. To your postures.—Arm.

Hub. Yonder's the town, I see it.

Hig. Bless your good worships!

Fer. One small piece of money.

Ginkes. Among us all, poor wretches!

Prigg. Blind and lame!

Hig. Pitiful worships!

Snapp. One little stiver.

[*Jaculin comes forward.*

Prigg. Here be seven of us.

Hig. Seven, good masters! O, remember seven!
Seven blessings 'gainst seven deadly sins!

Prigg. And seven sleepers.

Hems. There's, amongst you all.

Fer. Heaven reward you!

Hig. The prince of pity bless thee!

Hub. Do I see right? or is't my fancy?
Sure 'tis her face.—Come hither, pretty maid.

Jac. What would you? Can you keep a secret?
You look as though you could.—I'll tell you. Hush!

SONG. JACULIN.

In ev'ry woodland, dale, and bower,
The fragrant roses blossom fair;
But where's the youth should cull each flower,
To braid a garland for my hair?

Oh, he is far, far away,
And he knows not where I stray;
And should he e'er return
To his love—I'll answer, nay.

My love in fight shall meet his doom,
Or for some fairer maiden sigh;
And with the rose's with'ring bloom,
My hopeless, hopeless heart shall die.

Hub. Her voice, too, says the same; but, for my head,
I would not that her manners were so chang'd.
Hear me, thou honest fellow; what's this maiden,
That lives amongst you here?
Snapp. Ao, ao, ao, ao!
Hub. How? Nothing but signs? This is strange!
I would fain have it her—but not her thus.
Hig. He is deaf and dumb. [*Stuttering.*
Hub. 'Slid! they did all speak plain enough e'en now.
Dost *thou* know this same maid?
Prigg. She was born at the barn, yonder, [*Stuttering.*
By Beggar's Bush. Her name is——
[*Clause makes a sign to Higgen to stop him.*

Hig. So was her mothers, too.

[*The Beggars retire.*

Hub. I must be better informed than by this way.

Here was another face, too, that I mark'd
Of the old man's; I will come here again.
Protect us, our disguise now—prithee, Hemskirke,
If we be taken, how dost thou imagine
This town will use us, that hath so long stood
Out against Wolfort?

Hems. Even to hang us forth
Upon their walls a sunning, to make crows' meat.
If I were not assur'd o' the burgomaster,
And had a pretty excuse to see a niece there,
I should scarce venture.

Hub. Come, 'tis now too late
To look back at the ports: good luck, and enter.

[*Exeunt.*

The BEGGARS *come forward.*

Hig. A peery dog! I warrant him——

Ginkes. (To Clause.) What could his questions mean?

Clause. I know not, yet 'twas time to fly—he grew
Too close in his enquiries 'bout my daughter.

Hig. Hang them for disturbing our
Noble ceremonies. Shall we renew them?

Prigg. Incontinently, noble brother.

A cry without of "a judge."

Enter Goswin *from Bruges.*

Hig. Oh, here a judge comes!
[*A cry of "a judge."*
Gos. What ails you, sirs? What means this outcry?
Hig. Master,
A sort of poor souls met, heav'n's tools, good master,
Have had some little variance amongst ourselves
Who should be honestest of us, and which lives
Uprightest in his calling: now 'cause we thought
We ne'er should 'gree upon't ourselves, because
Indeed 'tis hard to say; we all resolved to put it
To him that should come next, and that's your mastership:
Which does your worship think is he? Sweet master,
Look on us all, and tell us—we are seven of us,
Like to the seven wise masters, or the planets.
Gos. I should judge this, the man with the grey beard; [*Pointing to Clause.*
And if he be not I would he were.
There's something too amongst you
To keep you all honest. [*Exit Goswin.*

Enter more Beggars *with their Doxies.*

Clause. Heav'n go with you!
Snapp. What is't?

Prigg. A crown of gold.

Fer. For our new king—good luck.

Prigg. King Clause—I bid God save the first King Clause!

After this golden token of a crown,
Where's Higgen with his gratulating speech
In all our names?

Fer. Here, he is pumping for't.

Ginkes. H'has cough'd the second time; 'tis but once more,
And then it comes.

Hig. Thou art chosen, venerable Clause,
Our king, and sovereign; monarch o' th' Maunders;
And who is he that did not wish thee chosen,
Now thou art chosen? Ask 'em! all will say so,
Nay, swear't. 'Tis sworn so every day;
The times do give it sanction. When t'other day
We sat lamenting o'er our buried prince,
Of famous memory, (rest go with his rags!)
I then presag'd thou shortly would'st be king,
And now thou art so. By that beard, King Clause,
Thou wert found out, and mark'd for sovereignty.
Oh, happy prince, and beard! long may it grow,
And thick, and fair, that who lives under it
May live as safe as under Beggar's Bush,
Of which this is the thing—that but the type.

[*Higgen coughs.*

Prigg. On, good Higgen!

Hig. No impositions, taxes, grievances,
Lie lurking in this beard; but under him

Each man shall eat his own stol'n eggs and bacon
In his own shade: he will have no purveyors
For pigs, or poultry——
Clause. That we must have, my learned orator;
It is our will; and every man to keep
In his own path and circuit.
Hig. Do you hear?
You must hereafter maund in your own pads,
He says.
Clause. Besides, to give good words.
Hig. Do you mark?
To cut bien whids, that is the second law.
Clause. And keep a foot the humble and the common
Phrase of begging, least men discover us.
[*To Ginks, &c.*
We love not heaps of laws, where few will serve.
All. O gracious Prince! Save, save the good king Clause!
Hig. A song to crown him.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

Cast our caps and cares away,
This is beggars' holiday;
At the crowning of our king,
Thus we ever dance and sing.
In the world look out and see,
Where so happy prince as he,
Where the nations live so free,
And so merry as do we?
Be it peace, or be it war,
Here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our ease and rest;
To the field we are not press'd;

Nor will any go to law
With the beggar for a straw:
All which happiness he brags,
He doth owe unto his rags.
[*Exeunt through Cut Wood.*

SCENE II.

A Room in VANDUNKE'S *House at Bruges.*

Enter VANDUNKE, HUBERT, HEMSKIRKE, *and* MARGARET.

Vand. Captain, you're welcome, so is this your friend,
Most safely welcome; though our town stand out
Against your master, you shall find good quarters—
The truth is we not love him; Margaret, some wine,
Let's talk a little treason if we can,
Talk treason 'gainst the traitors; by your leave,
We, here in Bruges, think he does usurp,
And therefore I am bold.
[*Exit, and re-enter Margaret with wine.*
Hub. Sir, your boldness
Haply becomes your tongue, but not our ears,
While we are his servants.
Vand. Good—let's drink then,
That will become us all.
Here's to you with a heart, my captain's friend,
With a good heart, and if this make us speak

Bold words anon, 'tis all under the rose,
Forgotten; drown all memory when we drink.
Hub. 'Tis freely spoken; noble burgomaster,
I'll do you right.
Hems. Nay, sir, mynheer Vandunke
Is a true statesman.
Vand. Fill my captain's cup; oh, that your cut-throat
Master, Wolfort, had been an honest man!
Hub. Sir?
Vand. Under the rose—
Hems. Here's to you;
And how does my niece?
Almost a woman I think: she was my errand.
Vand. Aye, a kind uncle you are—fill him his glass—
That in seven years could not find leisure—
Hems. No, 'tis not so much.
Vand. I'll bate you ne'er an hour on't.
It was before the Brabander 'gan his war,
For moonshine, i' the water there, his daughter
That ne'er was lost, yet you could not find time
To see a kinswoman; but she is worth the seeing, sir.
Now you are come, you ask if she were a woman?
She is a woman, sir—bring her forth, Margaret,
And a fine woman, and has suitors.
Hems. How? What suitors are they?
[*They rise.*
Vand. Bachelors—young Burghers,
And one a gallant, the Prince of merchants
We call him here in Bruges.

Hems. How? a merchant?
I thought, Vandunke, you had understood me better,
And my niece too, so trusted to you by me,
Than to admit of such in name of suitors.
Vand. Such? he is such a such, as were she mine,
I'd give him thirty thousand crowns with her.
Hems. Sir, you may deal for your own wares, but know
That the same things, sir, fit not you and me.
[*Exit Hemskirke.*
Vand. Why give's some wine, then, that will fit us all;
Here's to you still, my captain's friend, but still
I say, would Wolfort were an honest man;
Under the rose I speak it. But this merchant
Is a brave boy; he lives so, in the town here,
We know not what to think of him.—
Your master is a traitor for all this,
Under the rose—here's to you—and usurps
The earldom from a better man.
Hub. Aye, marry, sir, where is this man?
Vand. Nay, soft, an' I could tell you
'Tis ten to one I would not. Here's my hand—
I love not Wolfort—sit you still with that.
See here my captain comes, and his fine niece,
And there's my merchant—view him well.

Enter HEMSKIRKE, GERTRUDE, *and* GOSWIN.

Hems. You must
Not only know me for your uncle now—
But obey me,—you—to go cast yourself
Away upon a merchant? fie upon't; one
That makes his trade with oaths and perjuries.
Gos. If it be me you speak of, as your eye
Seems to direct, I wish you would speak to me, sir.
Hems. Sir, I do say she is no merchandise.
Will that suffice you?
Gos. Merchandise! good sir,
Though you be kinsman to her, take no leave thence
To use me with contempt—I ever thought
Your niece above all price.
Hems. And do so still;
Dost hear! her rate's at more than you are worth.
Gos. You do not know what is a gentleman's worth;
Nor can you value him.
Hub. Well said, merchant.
Vand. Nay, let him alone.
Hems. A gentleman?
What o'the woolpack, or the sugar-chest,
Or list of velvet? Which is't, pound or yard,
You vend your gentry by?
Hub. Oh, Hemskirke, fie!

Vand. Come, do not mind 'em: drink, he is no Wolfort,
Captain, I advise you.
Hems. If 'twere the blood
Of Charlemaine, as't may for ought I know,
Be some good botcher's issue here in Bruges.
Gos. How?
Hems. Nay, I'm not certain on't; of this I am:
If you once buy and sell, your gentry's gone.
Gos. Ha, ha, ha!
Hems. You're angry, though you laugh.
Gos. Now do I smile in pity and contempt
Of your poor argument: do not you, the lords
Of land, if you be any, sell the grass,
The corn, the straw, the milk, the cheese?
Vand. And butter?
Remember butter, do not leave out butter.
Gos. The beefs and muttons that your grounds are stor'd with,
Beside the woods? Your empty honour, fetch'd
From the heralds A. B. C. and said o'er
With your court faces once an hour, shall ne'er
Make me mistake myself—Do not your lawyers,
Sell all their practice, as your priests their prayers?
What is not bought and sold?
Hems. You now grow bold, sir.
Gos. I have been bred
Still with my honest freedom, and must use it.
Hems. Upon your equals then.
Gos. Sir, he that will
Provoke me first, doth make himself my equal.

Hems. No more!
Gos. Yes, sir—this little——
'Tshall be aside—then after as you please.
You appear the uncle, sir, to her I love
More than mine eyes; and I have heard your scorn
With so much scoffing, and with so much shame,
As each striv'd which is greater: but believe me,
I suck'd not in this patience with my milk;
Cast no despites on my profession
For the civility and tameness of it.
A good man bears a contumely worse
Than he would do an injury.
I would approach your kinswoman
With all respect due to yourself and her.
Hems. Away, companion—handling her.
[*Pulls him from her.*
Gos. Nay, I do love no blows, sir.
[*They fight; he gets Hemskirke's sword, and throws it off the stage.*
Hub. Hold, sir!
Gert. Help, my Goswin!
Vand. Let 'em alone—my life for one.
Gos. Nay, come,
If you have will.
Hub. None to offend you, sir.
Gos. He that had, thank himself—Not hand her? yes, sir,
And clasp her, and embrace her, and bear her
Through a whole race of uncles, arm'd;
And all their nephews, though they stood a wood

Of pikes, and wall of cannon.—Kiss me, Gertrude;
Quake not, but kiss me.
Vand. Well said,
My merchant royal, fear no uncles; hang 'em,
Hang up all uncles.
Gos. In this circle, love,
Thou art as safe, as in a tower of brass—
Let such as do wrong fear.
Vand. Aye, that's good.—
Let Wolfort look to that.
Gos. Sir, here she stands,
Your niece and my belov'd; one of these titles
She must apply to—if unto the last,
Not all the anger can be sent unto her,
In frown or voice, or other art, shall force her,
Had Hercules a hand in't. Come, my joy,
Say thou art mine, aloud, love—and profess it.
Vand. Do, and I drink to it.
Gos. Prithee say so, love.
Gert. 'Twould take away the honour from my blushes.
Do not you play the tyrant, sweet; they speak it.
Hems. I thank you, niece.
Gos. Sir, thank her for your life,
And fetch your sword within.
[*Exeunt Goswin and Gertrude.*
Hub. A brave, clear spirit;
Hemskirke, you were to blame. A civil habit
Oft covers a good man; and you may meet
In person of a merchant, with a soul

As resolute and free, and always worthy
As else in any file of mankind. Pray you
What meant you so to slight him?

Hems. 'Tis done now—
Ask me no more on't—
I was to blame, and I must suffer, *(aside)* but
yet I'll be reveng'd. [*Exit Hemskirke.*

Hub. I'll to the woods
To find our much-wrong'd banish'd nobles,
And trace the lonely haunt where my lost love,
My Jaculin, laments her alter'd fortunes.
There I may chance to learn
Somewhat to help my inquiries farther.
How now, brave burgomaster?

Vand. I love not Wolfort, and my name's Vandunke.

Hub. Come, go sleep within.

Vand. Earl Florez is right heir; and this same Wolfort—
Under the rose I speak it—

Hub. Very hardly.

Vand. Usurps; and is a rank traitor as ever breath'd,
And all that do uphold him. Let me go:
Do you uphold him?

Hub. No!

Vand. Then hold up me. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III. Scene I.

A Wood.

Enter Goswin.

Gos. No wind blows fair yet! no return of monies!
Letters! nor any thing to hold my hopes up!
Why then 'tis destin'd that I fall! Fall miserably!
My credit I was built on sinking with me.
The raging north wind blows still stubbornly,
And on his boist'rous rack rides my sad ruin.
To-morrow with the sun-set, sets my credit:
To prison now! Well, yet there's this hope left me,
I may sink fairly under this day's venture;
And so to-morrow's cross'd, and all its curses.
This is the place his challenge call'd me to;
Now let me fall before my foe i'th' field,
And not at bar before my creditors.
He has kept his word.

Enter Hemskirke.

Now, sir, your sword's tongue only,
Loud as you dare—all other language——
Hems. Well, sir,
You shall not be long troubled—Draw!

Gos. 'Tis done, sir; and now have at ye.
Hems. Now!

Enter BOORS, *and attack* GOSWIN.

Gos. Betray'd to villains! Slaves, you shall buy me dearly!

Enter GERRARD *and* BEGGARS.

Ger. Now upon 'em bravely, boys!
Down with the gentleman.
Boors. Hold! hold!
Ger. Down with 'em! into the wood and swinge 'em!
Conjure 'em soundly, boys! swinge 'em to jelly!
[*The Beggars beat off Hemskirke and Boors.*
Blessing upon my master! thou art not hurt?
Gos. That heav'n, which sent thee to my aid,
Still nerv'd my arm.
Ger. And led my wand'ring steps,
To where conceal'd I heard yon coward knave
Tutor his ruffian band to thy undoing.
Gos. I thank ye, Clause. Prithee now leave me,
For, by my troth, I have nothing left to give thee.
Ger. Indeed I do not ask, sir; only it grieves me
To see you look so sad. Now goodness keep you
From troubles in your mind!
Gos. If I were troubled,

What cou'd thy comfort do? Prythee, Clause,
leave me.
Ger. Why are ye sad?
Gos. Most true I am so;
And such a sadness I have got will sink me!
What wou'd the knowledge do thee good, so
miserable
Thou can'st not help thyself! can'st thou work
miracles?
Ger. You do not know, sir, what I can do.
Tell me your cause of grief; I *must not* leave ye.
Gos. How!—
Ger. By what ye hold most precious, by
heav'n's goodness,
As your fair birth may prosper, good sir, tell me;
My mind believes yet something's in my power
May ease you of this trouble.
Gos. I will tell thee.
For a hundred thousand crowns, upon my credit
Taken up of merchants to supply my traffic—
To-morrow, Clause—to-morrow, which must
come,
In prison thou shalt find me, poor and broken!
Ger. I cannot blame your grief, sir.
Gos. Now, what say'st thou?
Ger. I say you should not shrink; for he
that gave ye,
Can give you more. Are ye, good master, ty'd
Within the compass of a day?
Gos. Ev'n to-morrow.
But why do I stand mocking of my misery?
Is't not enough that floods and friends for-
sake me?

Ger. Have ye no friends left?
None that have felt your bounty, worth the duty?
Gos. Friendship? thou know'st it not.
Ger. It is a duty, and as a duty, from those men have felt ye,
Should be return'd again; therefore I'll do't.
Distrust not—but pull up your noble spirit;
For if the fortunes of ten thousand people
Can save ye, rest assur'd. You have forgot, sir,
The good you did—that was the pow'r you gave me.
You shall now know the king of beggar's treasure;
And let the winds blow as they list, the sea roar,
Yet here in safety you shall find your harbour.
Distrust me not—for if I live, I'll fit ye.
Gos. How fain I would believe thee!
Ger. If I fail, master, believe no man hereafter.
Gos. I will try thee; but He knows, that knows all.
Ger. Know me to-morrow:
And if I know not how to cure ye—kill me!
So pass in peace, my best, my worthiest master.
[*Exit.*
Gos. Still blow'st thou there? and from all other parts
Do all my agents sleep, that nothing comes?
There's a conspiracy of friends and servants,
If not of elements, to ha' me break.
What should I think, unless the seas and sands
Had swallow'd up, or fire devour'd my ships,
I must ha' had some returns.

Enter first MERCHANT.

1 *Mer.* Save you, sir.
Gos. Save you.
1 *Mer.* No news yet o' your ships?
Gos. Not any yet, sir.
1 *Mer.* 'Tis strange! [*Exit first Merchant.*
Gos. 'Tis true, sir. What a voice was here now!
This was one passing bell; a thousand ravens
Sung in that man now, to presage my ruin!

Enter second MERCHANT.

2 *Mer.* Goswin, good day; these winds are very constant.
Gos. They are so, sir—to hurt.
2 *Mer.* Ha' you had no letters
Lately from England, nor from Denmark?
Gos. Neither.
2 *Mer.* This wind brings them.—Nor no news over lands,
Through Spain, from the Straits?
Gos. Not any.
2 *Mer.* I am sorry, sir. [*Exit second Merch.*
Gos. They talk me down; and, as 'tis said of vultures,
That scent a field fought, and do smell the carcasses
By many hundred miles: so do these, my wrecks,

At greater distances. Then, heaven, thy will
Come on, and be! For base deceitful fortune
Shall never say, she's cut my throat in fear:
I am not broken yet; nor should I fall,
Methinks, with less than that; that ruins all.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Wood.

Enter HUBERT, *as a Huntsman.*

Hub. Thus have I stol'n away disguis'd from Hemskirke,
To try these people; for my heart yet tells me
Some of these beggars are the men I look for.
Appearing like myself they have no reason
(Though my intent be fair), but still to avoid me.
This is the wood they make their hidden home,
A fit place for concealment; where, till fortune
Crown me with that I seek, I'll live amongst 'em.
They come—I'll couch awhile, and mark my time.
[*Exit.*

Enter HIGGEN, PRIGG, FERRET, GINKES, *and the rest, with the* BOORS *in custody.*

Hig. Come, bring 'em out, for here we sit in justice;
Each man take a cudgel, a good cudgel:

And now attend our sentence. That you are
rogues,
And mischievous base rascals — there's the
point now—
I take it—is confess'd.
Prigg. Deny it if ye dare, knaves.
Boors. We are rogues, sir.
Hig. To amplify the matter then; rogues ye
are—
And cudgell'd ye shall be, ere we leave ye.
Boors. Yes, sir.
Hig. Why did ye this?
Were you drunk when ye did it?
Boors. Yes, indeed we were.
Prigg. You shall be beaten sober.
Hig. Was it for want ye undertook it?
Boors. Yes, sir.
Hig. Ye shall be swing'd abundantly.
Has not the gentleman (pray mark this point,
Brother Prigg) reliev'd you often?
Boors. 'Tis most true, sir.
Hig. And, as ye are true rascals,
Tell me but this: Have ye not been drunk and
often,
At his charge?
Boors. Often, often.
Hig. There's the point then:
They have cast themselves, brother Prigg.
Proceed you now—I'm somewhat weary.
Prigg. Can you do these things,
You most abominable scurvy rascals,
You turnip-eating rogues?
Boors. We're truly sorry.

Prigg. To the proof, you knaves; to the proof, and presently
Give us a sign you feel compunction.
Every man up with his cudgel, and on his neighbour
Bestow such alms, till we shall say sufficient.
Hig. You know your doom—
One, two, three, and about it.
[*The Boors beat each other off the Stage.*
Prigg. That fellow in the blue has true compunction.

Enter GERRARD.

Ger. Call in the gentleman.
His cause I'll hear myself.

Enter HEMSKIRKE *handcuffed.*

Prigg. With all due reverence
We do resign, sir.
Ger. Go fetch that paper was found upon him.
But soft—who have we here? [*Exit Ferret.*

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Good ev'n, my honest friends.
Ger. Good even, good fellow.
Hub. May a poor huntsman, with a merry heart,

A voice shall make the forest ring about him,
Get leave to live amongst ye? True as steel, boys;
That knows all chases, and can watch all hours,
Force ye the crafty Reynard, climb the quick-sets,
And rouse the lofty stag; and with my bell-horn
Ring him a knell, that all the woods shall mourn him,
Till in his funeral tears he fall before me.

Ger. Well spoke, my brave fellow.

Hub. (Aside.) Ha! What mak'st thee here?
Hemkskirke, thou art not right, I fear.

Enter FERRET *with a Paper.*

Fer. Here is the paper.

Ger. Give it to me. You are sent here, sirrah,
To discover certain gentlemen; a spy knave—
And if you find 'em, if not by persuasion,
To bring 'em back—by poison to dispatch 'em!

Hub. By poison! ha!

Ger. Here is another—Hubert. What is that Hubert, sir?

Hub. You may perceive there——

Ger. Here thou art commanded, when that Hubert
Has done his best and worthiest service this way,
To cut his throat; for here he's set down dangerous.

Hub. This is most impious.

Ger. Is not this true?

Hems. Yes. What are you the better?
Ger. You shall perceive, sir, ere you get your freedom;
Keep him still bound—and, friend, we take thee to us,
Into our company. Thou dar'st be true unto us?
Hig. Aye, and obedient too?
Hub. As you had bred me.
Ger. Then take our hand; thou'rt now a servant to us.
Welcome him all.
Hig. Stand off, stand off, I'll do't;
We bid you welcome three ways—first for your person,
Which is a promising person; next for your quality,
Which is a decent and a gentle quality;
Last for the frequent means you have to feed us;
You can steal, 'tis presum'd?
Hub. Yes, venison; an' if you want—
Hig. 'Tis well you understand that, for you
Shall practice it daily; you can drink too?
Hub. Soundly.
Hig. And ye dare know a woman from a weathercock?
Hub. If I handle her.
Ger. As earnest of thy faith and resolution
Wilt thou undertake to keep this rascal prisoner?
One who basely contriv'd to undermine
A noble life, dear to the state and us.
Hub. Sirs, I have kept wild dogs, and beasts for wonder,

And made 'em tame too. Give into my custody
This roaring rascal, I shall hamper him,
O! he smells rank o' th' rascal.
Ger. Take him to thee—but if he 'scape—
Hub. Let me be ev'n hang'd for him.
Come, sir, I'll tie you to the leash.
Hems. Away, rascal!
Hub. Be not so stubborn: I shall swinge ye soundly,
And ye play tricks with me.
Ger. So, now away,
But ever have an eye, sir, to your prisoner.
Hub. He must blind both mine eyes, if he get from me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in GERTRUDE'S *House.*

Enter GOSWIN *and* GERTRUDE.

Gert. Indeed you're welcome—I have heard your 'scape,
And therefore give her leave, that only loves you,
To bid you welcome—what is't makes you sad?
Why do you look so wild? Is't I offend you?
Beshrew my heart not willingly.
Gos. No, Gertrude.
Gert. Is't the delay of that you long have look'd for,
A happy marriage?
Gos. No news yet.
Gert. Do you hear, sir?

Gos. Have I liv'd
In all the happiness that fortune could seat me?
In all men's fair opinions?
Gert. Do you love me?
Gos. And can the devil
In one ten days—that devil chance, devour me?
Gert. You do not love me.
Gos. No star prosperous! all at a swoop!
Gert. Goswin, you will not look upon me.
Gos. Can mens' prayers,
Shot up to heaven with such a zeal as mine are,
Fall back like lazy mists, and never prosper?
Gyves I must wear, and cold must be my comfort,
Darkness and want of meat—alas! she weeps too,
Which is the top of all my sorrow—Gertrude!
Gert. No, no, you will not know me.
Gos. The time grows on still,
And like a tumbling wave, I see my ruin
Come rolling over me.
Gert. Tell me but how I have deserv'd your slighting?
Gos. For a hundred thousand crowns.
Gert. Farewell.
Gos. Of which I have scarce ten—oh! how it starts me.
Gert. And may the next you love, hearing my ruin—
Gos. I had forgot myself—oh, my best Gertrude!
Crown of my joys and comforts.

Gert. Sweet, what ails ye?
I thought you had been vex'd with me.
Gos. My mind, wench,
My mind, o'erflow'd with sorrow—sunk my memory.
Gert. Am I not worthy of the knowledge of it?
And cannot I as well affect your sorrows
As your delights? you love no other woman?
Gos. No, I protest.
Gert. You have no ships lost lately?
Gos. None that I know of.
Gert. I hope you have spilt no blood whose innocence
May lay this on your conscience.
Gos. Clear, by heaven!
Gert. Why should you be thus then?
Gos. Good Gertrude, ask not,
Even by the love you bear me.
Gert. I am obedient.
Gos. Go in, my fair—I will not be long from ye—
Nor long I fear me with thee. At my return
Dispose me as you please.
Gert. The good gods guide ye!
[*Exit Gertrude.*
Gos. Now for myself, which is the least I hope for,
And when that fails, for man's worst fortune, pity. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV. Scene I.

A Street in Bruges.

Enter Goswin, *and two Merchants.*

Gos. Why, gentlemen, 'tis but a week more,
I entreat you
But seven short days; I am not running from you,
Nor, if you give me patience, is it possible
All my adventures fail. You've ships abroad
Endure the beating both of wind and weather,
I am sure 'twould vex *your* hearts to be protested;
Ye're all fair merchants.

1 *Mer.* And must have fair play.
There is no living here else; for my part
I would stay gladly; but my wants tell me
I must wrong others in't.

Gos. No mercy in ye?

2 *Mer.* 'Tis foolish to depend on others' mercy—
Keep yourself right, sir—you have yet liv'd here
In lord-like prodigality, high and open,
Now ye find what 'tis.

1 *Mer.* Before your poverty
We were of no mark, of no endeavour.
2 *Mer.* You stood alone; and scarce a sail at sea
But loaden with *your* goods. Now I hope, sir,
We shall have sea-room.
Gos. Is my misery
Become my scorn too! Have you no mercy,
No part of men left? Are all my bounties
To you, and to the town, turn'd my reproaches?
2 *Mer.* Well, get your monies ready; 'tis but two hours—
We shall protest ye else, and suddenly.
Gos. But two days—
2 *Mer.* Not an hour, ye know the hazard.
[*Exeunt Merchants.*
Gos. How soon my light's put out! hard-hearted Bruges!
Within thy walls may never honest merchant
Venture his *fortune* more.

Enter GERRARD.

Ger. *Good* fortune, master!
Gos. Thou mistak'st me, Clause,
I am not worth thy blessing.
Ger. Still a sad man!
No belief, gentle master?

Enter FERRET *and* GINKES, *as Porters.*

Bring it in then,
And now believe your beadsman.

Gos. Is this certain,
Or dost thou work upon my troubled senses?
Ger. 'Tis gold,—'tis there—a hundred thousand crowns.
And, good sweet master, now be merry. Pay 'em,
Pay the poor pelting knaves, that know no goodness,
And cheer your heart up.
Gos. But, good Clause, tell me
How cam'st thou by this mighty sum? If wrongfully
I must not take it of thee—'twill undo me!
Ger. Fear not—you have it by as honest means
As though your father gave it.
Gos. What great security?
Ger. Away with that, sir;
Were ye not more than all the men in Bruges,
And all the money, in my thoughts?
Gos. But, Clause,
I may die presently.
Ger. Then this dies with you.
Pay when you can, good master; I'll no parchments.
Only this charity I entreat you,
Leave me this ring.
Gos. Alas! it is too poor, Clause.
Ger. 'Tis all I ask; and this withal, that when
I shall deliver't back, you shall grant me
Freely one poor petition.
Gos. There, I confirm it. *(Gives the ring.)*

And may my faith forsake me when I shun it!
[*Exit Goswin.*

Ger. Away! take up the money,
And follow that young gentleman.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

A Wood.

Enter JACULIN.

Jac. I surely cannot err, what borrow'd dress
Can hide my Hubert from me? How I wish
Yet fear to be resolv'd.—He went this way:
Shall I adventure? Oh! this dread suspense,
How does it load my heart!

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. I've lock'd my youth up close enough from gadding
In an old tree, and set watch over him.
My schemes are almost ripe—ha, Jaculin!
If through her means I can but make discovery.
Come hither, pretty maid. [*Jaculin advances.*
Jac. No, no; you'll kiss me.
Hub. So I will. [*Kisses her.*
What's your father's name?
Jac. He's gone to heaven!
Hub. Is it not Gerrard, sweet?
Jac. I'll stay no longer.

My mother's an old woman, and my brother
Was drown'd at sea. [*Going.*

Hub. Stay! Do not fly me thus.

Jac. (Aside.) Oh! how my heart melts within me.

Hub. (Aside.) 'Tis certain she!—Pray let me see your hand, sweet.

Jac. No, no.

Hub. (Aside.) Sure, I should know that ring!

Jac. (Aside.) 'Tis certain he. I had forgot my ring too.

Hub. Do you know me, chuck?

Jac. No, indeed; I never saw ye:
I must be married to-morrow, to a capper.

Hub. (Aside.) How fain she would conceal herself, yet cannot.
My pretty wanderer, will you love me,
And leave that man? I'll wait you through the vale,
And make you dainty nosegays.

Jac. And where put them?

Hub. Here, in thy bosom, sweet.

Jac. Can you love then?

SONG. JACULIN.

Tho' he is far away,
And over land and sea;
He'll come some happy day,
And prove his truth to me.
And when my love's returning,
My secret known too well;
Thro' all my blushes burning,
Shall want no tongue to tell.

Hub. One word more.
Did you ever know a maid call'd Jaculin?
Jac. Oh, I'm discover'd!
Hub. 'Tis she! Now I'm certain
They're all here. Turn, turn thee, lovely maid,
Thy Hubert speaks to thee.
Jac. Alas! I am forbid! Why thus disguis'd?
Hub. For justice and for thee, love;
Meet me anon, I'll tell thee all my purpose.
Jac. And may I trust thee, Hubert?
Hub. As thine own soul.
Jac. But yet you must not know me. This—
and be constant ever. [*Exit.*
Hub. O, blessed certainty!
Now for my other project.——
To turn the cunning toils were laid for me
To Hemskirke's ruin, and the tyrant's fall.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Table covered, and Two Chairs.

Enter VANDUNKE, *speaking to a Servant, who follows him.*

Van. With officers of justice, said ye? and
Enquir'd for Goswin?—Bid 'em come in.
[*Exit Servant.*
Now will I play upon this envious crew,
That fain would run a royal vessel down.
They're here as bidden to a feast, before their hour:
I'll whet and disappoint their hungry appetites

Enter the Four MERCHANTS.

2 *Mer.* Good-day, most worthy burgomaster
Our visit was to the rich merchant, Goswin.
Van. I'm sorry for't.—I fear his strong ne
cessities
Will bring him empty-handed.
You must be merciful.
1 *Mer.* Oh! but he'll come,
He's rich, or from his 'ventures should be so.
2 *Mer.* I only wish
His forwardness to embrace all bargains
Sink him not in the end.
1 *Mer. (To Vand.)* Have better hopes;
For my part, I am confident.
Vand. (Aside.) Here are a set of smiling
mouth friends.
3 *Mer. (To Vand.)* His noble mind, and
ready hand, contend
Which can add *most* to his free courtesies.
Vand. Affable wolves.—
2 *Mer.* It was at his bidding,
I did free from prison a sea robber,
Who yet may live to pay him with his ruin;
What think you of that deed, burgomaster?
Vand. What think! as of a deed of noble
pity—
And if that act did plunge him into ruin,
You may now share its glory, by relieving him;
And holding off your bonds.
2 *Mer.* I love and honour him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger.

3 *Mer.* For my part, though his bounty have no eyes,
Yet my necessities compel me to some foresight.—
Vand. Have ye not often profited by this man?
And revell'd at his cost?
2 *Mer.* Sir, we confess—
Vand. Do, that y're all base knaves and hypocrites—
See, here he comes, to challenge a return
Of kindness from ye.
1 *Mer.* When our bonds are paid.

Enter GOSWIN *with Two Men carrying Bags of Money.*

Gos. Now, sirs, your bonds—set down those bags of gold—
Your pardon, that you wait—
2 *Mer.* *(Aside.)* He deals in witchcraft.
1 *Mer.* Nay, sir, if it would do you courtesy.
Gos. None at all, sir. [*The Merchants' bow.*
Vand. There's bending now of backs,
And jutting out of hips.
Gos. Take it, 'tis your's—
There's your ten thousand, sir—
Give in my bills—
Your sixteen—
3 *Mer.* Pray be pleas'd to make further use.
Gos. No.
Vand. That's plump—you're answer'd, I hope?
4 *Mer.* What I have, sir,

You may command. Pray let me be your servant.

Gos. Put on your hats. I care not for your courtesies;

They're most untimely done, and no truth in 'em.

Vand. They are all lies, I'll vouch for 'em ev'ry one—

2 *Mer.* I have a freight of pepper!

Vand. Rot your pepper.

Gos. Shall I trust you again?—There's your ten thousand—

4 *Mer.* Or, if you want fine sugar; 'tis but sending.

Gos. No, I can send to Barbary; those people

That never yet knew faith, have nobler freedoms.

How now?

Enter SAILOR.

Sailor. Why, health to the noble merchant,

The Susan is returned.

Gos. Well?

Sailor. Well, and rich, sir:

And now put in.

Vand. Do you mark that?

Gos. Heav'n, thou hast heard my prayers.

What news o'th' fly-boat?

Sailor. If this wind hold till midnight,

She will be here, and wealthy.—*'Scaped fairly.*

Vand. D'ye hear that too?—Knaves.
Gos. How! prithee, sailor?
Sailor. Thus, sir. She had fought
Seven hours together, with six Turkish gallies,
And she fought bravely; but at last was boarded,
And overlaid with strength: when presently
Comes bearing up i'the wind, Captain Vannoke,
That valiant gentleman you redeem'd from prison.
He knew the boat, set in, and fought it bravely;
Beat all the gallies off, sunk three; redeem'd her,
And, as a service to ye, sent her home, sir.
Gos. An honest, noble captain, and a thankful!
Vand. And this is he you would have hang'd,
Ye land pirates.—
Gos. There's for thy news.—Go drink the merchant's health, sailor.
Sailor. Thank your bounty; and I'll do it to a doit.
Vand. Aye,—drink till ye drown yourself,
[*Exit Sailor.*
Or you're no Englishman.
Gos. This year, I hope, my friends, I shall 'scape prison,
For all your cares to catch me.
Vand. Come, sir, leave these pitiful knaves,
You must along with me;
Yonder is one who weeps and sobs.
Gos. Alas! how does she?
Vand. She will be better soon, I hope.
Gos. Why soon, sir?

Vand. Why, when you have her in your arms; this night,
My boy, she is thy wife:
I'll cheer thee up with sack,
And when thou'rt joyous, fling thee to thy mistress.

Gos. With all my heart, I take her—
You are paid, I hope? *(to the Merchants.)*

2 *Mer.* You may please, sir,
To think of your poor servants in displeasure,
Whose all they have—goods, monies, are at your service.

Gos. I thank you,
And when I have need of you, I shall forget you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Wood.

Enter HUBERT *and* HEMSKIRKE.

Hub. You the earl's servant?

Hems. I swear I am near as his own thoughts to him,
Able to do thee service. Release me,
I'll make thee ranger over all the games.

Hub. This may provoke me. Yet to prove a knave too.

Hems. 'Tis to prove honest;—'tis to do good service
For him thou'rt sworn to, huntsman;—for thy prince.

Hub. Then thou shalt see, sir. I will do a service,
That shall deserve indeed.
'Tis not your setting free, for that's mere nothing;
But such a service, if the earl be noble,
He shall for ever love me.
Hems. What is't, huntsman?
Hub. Do you know any of these people live here?
Hems. No.
Hub. You are a fool, then. Here be those, to have 'em,
I know the earl so well, would make him caper.
Hems. Any of the old lords, that rebell'd?
Hub. Peace.—
All.—I know 'em all, and can betray 'em.
Hems. But wilt thou do this service?
Hub. More than that, too.
Here's the right heir!
Hems. What, Florez? Oh, honest,
Honest huntsman!
Hub. Now, how to get them,
There's the matter.
Hems. By force.
Hub. Aye; that must do't.
And, with the person of the earl himself,
Authority and mighty must come on 'em,
Or else in vain. And thus I wou'd have you do't.
To-morrow night be here, the hour be twelve;
Now for a guide to draw ye on these persons,

The woods being thick, and hard to hit, myself
With some beside, will wait you by th' great oak.

Hems. Keep but thy faith, and such a shower of wealth——

Hub. I warrant ye. Miss nothing that I tell ye.
Away! away! for here come those will hold ye.

[*Exit Hemskirke.*

Enter GERRARD, HIGGIN, PRIGG, GINKES, SNAPP, FERRET, *and others.*

Ger. Now, what's the news in town?

Ginkes. No news, but joy, sir.
Ev'ry man wooing of the noble merchant,
Who sends his hearty commendations to ye.

Fer. Yes; there's this news. This night he's to be married.

Ger. This night! He must not marry now.

Hub. Good, sir,
By your leave, one word in private, with ye.

Hub. Nay, do not start: I know ye.
Hubert speaks to ye, and you must be Gerrard,
The time invites you to it.

Ger. Challeng'd thus,
I throw aside disguise, and trust your honour.
Sir, I am Gerrard, say, how stand our hopes?

Hub. Fair, if you now pursue 'em. Hemskirke I've
Let go, and these my causes I'll tell ye
Privately, and how I have wrought on him,
Gull'd him, and sent him home as a decoy,

To bring Lord Wolfort hither, with his guards,
To seize (so he'll expect) the banish'd lords;
But so my plan succeed, his very guards
Shall serve to crush the tyranny they rais'd,
And at my voice shall hail their lawful prince.
Till I can prove me honest to my friends,
Look on, and strictly follow these directions.

Snapp. What! does he marry Vandunke's pretty daughter?

Prigg. Oh, the puddings, the piping hot mince-pies!

Hig. For the leg of a goose now would I venture a limb:
I love a fat goose as I love allegiance;
And plague upon the boors, too well they know't,
And therefore starve their poultry.

Prigg. Brother Higgin,
What think you of a wassail?

Hig. Worthily.
And then I'll make a speech in praise of merchants.

Prigg. And I'll so roar out songs and glees!

Ger. (Coming forward.) 'Tis passing well, I both believe and joy in't,
And will be ready. Hear me all.—Keep in
Till this, your huntsman, call ye forth; then do
His bidding faithfully. I must awhile
Forsake ye. On mine anger, no man stir hence.

Prigg. Not to the wedding, sir?

Ger. Not any whither.

Hig. The wedding must be seen, sir. We want meat, too.
We're horribly out of meat.

Prigg. Shall it be spoken,
Fat capons shak'd their tails at's, in defiance?

Shall pigs, sir, that the parson's self would envy,
And dainty ducks—

Ger. Not a word more.—Obey me!

[*Exit Gerrard.*

Hig. Why, then, come doleful death, this is flat tyranny:
And by this hand—

Hub. What?

Hig. I'll go to sleep upon't.

Hub. No sleep to-night for any that have hearts
To hunt with me the savage bloody boar
That wastes the land. I have a scheme, my hearts,
Shall by one night of watching win a feast,
Whereat a royal host shall bid you welcome.

[*Exeunt, crying,* "*Long live our huntsman Hubert.*"

SCENE V.

An Entrance Hall in Bruges.

Enter Goswin, *with a Paper in his Hand.*

Gos. Such earnest bidding—nay, more like command,
To meet him here, on th' forfeit of my word,
In this the moment of my nuptial hour!
What this man is I know not, nor for what cause
He twice has thrust himself into my dangers.
But sure heav'n's hand is in't. By strange instinct,

Nature has taught me to behold his wants,
Not as a stranger's.

Enter GERRARD.

My honest, my best friend, I have been careful
To see thy monies——
Clause. Sir, that brought not me.
Do you know this ring again?
Gos. Thou hadst it of me.
Clause. And do you well remember yet the boon you gave me
Upon the return of this?
Gos. Yes; and I grant it,
Be it what it will. Ask what thou canst, I'll do it,
Within my power.
Clause. You are not married yet?
Gos. No.
Clause. Faith, I shall ask you that, that will disturb ye.
Gos. Do;
And if I faint and flinch in't——
Clause. Well said, master;
And yet it grieves me too—and yet it must be.
Gos. Prithee distrust me not.
Clause. You must not marry.
That's part of the power you gave me.
Gos. Not marry, Clause!
Clause. Not if you keep your promise,
And give me power to ask.
Gos. Prithee think better.
I will obey, by heaven!
Clause. I have thought the best, sir.
Gos. Give me thy reason. Dost thou fear her honesty?

Clause. Chaste as the ice, for any thing I know, sir.

Gos. Must not marry?

Shall I break now, when my poor heart is pawn'd?

When all the preparation——

Clause. Now, or never.

Gos. Come, 'tis not *that* thou would'st: thou dost but fright me.

Clause. You may break, sir;

But never more in my thoughts appear honest.

Gos. Didst ever see her?

Clause. No.

Gos. She is such a wonder

For beauty and fair virtue, Europe has not.

Why hast thou made me happy to undo me?

But look upon her, then if thy heart relent not

I'll quit her presently. Who waits there?

Bid my fair love come hither.

Prithee be merciful; take a man's heart,

And look upon her truly: take a friend's heart,

And feel what misery must follow this.

Clause. Take you a noble heart, and keep your promise.

I forsook all *I* had to make *you* happy.

Enter GERTRUDE.

Can that thing call'd a woman stay your virtue?

Gos. Look, there she is. Now deal with me as thou wilt.

Didst ever see a fairer?

Gert. What ails my love?

Gos. Didst thou ever,

By the fair light of heav'n, behold a sweeter?

Gert. Sure h'as some strange design in hand,

He starts so.

Clause. She is most goodly.

Gos. Is she a thing then to be lost thus lightly?

Her mind is ten times sweeter, ten times nobler,
And but to hear her speak—a paradise.
And such a love she bears to me—a chaste love,
And ready now to bless me—the priest too ready
To say the holy words shall make us happy:
This is a cruelty beyond man's study;
'Twill be her death to do't.

Clause. Let her die then.

Gos. 'Twill kill me too; 'twill murder me. By heav'n, Clause,
I'll give thee half I have. Come, thou shalt save me.

Clause. Then you must go with me, I can stay no longer.
If you be true and noble, in the dark walk
Of aged elms that opens to the plain,
You'll meet me in this hour.

Gos. Hard heart! I'll follow thee.

[*Exit Clause.*

Pray ye go in. I have a weighty business
Concerns my life and state; (make no inquiry,)
This present hour befall'n me. My cloak there.

Gert. Is this your ceremony? Why is this stop, sir?

Gos. We must part,
Gertrude, we must!

Gert. Must! What voice enjoins?
What power commands?

Gos. We shall meet again.

Gert. Who is yon man, that rules so aboslute
O'er Goswin's will?

Gos. Ask me no more—I can but tell thee this, sweet,
I'm ever thine. Farewell. [*Exit Gertrude.*
I know not why;
But to obey this man to me seems now
As payment of some great religious debt
Nature stands bound for. [*Exit Goswin.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V. Scene I.

Woods.

Enter Gertrude *and a* Clown.

Gert. Lead, if we're right; thou said'st thou knew'st the way.
Clown. Fear nothing, I do know it: would 'twere homeward.
Gert. Wrought from me by a beggar!—at the time
That most should tie him! 'tis some other love
That hath a more command on his affections,
And he that fetch'd him, a disguised agent,
Not what he personated. Darkness shroud
And cover love's too curious search in me,
For yet suspicion I would not name thee.
Clown. Mistress, it grows somewhat pretty and dark.
Gert. What then?
Clown. Nay, nothing; do not think I am afraid,
Although perhaps you are.
Gert. I am not. Forward.
Clown. Sure but you are;—give me your hand—fear nothing.
What a fright one on's are in, you or I!
Gert. What ails the fellow?
Clown. Hark, hark, I beseech you.
Do you hear nothing?

Gert. No.

Clown. List! This wood is full of wolves,
Of hogs, and such carnivorous vermin.
Hark! 'tis the howling of a wolf!

Gert. Of the wind, coward.

Clown. Help me to say my prayers; he's got me now—
I cannot speak: Do I speak, mistress? Tell me.

Gert. A precious guide I've got.

[*One halloos.*

Clown. It thunders now. You hear that, mistress?

Gert. I hear one halloo.

Clown. 'Tis thunder! thunder! see! a flash of lightning!
Are you not blasted, mistress?
'T has played the barber with me; I have lost
My beard—I'm shaven, mistress.

Gert. Prithee hold thy peace.
Both love and jealousy have made me bold.
Where my fate leads me, I must go. Hold off!

[*Exit Gertrude.*

Clown. The Lord go with you then, for I will not.

Enter WOLFORT, HEMSKIRKE, *and Soldiers.*

Hems. It was the fellow sure, he that should guide—
The huntsman that did holloa. Who goes there?

Clown. Mistress, I am taken.

Hems. Ah! mistress! Now look forth.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Wolf. What are you, sirrah?

Clown. Truly all is left

Of a poor boor by day, nothing by night;
I'm none that will stand out, great sir:
You might have spar'd your guns and drums,
You may subdue me with a walking-stick,
E'en when you please, and hold me with a packthread.

Hems. What woman was't you called to?

Clown. I——none, sir.

Wolf. None! did not you name a mistress?

Clown. Yes; but she's
No woman yet—she should have been this night,
But that a beggar stole away her bridegroom.

[*Soldiers return with Gertrude.*

Hems. 'Tis she!

Gert. Ha! I am miserably lost!

Hems. This was a noble entrance to your fortune,
That being thus upon the point of marriage,
Upon her venture here, you should surprise her.

Wolf. I begin, Hemskirke, to believe my fate
Works to my end.

Hems. Yes, sir, and this adds trust
Unto our guide, who did assure me Florez
Liv'd in some merchant's shape, as Gerrard did
In the old beggar's. *(Halloos heard.)* That's he again!

Wolf. Good! go we forth to meet him.

Hems. Here's the oak, my lord. Come, madam, you must along with us.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter HUBERT, HIGGEN, PRIGG, FERRET, SNAPP, *and* GINKES, *like Boors.*

Hub. I like your habits well: they're safe; stand close.
Hig. But what's the action we are for now? Ha?
Robbing a ripper of his fish?
Prigg. Or taking a poulterer prisoner?
Hig. Without ransom?
Snap. Or cutting off a convoy of butter?
Prigg. Oh, I could drive a regiment
Of geese afore me, such a night as this,
Ten leagues with my hat and staff, and not a *hiss*
Heard, or a wing of my troop disorder'd.
Hig. Is it a fetching off a buck of clothes?
We are horribly out of linen.
Hub. No such matter.
Hig. Let me alone for any farmer's dog,
If you've a mind to the cheese loft, 'tis but thus,
And he's a silenc'd mastiff during pleasure.
Hub. Would it please you to be silent?
Hig. Mum!

Re-enter WOLFORT, HEMSKIRKE, *and Soldiers.*

Wolf. Who's there?
Hub. A friend, the huntsman.
Hems. 'Tis he, himself.
Hub. I have kept touch, sir; which is the earl of these?
Hems. This, my lord's, the friend
Hath undertook the service.
Hub. And I have don't;

I know to pitch my toils, drive in my game,
For Florez, and his father
Gerrard, and Jaculin, young Florez' sister,
I'll have 'em all.
Wolf. We will double
Whatever Hemskirke now hath promis'd thee.
Hub. And I'll deserve it treble. What horse ha' you?
Wolf. A hundred.
Hub. That's well—ready to take 'em on sur prise?
Hems. Yes.
Hub. Divide then
Your force into five squadrons—for there are
So many outlets—of all which passages
We must possess ourselves to round 'em in.
And that they may be more secure, I'll use
My wonted whoops and halloos, as I were
A hunting for 'em; which will make them rest
Careless of any noise, and be a direction
To other guides, how we approach 'em still.
Wolf. 'Tis order'd well, and relisheth the soldier:
Make the division, huntsman—You are my charge,
My fair one, I'll look to you. [*Exeunt.*
Clown. No one shall need to look to me,
I'll look unto myself. [*Exit Clown.*
Hub. Now, comrades, is the promis'd hour at hand,
Here, where the roads do meet, now lie conceal'd,
And at the bugle's sound rush forth to aid
Lord Hubert, who then rings the knell
Of Wolfort's power, and hails found Florez, Prince. [*Exeunt Hubert and guards.*

Enter GERRARD *and* FLOREZ.

Florez. 'Tis passing strange!
Ger. When we fled from Wolfort,
I sent you into England, there plac'd you
With a brave Flander's merchant, call'd rich Goswin,
Who dying left his name and wealth unto you
As his reputed son. But though I
Should as a subject study you, my Prince,
'Twill not discredit you to call me father.
Florez. Acknowledge you my father!—sir, I do;
And may impiety, conspiring with
My other sins, sink me, and suddenly,
When I forget to pay you a son's duty. [*Kneels.*
Ger. I pray you, rise;
And may those powers that see and love this in you
Reward you for it; taught by your example,
Having received the rights due to a father,
I tender you th' allegiance of a subject,
Which as my Prince accept of.
Florez. Kneel to me!
May mountains first fall down beneath their vallies,
And fire no more mount upwards, when I suffer
An act in nature so preposterous.
I am your son, sir, prouder to be so,
Than I shall ever of those specious titles,
Left to me by my mother.
Ger. I do believe it—
By this time, sir, I hope you want no reasons
Why I broke off your marriage,

For now, as Florez, and a Prince, remember
The fair maid whom you chose to be your bride—
Being so far beneath you—even your love
Must grant she's not your equal.
Florez. In descent,
Or borrow'd glories from dead ancestors;
But for her beauty, chastity, and virtues,
A monarch might receive from her, not give,
Though she were his crown's purchase.

Enter HUBERT, HEMSKIRKE, WOLFORT, BERTHA, *and four Lords with the torches cautiously.*

Hub. Sir, here be two of 'em,
The father and the son.
Ger. Who's this? Wolfort?
Wolf. Impostor, aye; to charge thee with thy treason.
In this disguise, that hath so long concealed you,
I must find Gerrard.
And in this merchant's habit, one called Florez,
Who *would be* Earl.
Florez. And is, wert thou a subject.
Bertha. Goswin turned Prince!
Oh I am poorer by this greatness
Than all my former jealousies or misfortunes!
Florez. Gertrude!
Wolf. Stay, sir—hold, on your life.
Bertha. His life—oh first take mine;
And since I cannot hope to wed him now,
Let me but fall a part of his glad ransom.
Wolf. You know not your own value that entreat—

Florez. So proud a fiend as Wolfort!
Wolf. For so lost a thing as Florez!
Florez. And that be so,
Rather than she should stoop again to thee!
There is no death, but's sweeter than all life,
When Wolfort is to give it. Oh! my Gertrude!
Wolf. This is no Gertrude, nor no Hemskirke's niece,
Nor Vandunke's daughter:—this is Bertha, Bertha,
Heiress of Brabant, she that caused the war.
Hems. Whom I did steal to do great Wolfort service.
Florez. Insolent villain!

Enter JACULIN.

Wolf. Who is this, huntsman?
Hub. More, more, sir. This is Jaculin, sister to Florez.
Ger. How they triumph in their treachery!
Wolf. Why here's brave game! this was sport royal!
Huntsman, your horn:—first wind me Florez' fall,
Next Gerrard's, then his daughter, Jaculin's.
We'll hang 'em, Hemskirke, on these trees.
Hems. Not here, my lord; 'twill spoil your triumph.
Hub. A public scaffold will shew better sport.
Florez. Wretch! art thou not content thou hast betray'd us,
But mock'st us too?
Ger. False Hubert! this is monstrous!
Wolf. Hubert!
Hems. Who, this?

Ger. Yes; this is Hubert—false and perjur'd Hubert!
I hope he has help'd himself unto a tree.
Wolf. The first, the first of any;—and most glad I have you, sir.
I let you go before, but for a train:
Is't you have done this service?
Hub. As your poor huntsman, sir. But now as Hubert.
The wolf's a foot, let slip. [*Sounds his horn.*

Enter VANDUNKE, MERCHANTS, HIGGEN, PRIGG, FERRETT *and* SNAPP; *and Soldiers, who seize on* WOLFORT *and* HEMSKIRKE.

Wolf. Betrayed!
Hub. No; but well catch'd: and I the huntsman.
Vand. How do you, Wolfort? Rascal! good knave, Wolfort!
I speak it now without the rose: and Hemskirke,
Rogue Hemskirke—you that have no niece; this lady
Was stol'n by you, and ta'en by you, and now
Resigned by me, to the right owner here.
Take her, my prince.
Florez. Can this be possible?
Welcome, my love—my sweet, my beauteous love!
Ger. And shall we part no more?
Vand. I ha' given you her twice; now keep her better,
And thank Lord Hubert that compos'd the plot,
And in good Gerrard's name sent for Vandunke,

And got me out with my brave boys, to march
Like Cæsar, when he bred his commentaries;
So I to breed my Chronicle, came forth,
Cæsar Vandunke, and *Veni, Vidi, Vici.*
Hig. Captain Prigg, sir!
Prigg. And Colonel Higgen!
Vand. Peace, rogues!
Give me my bottle—and set down my drums,
I'll sit in judgment on 'em—you stole the lady.
Wolf. Well, I can stand, and praise the toil! that took me,
And laughing in them die! they were brave snares!
Florez. 'Twere truer valour, if thou durst repent
The wrongs th' hast done, and live!
Wolf. Who! I repent!
And say I am sorry? Yes—'tis the *fool's* language,
But not for Wolfort!
Vand. Wolfort, thou art a devil!
And speak'st *his* language. Now, might I have my longing!
Under this row of trees here would I hang thee.
Florez. No; let him live
Banish'd from our state. That is thy doom.
Vand. Then hang this worthy captain here, this Hemskirke,
For profit of th' example.
Florez. No, let him
Enjoy his shame too, with his conscious life,
To shew how much our innocence contemns
All practice from the guiltiest to molest us.
Away with them; *(advancing, &c.)*
[*Exeunt Wolfort guarded.*

Ger. Sir, you must help to join
A pair of hands, as they have done of hearts,
And to their loves wish joys.
Florez. As to mine own—my gracious sister,
Worthiest brother— [*Embracing them.*
Vand. Away with them, a noble Prince!
And yet I'd fain some *one* were hang'd.
Ger. Sir, here be friends ask to be look'd on too,
And thank'd; who though their trade be none o' th' best,
Have yet used me with courtesy, and been true
Subjects unto me, while I was their king.
Vand. Your grace command them follo me to Bruges,
They'll turn the wheel for Crab the rope-maker.
Florez. Do you hear, sirs?
Hig. We do—thanks to your grace.
Vand. They shall beat hemp, and be whipp'd twice a week.
Prigg. Thank your good lordship.
Florez. No, I will take the care on me to find
Some manly and more profitable course,
To fit them as a part of the republic.
Be it our care to prove unto the world
Our better title o'er usurped favour,
In how much we shall use it for the good,
Ev'n of the meanest subjects in our state.

FINIS.

Whittingham and Rowland, Printers, Goswell Street, London.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY J. C. HOBHOUSE, ESQ.

AND SPOKEN BY MR. HARLEY.

" MONSTROUS! improbable! a likely thing—
" This play of your's—a beggar turn a king!
" Your moral's mischievous——
" A court so shabby!
" Give me the royal fixtures of the abbey,
" Whose majesty (God bless their wax-work faces!)"
Defies all time, and fears no change of places.
[*Advancing a little, and stretching out his hand.*
Critic, your hand—your loyalty I love—
Come! don't be shy, excuse a beggar's glove.—
A beggar turn a king! Well!—where's the wonder?
If one knocks down, the other must knock *under*.
And monarchs too—when matters were so so—
Turn'd beggars not *a thousand* years ago.
As for your courtiers, tho' they scorn to shew it,
They're *out at elbows*—and their tailors know it.
Dame Fortune deals her partners quickly down,
Plays the *short* game, *French* points—and bets a *crown*:
And e'en the winning hand (the jade's so fickle)
May find his *sceptre* prove a rod in pickle.
No! in these times there's hardly need of proving,
The word with high and humble is *keep moving*—
And your next neighbour, sir, for aught you know,
[*Advancing towards some one in the Pit.*
Is some *arch-duke* or king incognito.
In truth we monarchs of the pipe and pot,
Fear not to gain due credit for our plot—
Clause and his courtiers, taken in the fact
Of begging here, dread *but your vagrant* act;

And fearful chiefly to provoke the *pity*
Of any *kind* mendicity Committee;
Pray that *your* charity will save us all
From *work* and *Work-house—hemp* and hospital.
[*Retiring towards the back of the Stage.*
Hang all such friends to better our condition,
We like the sickness more than the physician.
The devil take their comforts and their cures;
We want no *pence* of *theirs*—but *praise* of your's.
We *profit* by our *poverty* and *pain*,
And only ask for *leave to beg again.*

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GERMANICUS:

A TRAGEDY.

Translated into English,

FROM THE FRENCH OF A. V. ARNAULT.

TO WHICH ARE SUBJOINED,

HISTORICAL NOTES,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE TRAGEDY.

Brevos et infaustos populi Romani amores.—TACITUS.

——IF WE COULD HAVE ANTICIPATED THE EFFECT OF GERMANICUS, WE SHOULD PERHAPS HAVE BEEN DELIVERED FROM THESE ODIOUS WRETCHES. IT WILL REQUIRE NO GREAT EFFORT TO OVERTURN THEM; AND THEY FEEL IT. IF THEY THOUGHT THEMSELVES STRONG, THIS WEEK WOULD HAVE UNDECEIVED THEM.—*Letter of Madame Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely to her Husband, dated Paris.*

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GERMANICUS, *the adopted Son of Tiberius, and Governor General of the Roman Provinces in the East.*
PISO, *Governor of Syria.*
MARCUS, *his Son.*
SENTIUS SATURNINUS, *a Roman Senator.*
SEJANUS, *Minister and Favorite of Tiberius.*
VERANIUS, *the Friend of* GERMANICUS.

AGRIPPINA, *the Wife of* GERMANICUS.
PLANCINA, *the Wife of* PISO.

Friends of GERMANICUS, *Children of* GERMANICUS, *1st and 2nd Conspirators, Soldiers, Lictors, People, Women in the suite of* AGRIPPINA, *&c. &c.*

GERMANICUS.

A vestibule, with which many apartments are connected.—On one side is the tribunal of Germanicus, on the other a statue of Augustus, before which is an altar.—Beneath the draperies, suspended from the columns which complete the peristyle, appears the city of Antioch.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The sun has not yet risen.

SEJANUS *disguised, and* SENTIUS.

Sen. Is it you, Sejanus! you, the friend of the Master of the World! the depository of the secrets of Cæsar! that I behold disguised under obscure garments, at so great distance from Rome, within these walls? Into what are you prying? What projects————

Sej. It is to give you instructions, Sentius, that I have been led hither at this early hour. An important object has brought me to Antioch; but first tell me what you know of Germanicus and Piso.

Sen. Never has their misinformed judgment manifested itself with greater violence. Piso ——— you are acquainted with his impetuous character, concealing under a grave exterior an indiscreet mind, wandering through pride in a course of irregularity, and constant to no feeling except that of hatred.

Sej. Is it so?

Sen. Connecting at length actions with words, and giving unrestrained course to his furious passions, he has in this very province, with unparalleled excess, braved the authority and contemned the majesty of the prince. You have, without doubt, been apprized, that in an unguarded moment, the prince violated the severe law by which he was forbidden to visit the plains of Isis. Feeling too sensibly the misfortunes of that unhappy country, which to console belonged to the Emperor alone, and quitting the mouth of this river, he flew to the banks of the Nile; to the threatening rocks which, at Syene, are washed by the roaring waves. Whilst the successor of the Cæsars was extending his regards thither, and innocently, perhaps, behaving to them as a benefactor instead of a master, unattended by such a retinue as either fear or pride might deem necessary, giving an equal reception to all the oppressed, subduing error by never-failing generosity, and above all, mitigating the too great rigour of the laws,—those laws which, without pity, we make heavy upon Egypt, starving in the midst of plenty! Whilst Germanicus was thus employed, the impetuous Piso remained alone in Syria, conducting himself without prudence, and attending only to the dictates of his passions; changing the existing order of things without any other motive or design than to destroy all that which another had accomplished, yet still expecting in the pride of his heart, to retain his station under that power which his audacity had offended. On his return, the indignant prince looked around in vain for his former friends, who had been driven into distant exile. He had the mortification also to find that the city, which he had fostered, had re-established those laws which justice had abrogated.

In his just wrath, Germanicus cited before his tribunal a deputy who had fancied himself his equal. Piso, always haughty, hesitated, doubting whether he ought to submit himself to the son of Augustus, and Tiberius! When suddenly Germanicus was attacked by an unknown disorder, which brought him, at the age of thirty, to the borders of the grave. The lamentations of his wife were re-echoed by

the people and the army. All were affected, and pressed to the feet of the gods; the most precious gifts loaded their altars; vows and sobs resounded in their temples. Twenty conquered nations mingled in the general grief. With astonishment the Sarmatian barbarian finds himself supplicating for the life of a Roman, and from the Tiber to the Indus there appeared only one vast weeping family trembling for the existence of its parent.

To this mourning, which increased in proportion to the danger of its object,—to this common distress, Piso remained an entire stranger. If he implored the protecting favour of the gods,—to the infernal deities were his sacrifices offered! To feign grief, even in public, was out of his power. When others trembled, he only smiled; and his ferocious mind, as the threatening evil increased or diminished, was alternately agitated by the joys of hope, or the transports of rage!

To the prayers of the people the Hero is at length restored! Incense smokes upon the altar, and sacrificial blood is shed in great profusion. The intelligence reaches Piso. In his rage he runs to the temples, disperses the priests, and outrageously overturns the altars, alike regardless of rights or places, people or prince, Cæsar or the gods. With tranquil effrontery he then quits the horror-struck crowd, and has proceeded to Cilicia.

Three days are now passed since this mournful event was thus frightfully signalized; and we are hitherto unacquainted with the measures which Germanicus intends to pursue. Piso appears to be assured of escaping with impunity. How great is the authority, if it be not abused, with which the race of Augustus is invested, even in these distant regions! Such is the exclamation both in the city and the army. Some warriors are secretly convinced that another besides Piso seeks the ruin of Germanicus, and already has our discipline through them sustained injury. If I may speak without reserve, those who are faithful to Cæsar believe that they only betray him in serving his son, and that their duty stands opposed to their obedience.

Sej. Under these circumstances, my lord, to which party do you consider it prudent to attach yourself?

Sen. When a report prevailing in secret, occasions alarm, it is my duty, Sejanus, to be upon my guard, and without approving, or blaming any one, to wait for the directions of Cæsar before I presume to act.

Sej. Upon you, and upon your fidelity, if Cæsar should find it expedient, I perceive he may confidently repose.

Sen. Whatever Cæsar may exact from my zeal, he will certainly not find a more faithful subject.

Sej. And this zeal, has it not dared to anticipate what duty is about to direct at the present time? and do you not penetrate into that counsel which policy has dictated to Cæsar, before I have explained it to you?

Sen. Proceed.

Sej. In the rank in which Cæsar has been placed by fortune, in the midst of the perils with which he is surrounded, ought he not, for the public good, to regard as evil actually done, that which it is probable will be accomplished?

Sen. I think so.

Sej. Exposed to the power of a daring man, is it not time that Tiberius should open his eyes?

Sen. It is time that he should revenge the injuries of a son, of a son perhaps more generous than wise, and who though indiscreetly courting popularity is, probably, after all, only animated by the desire of being loved. As to Piso, whose extreme audacity has led him to insult the power he serves! Piso, who is at the same time the resolute opposer of his chief, and of his sovereign the most determined protector! and who, rebellious as well as impious, has dared, even in a temple, to give an example of double sacrilege!—he, my lord—he alone is dangerous—he alone is criminal.

Sej. Both are so.

Sen. Perceive you no difference between the two?

Sej. I behold them both equal in power.

Sen. Has the prince ever swerved from his duty?

Sej. If he wishes to depart from it, has he not partizans? and may he not be *obliged* to depart from it, even in opposition to his wishes? Strangers cherish him. The Roman people love him. The Senate idolize him; and this united influence may some day *force* the Empire upon him.

Sen. The virtues which Heaven has so liberally bestowed upon him—his noble pride—his heart a stranger to intrigue—ought all to allay the suspicion, and to appease the anger of Tiberius.

Sej. The Emperor should rather be confirmed in his apprehensions.—When we recollect the caprice of the people, the *virtues*, as well as the vices of a rival, are subjects of alarm.—Tiberius thinks thus.

Sen. And upon what has he resolved?

Sej. No longer to divide the sovereign power. To reign in Asia as he does in Rome. To restrain Piso. To restrain every one who shall attempt with impunity to lift an insolent arm against his sovereign.—To govern by *you* this vast province.

Sen. Cæsar then intends to recal the prince, and to place him near his own person.

Sej. The prince is more to be feared at Rome than here. He will not return.

Sen. If it is to be so,—if he is to be banished to these regions by Tiberius, what is the authority Cæsar intends to confer upon *me?*

Sej. That which a rash man has exercised too long. That which a prudent man ought to keep as long as he lives.

Sen. I understand you.

Sej. Some one approaches.

Sen. It is Germanicus advancing.

Sej. I ought not yet to appear in his presence. Since you understand me, my lord, we know well how to renew, ere long, this important communication. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SENTIUS, GERMANICUS, MARCUS, PISO, *Lictors, &c.*

Ger. (*to Marcus.*) Marcus, I esteem your virtues; it is by their means that Armenia is at length restored to her prince. I will report your merits to Tiberius, and you may rank Germanicus among the number of your friends. But cease to implore a pardon for Piso. By forgetting *himself* the rights of my rank, and my race, your father forces *me* to remember them; and it is he alone that breaks the bond by which we ought to be united. I lament it. To soften his harsh character, you know, I have sacrificed far more than I ought to have done; but the more I grant, the more he requires. Does he judge me to be timid, because he has found me indulgent? The fault is my own. If, upon the first offence, I had adopted the language of an offended chief, we should not have seen him braving the majesty of rank, and violating the sanctity of the laws!—insulting, in the midst of alarmed Antioch, the magistracy of the people, and the head of the army! Although for three days I have delayed to punish him, does he repent of his errors? Is he willing to submit to my authority? Has he, even in appearance, desired to obtain forgiveness? All is decided! Marcus, it is enough. The days of clemency are at length passed away. Though I call to witness Augustus, whose shade we here revere, that I pronounce this determination with regret.

Since Piso has not chosen to confess, and lament those crimes, which my heart waited to forgive; since he *seeks* my hatred, at length I swear it to him. He will see whether I am insensible to injuries. Whether, in bringing him back to his duty, I fail in courage, or in power. After all the clamour he has raised, he cannot expect to remain on the spot where I command. I require, Marcus, that he leaves it to-day, or to-morrow I shall march against him. In vain has he craftily attempted to attach the army to

himself, by dismissing from our ranks the ancient discipline. The imprudent disorder this measure has created, and which he has wished to make subservient to his purposes, afflicts, but does not alarm me. Every true Roman will remain faithful, and I shall still count sufficient to subdue a rebel. You are amongst the number, and it is you whom my choice would empower to avenge religion and the laws, if the guilty person had not been your own father: Your soul is, I know, firm in its virtue, and of your fidelity I cannot doubt; but what right have I to add to your griefs, those which require an effort almost above human nature, and which a Roman owes only to the salvation of Rome.

Mar. This pity which, notwithstanding its indignation, your noble mind extends towards me, mitigates my sorrows. I know my duty, and its requirements; and am grateful for the favour with which your humanity softens the frightful austerity of my destiny!

It is of my father alone that I ought to complain. You defend the laws. He dares to break them; and if he still obstinately persists in his crime, I shall perish with him, participating by choice in that lot which oppresses us; espousing his misfortunes, but detesting his crimes.

[*Exit Marcus.*

SCENE III.

GERMANICUS, SENTIUS, VERANIUS, *Suite.*

Ger. Piso does not merit a son so generous. (*To Veranius.*) Whatever may happen, follow rigorously my orders. It is of importance to the repose of the people and the army, that Asia should no more be agitated by Piso. His insolent contention has continued too long.

(*To Sentius.*) To-morrow you depart. I must explain this affair to the Senate, and to Tiberius, that it is not by my severity, but in consequence of my indulgence towards a desperate man, less culpable perhaps to myself than to

them, that this sad event has occurred. Let Piso now obey, or tremble. You will shortly receive my final orders.

[*Exit Sentius.*

SCENE IV.

Sentius (alone.) He has then penetrated into the secret desires of my heart, and takes a pleasure in counteracting them. By the orders he has given me it is evident he has at length discovered the powerful interests which attach me to this place. These honors, this power, this rank, which are promised to me, and which "a prudent man ought to keep as long as he lives"——Tremble, Germanicus! Upon the borders of the abyss where thy destiny leads thee, ah! if ambition conspires with hatred in the dreadful snare which besets thy feet, the love of the whole world will not save thee, unfortunate being! What could the devotion of the whole universe itself effect in opposition to Piso, Tiberius, and perhaps myself?

SCENE V.

SENTIUS *and* SEJANUS.

Sej. Have you not been thinking of the destiny that awaits you?

Sen. I am considering my duty.

Sej. Cæsar is offended. His interest should be your only law.

Sen. I have for Germanicus less of love than esteem.

Sej. If he should prove unworthy?

Sen. He will then have broken our bonds.—But what!—Can Germanicus cease to be virtuous?

Sej. This doubt, I imagine, will very much surprise Tiberius! an *innocent* son make his father tremble! a prince innocent!—But why do we employ our indiscreet attention upon such secrets as these? Tiberius has decided. What more is necessary? Let us remain contentedly ignorant

where he wishes us to be so. Imprudent servant! Will you to-day act as an arbitrator between the father and son? Ah! Instead of consulting upon such doubtful matters as these, let us exercise that justice which is due to the commonest of men. Let us examine, my lord, with an unprejudiced eye, who is the accuser, and who the accused. Let us look to the rights of the throne, to that policy which erects and maintains the public safety; and, above all, let us apply ourselves quietly to prevent those crimes which, if committed, will not punish themselves; never forgetting that there is mystery in all this, and that the prince, who sees all, ought sometimes to keep all covered under a thick veil, and wisely to know how to conceal both the crime and the punishment. Strike without noise, my lord! Such is the supreme command.

Sen. And this order, where is it to be accomplished?

Sej. Even here.

Sen. Speedily?

Sej. This very day.

Sen. By what means?

Sej. The most prompt.

Sen. And upon whom do you depend?

Sej. Upon Piso.——His affronts.

Sen. A great reward then attends him for a service so important.

Sej. You will not covet it.

Sen. But yet justice——

Sej. Does it not tell you that, in the eyes of the Emperor, Piso is an object of fear and horror!

Sen. Piso!

Sej. By him Cæsar will destroy a rash man; but will he refuse to the tears of the world, the life of a furious one? —execrable to the Romans, and who shall have steeped his hands in the blood of Augustus! To determine him our efforts must be directed.

Sen. From me, I have told you, Cæsar may expect every thing.

Sej. Constrained myself to fly (you ought to perceive

the necessity of this) until the services of Piso are secured, it is by your care, and their aid, that I wish to complete this great enterprize, of which you will speedily receive all the fruit.

Sen. It is necessary, in the first place, that you should be made acquainted with the numerous obstacles which must——

Sej. I will brave them. Sentius, under the name and dress of a slave, I can accomplish every thing. This ring, committed to my hands, converts my orders into sovereign decrees. It is the seal of Cæsar, who has confirmed beforehand whatever I may find it expedient to accomplish in order to serve his power. Our success, however, will never appear to me certain, until Piso shall have returned within these walls.

Sen. Learn then, my lord, that, unfortunately for our projects, an order has been issued for his banishment from the East.

Sej. Let him remain. He must not yet quit these regions. Let him be recalled even, if gone, by the demand of the legions. He pleases them. You know that he has made it his study to flatter all the inclinations of that multitude, who, for its corruptor, is ready to take up arms against its general, waiting only for a signal: Let us give it.

Sen. But the prince has pronounced the order. His menace has probably confounded the audacity of the proud Piso. He may have been prevailed upon to depart by his son, who is the bearer of it.—His son—who is a strict observer of his duty, and who respects his prince, not less than his father.

Sej. It is of no consequence! I fear no treachery if Plancina, my lord, is near Piso.

Sen. That woman, it is true, a prey to envy, and emboldened by the friendship of Livia, possesses a heart still more ferocious than her husband's; and to her zeal may be confided to present the cup, or to strike the blow,—even useless evil has attractions for her!

Sej. Whatever can be accomplished to-day, whatever first attracts, will excite in her the greatest interest; and in ruining the object offered to her wrath, she will believe that she gains the favour of Tiberius.

Sen. Without losing a single moment, my lord, I will go to her.

Sej. Go then. Awaken her hopes and her fears. Prove to her that her ruin is resolved upon, and that the destruction of the prince can alone prevent it:—that, to save herself in this extremity, a violent blow must be struck, and that too instantly! Irritate her restless and jealous temper against Germanicus, and against his wife, the worthy descendant of the noble Agrippa, dear to the legions on account of her children. She partakes, with the object of her ardent affection, the hatred of the court, and the love of the world. In a word, that Plancina may be inveigled into a plot which, whilst it proves her own ruin, will drag her husband to the brink of an abyss, where, in precipitating his victim, Piso shall himself fall.

Sen. Your wishes shall be fulfilled.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Sej. (alone.) O power! O greatness! what a charm do you exercise upon almost all hearts? Upon all! The wise have otherwise decided, but the least ambitious are only the most timid. The weak mind, afraid of that which it must encounter in order to obtain and preserve you, pretends to despise what it cannot acquire. Consumed by a thirst which nothing can satisfy, clothed as may be necessary either with vice or virtue, walking in the steps of the Cæsars or of Brutus; by various paths, the daring man strives after supreme rank, assuming the character of even liberty itself. I shall act thus when the proper time arrives; when, to influence the fickle character, it may be necessary to assume a title which shall disguise the end and object of my great enterprise. To command, I feel

conscious that I am destined, and what shall prevent it? Sejanus! thou wert not born more distant from the station in which thou art now deliberating, than thou art now placed from the throne of Tiberius. Whatever may happen, let us serve our master to-day.—Let us strike a blow, which will bring us nearer to him.—In a hero banished because he is beloved, let us annihilate the heir of that throne, to which I aspire. But, in order to betray the tyrant, let me keep my own counsel, and preserve the secret of this project within my own breast.

[*End of the First Act.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

PLANCINA *and* MARCUS.

Plan. Yes, my son! Agrippina is made for empire. I believe it as well as yourself; and, with you, I admire in her most familiar conversation and ordinary deportment, the dignity with which she elevates herself above plebeian rank. Nevertheless, I cannot bend to her power. The pride of those ancestors from whom I am descended, as well as that of the Pisos, to which my heart is allied, forbid this. Do not, therefore, upon this point, expect me to yield. Let us rather speak upon the subject which brings me to this place;——This place, where I only inspire and feel hatred! You, my son, you alone, are the object I seek, and to detach you from a party I detest, is my only motive.

Mar. To detach me, madam! Ah! cease to attempt it. Whatever the prince has a right to expect from a Roman and a soldier, who receives from him his glory and

his happiness, Germanicus has always found in me; and the numerous benefits he has conferred upon me, however you may censure the feeling, will always give him absolute power over my soul. Does this surprise you? Do you not, my mother, discover in this hero, if you are not under the influence of deception, the same extensive genius, and sublime character, which proclaimed in Julius Cæsar, the master of the earth? When I behold him active, and persevering, and unconquerable, like that emperor—at once the love and the support of Rome, tempering the loftiness of heroic, by the simplicity of domestic virtues, adored even by the kings he has conquered, I admire—ah! let me rather say love in Germanicus, still young in age, but old in his services, the virtues of Cæsar, unaccompanied by his vices. What more shall I say? Every day seems to multiply the bands with which he is pleased, by his goodness, to bind me to him. You are not ignorant of these things. It is but little to add that, under him, my courage acquired the art of successful warfare. When our eagles reappeared upon the banks of the Weser, to obliterate and to revenge the misfortunes of Varus, I was also indebted to his generous hands for my life. On one of those nights, ever to be lamented, when by the united efforts of the winds and the waves, which, on the return of the conquerors, scattered their ships and covered the vast ocean with a thousand wrecks, I think I still hear him in the midst of the storm, mingling his cries with the noise of the tempest, demanding from the surges, the rocks, and the general ruin, his brave companions, preserved by fortune from the fury of Bellona, only to be abandoned to the rage of Neptune; charging himself with their loss, despising life, and blaming the destiny by which he was spared. Such are the claims of the prince to my gratitude!

Plan. And those which your birth give me over you?

Mar. My heart was never more alive to their power; but they will not make me forget my duty. My duty, which I hate, but which the severe voice of conviction, in spite of myself, places in opposition to my father.

Plan. You think, then, that in despite of his rank, in contempt of the dignity his family transmits to us, Piso ought to be degraded!

Mar. The most noble minds, madam, are honoured in repairing their faults. Besides, by what means can he escape those evils which on every side surround him: exposed to this alternative, equally cruel—if he goes, banishment!—if he stays, rebellion!

Plan. Our lot, under whatever aspect we dare to regard it, offers in effect but shame or danger. Danger flies before the courage with which it is met. Shame, not danger, can alone injure honour. The asylum which, with out-stretched arms, cowardice seeks, at how great a price is it not purchased? And the safety which is obtained from it only produces duration of ignominy. Not only is the life of the imbecile wretch poisoned by it, but, with lengthened remembrance, it attaches itself to the very name of his posterity! I can neither yield nor supplicate!

Mar. In this extremity, my mother, what will you then do?

Plan. Either be lost, or saved by some desperate effort.

Mar. The people are against you.

Plan. I have on my side the soldiery, who know, my son, how to take and give power. I have gained them, I believe, from their gratitude.

Mar. Such then are your projects!—such your hopes! Great Gods! what misfortunes do you enable me to forsee! Deplorable contest! Must it only be terminated by the authority of force, or the power of the sword? Ah! Dread the succour which the insolent caprice of the rebellious soldiery may be willing to lend you. Soldiers, when taught the knowledge of their power, are, from that time, enfranchised from all obedience. Against the ambitious man, who possesses no other support, they will, ere long, turn the sword which was drawn on his behalf. If, on the present occasion, the army abandons itself to the crime of wresting the empire from the legitimate prince,—the prince

it had been taught to revere,—what fidelity from it can the infatuated being expect, whose only title to this great inheritance, is founded upon revolt? Can he expect to impose upon the seditious that respect which they no longer have for the gods? and will the usurper be esteemed, by such a combination, as more sacred than the grandson of Augustus? May the omnipotent deities guarantee to us the success which shall speedily result from repentance. Can we forget that the same spirit within these walls, in Gaul, and in Germany, was rapidly led on from one excess to another, by unemployed warriors, and the inconstant populace? A numerous army too much resembles the uncertain multitude, whose love is as violent as their hatred, and who by the horror attendant upon their sanguinary rage, signalize alike their crime, and their remorse.

Plan. In camps,—in this city,—yes, such is, I know too well, the uniform character of the multitude;—yes, too often, the ungrateful people have torn the generous hand that has delivered them;—yes, too often the military, escaped from the yoke, have directed the sword against their liberator. But under so many distresses, wounded in their dearest rights, assassins perhaps would have braved the stroke, if they could have made the angry crowd feel the ascendancy which every where follows a great character; and, as a buckler, protects him from the sword, and with a terrible look arms him against the executioner. Intrepid virtue, and profound tranquillity, will not be terrified amidst the ruins of the world. But why do I thus reason? Time presses upon us, and dangers like these, demand aid, and not counsel. Let us speak to the point: my son, by courage, by exploits, perhaps above your age, you have, without weakness and without bribery, obtained amongst our legions a name, which the oldest captains do not possess. Shall I form vain hopes, my son, in expecting that, if aid be required, your friends will rally with mine?

Mar. Against a persecutor, certainly, if it be necessary to defend you, I am ready, you know, to undertake

every thing; but you know also now that a rebel, whoever he may be, cannot rely upon my assistance.

Plan. Will you then betray the blood which has given you life?

Mar. You will not betray the duty which unites us!

Plan. If my destiny forces me, how will you act?

Mar. Destiny, if it constrains you to commit a crime, will require my death. But in opposition to yourself, and in opposition to Fortune, I hope to save you, without betraying either my prince or my father. And without farther delay, madam,———

Plan. Whither do you fly?

Mar. To throw myself at my father's feet; to embrace his knees. To intimidate him, my mother, it will be sufficient to tell him the dangerous projects with which you are this day animated. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Plan. (alone.) Ungrateful youth! the greater the perils I encounter, the more ought I to be able to depend upon your help. Sentius does not come. In this extremity, when my own son arms himself against me, upon whom can I depend? Ah! why, without necessity, has Piso carried his transports so far? Had he traversed in secret all the designs of the prince, silently stealing from him the love of the province, with dark snares environing his steps, surrounding him with enemies which he did not suspect, by pretended zeal concealing his hatred, softly conducting him to certain ruin,—he might then have avoided the shock of revolt and the overthrow of authority; a measure, the success of which is so often fatal; nevertheless this only now remains to us. But I see Sentius; what is he coming to announce?

SCENE III.

PLANCINA *and* SENTIUS.

Sen. You must abandon all idea of remaining within these walls. Nor do I think that, under present circumstances, you can yield even to the pressing importunities of the soldiery, who are determined to die for you, and who offer to you, in their mutinous camp, an asylum; where you cannot be reached by the wrath of those laws, upon which you have infringed.

Plan. What do I hear? Will they advocate our cause? But what do I see? Is it not Agrippina?

SCENE IV.

PLANCINA, SENTIUS *and* AGRIPPINA.

Agrip. Do my eyes deceive me? I am less astonished at the pride, than the audacity, with which I perceive you have, in contempt of the orders of authority, dared to re-enter within these ramparts, which had been for ever closed to your crimes. Without remorse, without terror, you have penetrated even to this tribunal, which is profaned by your presence. Do you come to brave the power which has condemned you? or does Piso think that a few factious soldiers can obtain for him, by their furious outcries, a pardon, which now the supreme authority can no longer grant to his repentance? I ought to exhort you to undeceive him.

Plan. After having seen him regardless of menaces, you ought certainly to believe that his soul is too proud to degrade itself by supplication. Be then, at least to me, madam, less prodigal of that advice, which is indeed useless for him. To vice, or virtue, Piso is alike inflexible. As it regards myself, I acknowledge, that for a moment, too

much affected by the sorrows which two chiefs, so jealous of their rights, have brought upon the people and upon us, and believing that, as a wife and a Roman, it was my duty not to irritate, but to appease their wrath, perhaps to your prince,——was I about to propose——To what indignities, great gods! I intended to expose myself! and how much am I indebted to the salutary counsel which condescends to give me emancipation? I shall follow it, madam, and without delay; but if the military crowd, at the gates of the palace, refuse a passage to the banishment I am seeking, allow me to appeal to your own testimony, and to throw back upon yourself those approaching evils, which I have foreseen, and which I wished to prevent. To your husband, who advances to this spot, do not make my obedience a ground of accusation. [*Exit Plancina.*

SCENE V.

AGRIPPINA, GERMANICUS, SENTIUS *and* VERANIUS.

Ger. (to Sen.) Depart, my lord, depart without losing a single moment. At the port of Silucia a vessel waits for you. Make sail towards Rome, and carry to Tiberius this writing, where I have given a faithful recital of the projects, the passions, the attempts,——But, let Cæsar read, and judge between Piso and me. This cause, my lord, Cæsar will recollect, is that of authority, and it is above all, his own authority.

Sen. (aside.) I must find Sejanus. [*Exit Sentius.*

Ger. (to Ver.) Go to the factious soldiers. Perhaps you may be able to open their eyes. I know, and I pity the error which leads them astray. Let it be repaired by repentance, and I can forgive. Otherwise I must immediately establish order, or perish with it. [*Exit Veranius.*

SCENE VI.

AGRIPPINA *and* GERMANICUS.

Agrip. What hast thou said?

Ger. Does it surprise you?

Agrip. My soul admires in it the virtue which enflames you; but tell me, without hesitation, can it face the perils which this day has prepared to try it?

Ger. If I am now obliged to use severity, it affrights you less than it afflicts me.

Agrip. You cannot then foresee where the fire will stop, which, I perceive, is ready to burst out around us?

Ger. When, in its blind rage, the army abjures the honourable bondage of its discipline; when, in a state of rebellion, it begins to despise the dignity of its chiefs, and the sanctity of the laws; the only remedy for the error which leads them astray is that exhaustion, which sooner or later besets them. But before the yoke, which they have thrown off, is resumed, before the soldiery return to their ranks, and feel the remorse attendant upon guilt, how many crimes will have signalized their fury?

——It bursts! This uproar, heard even here, —these cries of the revolted which resound through our walls—those weapons which, without my orders, glitter in their hands—all warn us!—all remind me of those days of blood—those days, when the banks of the Rhine beheld inflexible justice armed against my ancient soldiers, who were carried away by similar transports.

Agrip. Outrage! vengeance! alas! all was terrible in those days of revolt, opprobrium, and horror; when even their repentance was characterized by fury! rebel dragged rebel to punishment, and became an executioner, that he might escape the consequences of being an accomplice.

Ger. Cease then to add to the already too many torments which, in these dreadful moments, tear my heart, by the fears which your presence here gives me. I have

need, you perceive, of all my firmness. If you wish to restore it to me, above all, save me from the distress of trembling for our children, and yourself; and far from these ramparts, where my love would exile thee, beyond the Roman territory,—go—seek an asylum.

Agrip. I fly! Where shall I solicit an asylum which your camps cannot afford to me? Every where has Rome, with its arms, carried devastation; and you know too well, that the universe itself is divided between a conquering people, inimical to the human race, and a hundred nations, the subdued enemies of Rome. Have we not as much to fear in these extreme dangers, from our national foes, as from the Romans themselves?

Ger. Go—the Romans alone are our real enemies. Far from them an asylum for thy flight has been promised. Armenia, at my request, has already prepared it for you. Her king———

Agrip. What! confide on the faith of a barbarian, when you see yourself betrayed by your own soldiers!

Ger. The barbarians are not certainly ungrateful. The son of Polemon holds from me his power, and we may depend upon his gratitude.

Agrip. Have the people and their kings devoted wives?—Go! Let us expect nothing from them. Let us hope only on ourselves.

Ger. It is unjust towards the age in which we live, thus to doubt the integrity of all men. Depart without farther delay.

Agrip. What I! abandon thee!

Ger. It is my wish.

Agrip. I cannot.

Ger. Must I command you?

Agrip. Have I given you, by my indifference, a right to reckon, in such a case, upon my obedience?

Ger. By your love alone I implore it.

Agrip. Cruel man! In the name of that love which has been so long mutual, cease to impose upon me a duty so painful. A duty, which your heart would find it im-

possible to perform. Do you forget my rights? From Hymen I received them. These rights, are they less sacred than your own? You did not think so in the days of your glory. To them I was indebted for my seat in your car of victory. To them I owe my part in the numerous benefits with which the favour of Augustus has rewarded your success. In the perils which to-day attack thy fortitude, as well as in thy happiness, I have a right to partake. I demand it. Ah! I see your great soul is overclouded with sorrow. When for me you tremble, may I not tremble for you? By your compassion for the alarm with which I am agitated, grant to me, at least, the favour of a choice, out of all misfortunes this day has prepared for me. Ah! if in thy arms death should seize me, do not, barbarous man, fold them against me. Under your eyes, death, which would terminate my misery, would be preferred to this dreadful exile, which will speedily put a period to those days you seek by its means to prolong. I will not quit you; even if importuned, I will not quit you; wherever fortune,—wherever power leads thy steps,—in exile,—in death, I will not quit you. Even in the midst of the ranks where your impatience is going to brave the revolt, and to punish licentiousness, I will follow my husband. The wife of Piso is perhaps at this moment serving the cause of treason,—I will serve that of honor. The virtue which animates me shall not have less courage than is displayed by guilt. Let us depart, if you will believe me,—let us, I repeat, depart!

Ger. One moment.——Why abandon yourself to such transports? Fear to imitate the mad conduct of Plancina, and dread excess even in virtue itself. Forgetting that timidity which becomes weakness as well as beauty, let Plancina, despoiling her sex of its influence and grace, run to display her boldness before the eyes of a camp! Let her act thus. But you, who cannot see her without contempt, regulate, by her errors, your duty.——I am astonished!— Not that I censure all intrepidity in the heart of a woman, but I wish to see courage, and not fury; and that courage

accompanied with modesty. Then will it accord with thy superior character, with the virtues of a wife, and the duties of a mother. Then will it yield obedience when I forbid you to love me more than yourself, more than our dear children, the precious pledges of our marriage,—the hopes of the army, of Rome, and of the world; and which neither love nor pride should permit you longer to expose to the fury of our ungrateful soldiers. Be a mother. The efforts you must make to accompany them into necessary exile, where with them you will live, are they more sad, more cruel than mine, forced as I am to tear myself away both from your arms, and from theirs?

SCENE V.

AGRIPPINA, GERMANICUS, VERANIUS, *women of the suite of Agrippina, and friends of Germanicus.*

Ver. The revolt, for a short time tranquillized by thy name, O prince! is every where rekindled with increased violence. In the passion which has overpowered their reason, the soldiers, with great outcries, demand Piso; who, even in these walls, comes to brave you himself!

Ger. (*To his friends, and to the female attendants upon Agrippina, giving her in charge to them.*) My friends, conduct her hence in this moment of great danger. Let her depart.——She must.

Agrip. What, I?

Ger. Receive my farewell.

Agrip. Quit thee?

Ger. (*to Veranius.*) It must be so. Let us march against the rebels.

[*He goes out, having committed Agrippina to the charge of those who were to accompany her in her exile.*

End of the Second Act.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

MARCUS *and* AGRIPPINA.

Agrip. I like to repeat it,—It is your courage, Marcus, which has disarmed the rage of the revolters. It is you who, preventing fresh outrages, have brought back our soldiers to their duty. In this camp, within this city, peace has sprung up anew. My husband owes to you this, I owe to you perhaps more.

Mar. You!

Agrip. Yes, because this peace brings me back to the abode, which the love of Germanicus had forbidden to my affection.

Mar. To make amends for the error which caused you so much alarm, our soldiers have laid down their arms at your feet; but the unexpected remorse, from whence so great a good has arisen, is more to be attributed to you, madam, than to myself. Notwithstanding all the efforts which my zeal had employed, the disturbance only increased. Already the rebellious eagle was rushing towards these walls, already the factious military were following its flight with seditious steps, when, suddenly crossing their sacrilegious march, you appeared! This noble and unhappy train,—these women,—these children, following your steps,—the youngest weeping in your arms, fixed every eye! Upon hearing his cries, the soldiers, struck speechless, instantly halted, and asked, "Why these fears? "why this deep sorrow? From what cause, and why, "without escort, do we behold the wife and daughter of Au- "gustus with her family going into exile?" Soon the public voice informed these ungrateful men that the prince, unable

to confide in his own soldiers, had entrusted his family to the faith of a barbarian! Shame instantly seized the minds of the most mutinous, and to shame speedily succeeded pity. "If you think you can justify the immortal "dishonour you have thrown upon a hero, why," I exclaimed to them, "do you delay to complete your crime? "Enemies of the Senate, of Cæsar, and of the Roman people, "braving with fire and the sword, the supreme majesty of "the threefold power,—besieging your chief even in his "own palace!—Ah! rather hasten thither, and by a quick "repentance, avert the miseries which are ready to over- "power every soldier who perjures the duty to which he "has sworn. If Piso is dear to you, defend his cause better. "Come and embrace the knees of Germanicus, implore his "favour for my father, and yourselves. Come, I say." At these words the face of every thing was changed; menaces gave place to repentance; order was restored; the disordered ranks were resumed; you were carried in triumph; and your husband, surprised by the unforeseen prodigy which suddenly surrounded him, prepared to punish,—saw you, embraced you, and forgave!

Agrip. Too generous Marcus! how can my husband recompense you?

Mar. I have already received certain proofs of his favour, and like you I begin to feel the end of my unhappiness.

Agrip. What then has the prince done for you?

Mar. He has promised that Piso shall have an opportunity of justifying himself.

Agrip. He justify himself! can he?

Mar. I hope so.

Agrip. A rebel!

Mar. Stop.

Agrip. A traitor!

Mar. He is my father.

Agrip. I will forget it in contemplating your virtues.

Mar. Forget his errors. Already Germanicus—(*he shews the decree*)—Already the son of Augustus, imitating

his clemency has suffered his vengeance to be disarmed by tears. If, indeed, your goodness attaches any value to the exploits my zeal has undertaken, refuse me not the most noble reward. Do not repel my request. Let your anger condescend to receive those declarations which exalt your husband, and which my father and myself would express at your feet.

Agrip. Does Piso repent?

Mar. My present happiness attests it.

Agrip. O that so much forbearance, my dear husband, may not prove fatal to you!——Piso comes. Marcus, in spite of myself, I feel terror revive in my heart. Let us depart. [*Piso observes her with attention.*

SCENE II.

MARCUS *and* PISO.

Piso. At my appearance, you perceive, the princess flies. Will so much enmity towards me never cease?

Mar. It is the last weak effort of her resentments, which will be entirely effaced by your first attestation.

Piso. And when will they deign to receive it?

Mar. The prince has convoked the nobility and the chiefs of the province, to guarantee the mutual termination of your long-continued animosities.

Piso. Say rather, my son, to witness the affront which his pride has reserved for my courage.

Mar. You ought not to entertain such suspicions.

Piso. Do you think so?

Mar. I will engage for it.

Piso. And what has been promised?

Mar. That when the senate, the people, and the kings assemble to attend the supreme power, Cæsar will hear you.

Piso. Will they not permit my disconsolate friends to accompany me? Their fault was mine, and I suppose they will be allowed, this day, to aspire to the same indulgence.

Mar. They will not be excluded, if, like you, they come unarmed.

Piso. Unarmed!

Mar. This regulation, my father, astonishes you. But to the faith of your prince, I would in every thing yield myself. I am ready to give an example to my too proud clients, for the sword ill becomes the hands of suppliants. (*He disarms himself.*) It is thus, my father, that a soul, not cast in the common mould, makes it a virtue to conform to his fortune. How I admire in you that strength and greatness of mind, which dares to acknowledge and repair a fault. Authority is founded upon public respect, and that which is due to us from the rest of the world, let us not refuse to the son of our Cæsars. Peace would fly our walls, and order our standards, if at this moment, in which you are regarded by the army, you should not confirm by an important example those rights, which are the first support of the state. To respect those of others, is to preserve our own.

Piso. Go, and seek my friends. Persuade them to submit themselves before this tribunal, where I am waiting for them.

Mar. You shall be satisfied. I go immediately.—— Who comes?——Great gods! it is my mother! Ah! may she not destroy, like a vain chimera, the purposes———

Piso. They will be approved by her.

SCENE III.

PISO *and* PLANCINA.

Plan. Are you here, Piso? I did not imagine you would ever dare to return whilst Germanicus reigned in Syria! I disapprove of your blind fury—the error of a heart for once too ardent, when with sacrilegious, and above all, imprudent hand, by a public outrage, you armed against yourself the double wrath of the gods, and the people. But still less do I approve of that excess of

humility which, all at once, succeeds to such violence, and brings you back, like a criminal soliciting pardon, to the place which had been astonished by your presumption! I come, also,—but I come to declare to you that this is the day that will separate us. In your glory I could partake of your misfortunes; but not in your infamy. I abhor your projects. If you persist in them, dishonor only yourself. I shall abandon you.

Piso. Stay.

Plan. To witness the completion of your shame, and my ruin?

Piso. Stay to delight yourself with the tears of Agrippina.

Plan. Agrippina would weep for our misfortunes.

Piso. It is for her own griefs that her tears will flow.

Plan. What day was ever more propitious to her wishes? Germanicus triumphs!

Piso. On the brink of a precipice!

Plan. He will fall then without either your son, or yourself, having occasioned it.

Piso. He will fall.

Plan. And who will precipitate him?

Piso. I will.

Plan. You, Piso!

Piso. I will, Plancina! and what other hope do you suppose has made me assume this appearance of weakness? Can you suspect in your husband any thing which either his heart or yours ought to disown? In the first transports of my indignation, I thought, Plancina, of quitting Syria; but when more calm I beheld what I should sacrifice by a project so timid and so ill-concerted; the contempt and hatred with which the world would have regarded me, and especially the reception I should have received from Tiberius, I determined to remain. It is impossible that the Emperor can ever forgive his nephew the attachment which it is the delight of the people to manifest. When he appointed to him the empire of Asia, his policy, or rather let me say, his jealousy, under the appearance of conferring

honor, attempted to conceal that it was from the love of Europe he wished to snatch him, and far from the legions who supported his power, to give him up without defence to our enmity. But such *were* his secret designs. Have I well served these state interests? No! favourable to the prince, I must acknowledge I have made his ruin less certain than my own; and have only given to his indignant soul the right of punishing *me* for having spared *him*. Let us repair these errors. I have already compelled my pride to bend, and my vengeance to dissemble; before an enemy who is about to escape from my grasp I know how to bow myself; but it is that I may strike him. In this measure, which saves both my glory and my life, you may recognise the counsels given me by Livia, and who through means which she pleases to conceal, is even now again seeking for me. I did execute her wishes, Plancina, and, without escort, had already got beyond the port of Antioch, when suddenly boarded by my unworthy son, I learnt what noble efforts my friends had been tempted to make, what obstacles he had opposed to their faithful rage, and the measures which his zeal had adopted. The insolent favour he has done for me, I will deserve; and you shall soon see whether I know how to profit by it.

Plan. In the noble design you have meditated, how I love to trace the indignation which inflames me. Ah! forgive the suspicions which had deceived me. The sight of our son was of itself sufficient to excite them. Traitor to our interests! I imagined, very erroneously, that in betraying them, he would ruin you.

Piso. By following in appearance his schemes, I make him subservient to mine.

Plan. Pursue them then: but, Piso, is there no method preferable to that which your pride suggests?

Piso. What! to the poignard?

Plan. You have not forgotten that Alexander, in the midst of his court, fell by poison, without any discovery being made of the person by whom the perfidious aliment or the fatal beverage was administered.

Piso. Such a measure, Plancina, is repugnant to my courage. Livia formerly invited me to adopt it; but I have always hesitated to please her in this respect; and I shall not now pursue it, unless, if I must speak without disguise, obliged to do so by express command, nor unless Tiberius sends to me, as a signal, a ring which conceals a poison similar to that which, in the view of Rome, caused the death of the great Hannibal. On this subject, this, you know is all I have promised. But let us terminate this conversation; I perceive our friends. We must learn, Plancina, before any thing is undertaken, what succour we may expect from their zeal.

SCENE IV.

PLANCINA, PISO, *and Conspirators.*

(*The whole of this Scene ought to be delivered in a mysterious manner, and in a low voice.*)

2d Consp. What is your purpose, Piso?

Piso. To maintain and advance your rights, my friends, I have done all; and I believe have even exceeded, on more than one occasion, the bounds which prudence opposed to my zeal. Always granting you more than I promised, I have given every thing up to you, and have permitted you to do every thing; whether it regards the treasures which, drained out of my liberality, have, through my prodigal friendship, increased your wealth, or your advancement to those honours, from which the favourites of Cæsar were displaced. Ah! if your fortune were equal to my wishes, and lasting beyond the duration of my power, how I would laugh at the caprices of destiny. You now see me the sport of its power, yet, with unalterable boldness, welcoming the tempest; and ready to fall, rather than bend. But I tremble for you; shall I not, if I perish, crush you with the weight of my ruin? Shall I not drag you to the bottom of the abyss, where pretended benefits are offered to me, but where I wish them to behold crimes?

True to all these feelings, I am still perfectly ready to sacrifice myself to the common interests. (*With an air of mystery.*) What do you direct? speak. It is from you that I would learn the part which, on your account, I am to act.

1st Consp. (*in the same low voice.*) If in my despair, friends, I do not mistake, the only choice allowed to us lies between these two measures; shall we, before the eyes of astonished Antioch, submit to receive a pardon, which is only made for those they despise; or shall we seize again, by a last effort, the power which we ought not to lose but by death?

2d Consp. It is either disgrace!—or honour!

Plan. And what Roman can hesitate between the two?

2d Consp. Consider too,—consider, that with authority you must renounce security; and that the liberty they pretend to restore is a benefit which, without risk, they may retake the moment we are degraded from the rank we have enjoyed.

1st Consp. But are there no means to preserve it?

Piso. Yes.

1st Consp. What are they?

Piso. Our enemy is going to exhibit himself in public. Before the nobility, before the chiefs of the province, the prince is about to display the excess of his goodness, much less than the extent of our dishonor. What a pleasure for his haughty imbecility! Romans at his feet! Piso in the dust, shamefully renouncing their rights, and from his mouth, and at this price, obtaining their pardon! No! let us take for a testimony of our just vengeance, the very witnesses assembled by his pretended indulgence. He wishes to affect the virtues of a dictator: He believes himself a Cæsar; let him meet a Brutus. His foresight, justly alarmed, has in vain forbidden arms to our resentments. One still remains to me; that which a true Roman holds always on his heart, and keeps ever in his hand; noble and last resource against ignominy! Dear and last hope against

tyranny! Here it is. When surrounded by you, Germanicus shall be separated from his friends, let him fall, as Cæsar did at the Capitol, a victim at the very moment when he had made himself an idol, expiating his offences under this steel, so terrible to tyrants, producing the most substantial benefits, and accompanied with the least disgrace. Thus you preserve the rights which contend with you; thus honor, as well as liberty, will be secured to you. With regard to the prince, after the blow is struck, if outcries should be uttered by any of his partizans, their useless clamours will be overpowered, I have the pleasure to believe, by those of the military, and of the prætorian chiefs, whose attachment, which has lately manifested itself, will not betray me so long as I can purchase it. Friends, let this design be instantly accomplished.

2d Consp. Yes.

Piso. When Germanicus appears, let him perish. In the snare into which he has drawn himself you detain him, I shall know how to strike.

SCENE V.

PLANCINA, PISO, MARCUS, *and the Conspirators.*

Mar. Strike him! Who? Germanicus?

Plan. Ah! traitor!

Piso. When your father is proscribed, do you tremble for your master?

Mar. I tremble for you alone! I have discovered your plot, and must prevent it.

Piso. Go then to the feet of your hero, and accuse us.

Plan. Run, denounce your father!

Mar. I fly to save the prince.

Plan. Stop.

Mar. And you, my mother, assassinate your son! You will always find him between you and the prince.

Plan. My friends, whatever he does, complete your work.

Piso. I was never so much in want of courage.

Mar. (*at the further end of the stage.*) Lictors! with a double guard surround this tribunal.

2d Consp. The prince approaches.

Plan. Happy moment!

Mar. Fatal occurrence!

SCENE VI.

PISO, PLANCINA, *Conspirators,* MARCUS, GERMANICUS, *and Attendants.*

Ger. (*accompanied by one man carrying Piso's sword.*) Why these guards, and these arms? Romans, the hour of alarm is passed away. Such accompaniments are no longer necessary. (*to the lictors.*) Go, I am not with enemies.

Piso. Strange blindness! (*aside.*)

Plan. Happy improvidence! (*aside.*)

Mar. (*to Piso aside.*) You will not abuse so much confidence.

(*The movement agreed upon between the Conspirators is executed.*)

Ger. Why is this trouble expressed in your looks?

Mar. My soul is agitated by so many interests, and I fear the moment which approaches you.

Ger. (*in a low voice, and taking Marcus aside.*) Do you fear reproaches for the pride of Piso? His pride has submitted; and my rights are satisfied. Let us console, if we can, with benefits, the heart which my justice had rendered hopeless.——Approach, Piso.

(*Piso advances towards the prince, keeping his hand upon the poignard concealed in his bosom.*)

Mar. (*to his father in a low voice, but greatly agitated.*) What are you about to do, my father?

Piso. I obey.

Ger. Why do you keep him back?

Piso. (*aside to Marcus.*) My hand is disarmed.

Mar. (*aside to Piso.*) Your heart is not.

Ger. Let him approach; I have nothing to fear. The proud man is at least incapable of dissimulation; his heart and his lips are always in concert. He says what he feels, and strikes openly. He may sometimes listen to that hatred, which a Marius mistook for Roman virtue; but his pride, if not his reason, would eventually restrain his fury from the commission of treason.

(*At this moment the prince passes between Piso and Marcus, who till that time had kept them apart.*)

(*To Piso.*) Take your sword again, and speak without constraint. Would you publish my wrongs by your complaints? speak! and fear not to justify yourself.

(*Piso remains speechless.*)

Plan. These secrets can only be confided to yourself, prince.

Ger. (*to Piso.*) I understand you. Tell me the place, the hour, not in my palace, but in your own abode; where upon the subjects, which require our attention, you may freely speak to me, without witnesses; even Marcus himself shall be dismissed, if it be deemed necessary.

Plan. (*aside to Piso.*) He gives himself into our hands.

Piso. (*aside to Plancina.*) He saves himself! To my extreme confusion, I feel that my heart is not shut against repentance.

(*To Germanicus.*) In restoring to me this weapon, you have disarmed me. (*He throws down his sword and kneels.*)

Plan. (*aside*) Coward!

Ger. (*raising him.*) What are you doing? Grief leads you astray, Piso. Do you take me for a Parthian, a barbarian, whose pride, surrounded by abased countenances, takes peculiar pleasure in seeing a Roman at his feet? Your heart is abandoned too much to despair. Forgive yourself, Piso, the wrongs which are forgiven to you. Raise your eyes, behold this spot surrounded—(*at this moment the Senators, and chief persons of the province make their appearance*)—by witnesses, guarantees, whom I wish to bear testimony to the solemn treaty which now reconciles

us,—to the holy union which henceforth unites us,—to the eternal oblivion of those long-continued resentments, which I wish to stifle in these embraces.

Piso. What greatness!

Plan. What baseness!

Ger. It is time that the army, Piso, should be informed of this reconciliation. Let us go and renew in their ranks, and under their eyes, the holy engagements entered into on this spot. It is the first favour I require of you.

Piso. I yield to the ascendancy which my soul gives to you. Yes, I fly to efface and repair the continued errors by which I have been led astray. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Plan. (*alone.*) Thus then when I felt myself almost certain of success, when I was about to obtain the reward of my perseverance, my hopes are deceived; my plans are betrayed; I lose all at once, and all through my son; slave by inclination as well as by habit, and with the name of duty adorning servitude; to the yoke which he has given himself wishing every one to submit.

SCENE VIII.

PLANCINA *and* SENTIUS.

Sen. Will you condescend to inform me what has passed? Can it be true, madam, as it is reported, that between Germanicus and Piso all is forgotten?

Plan. Yes. Piso has this day completed his disgrace. He yields to the influence of a son worthy of him. As to myself, who cannot act as they do, and for whom this reconciliation is a dreadful punishment, far from them I fly to consider in the obscurity of my palace, if any means yet remain to break it for ever. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

SENTIUS *and* SEJANUS.

Sen. All is lost!

Sej. Lost! Notwithstanding the sworn faith, the peace will not be of long duration.

Sen. What method is there to break it?

Sej. There is a certain one. This writing, which the prince has traced with his own hand, Sentius——

Sen. Against him may arm us.

Sej. It may; if by means of the impressions which first occasioned Piso's rage, error can be made to spring out of truth, and we can persuade him, that this fatal letter, which evidently manifests the wishes of an enemy, was written to his injury, at the time the prince pronounced his pardon. But that we may the better mislead Piso, let us first deceive Plancina, that through her the error may find its way to him. Deliver the letter: I shall know how to profit from the passion which Piso's friends will excite in him.

Sen. You must no longer depend upon the support of the army.

Sej. Let us leave them henceforth confined to their camp. If the sword fails us, let poison be employed.

Sen. Poison, do you say?

Sej. Yes. Learn a secret which, through me, Tiberius here reveals to you. "The death of the prince," said he to me, "is necessary to the repose of the world." Piso believes that in his mutinous camp the prince will be assassinated. If, notwithstanding appearances, the event disappoints this hope; if, after having tried the succour of the sword, it be necessary to have recourse to more certain measures; give him this ring, the sovereign interpreter of my secret security, and which he will immediately recognize. You will then see Piso return to his duty, losing all his remorse, if indeed he could have had any.

Sen. Obliged to cover ourselves with the veil of secrecy, what agent can lend us assistance?

Sej. My friend, it is for Plancina to prepare the blow, which will not be struck either by you, or me. But it is necessary to the accomplishment of this scheme, that the prince should now be my first accomplice.

[*End of the Third Act.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

MARCUS, GERMANICUS, *and* AGRIPPINA.

Ger. (*to Marcus.*) Yes, certainly, I will attend your father in this place. The interest of the state, the welfare of mankind, make it desirable that he should be admitted to my house at any hour; and it is a right to which my best friends are entitled. You will, in the mean time, proceed to Seleucia, and deliver the important message I have confided to your care. Your father, Marcus, is no stranger to it. With his sentiments mine are also changed. Overtake then Sentius; prevent him from giving to Tiberius a letter, dictated by the anger of wounded pride. He would have served me better had he been less expeditious. If there is yet time, let the evil be repaired.

Mar. Sentius is not far distant. A short space separates the Port of Seleucia from these happy ramparts, tranquillized at length through your generous care. By hastening my departure, I expect to overtake him.

Ger. May heaven give to your virtue this recompence. Perhaps, favourable to your wishes and mine, it will accelerate your speed, and retard his. Go, and speedily return. [*Exit Marcus.*

SCENE II.

GERMANICUS *and* AGRIPPINA.

Ger. Already under the porticos where incense ascends from the altars of our domestic deities, in this consecrated spot where our exploits continually accumulate the spoils of kings, a solemn banquet, by my directions, is preparing. I wish it to be to every one a day of rejoicing, on which my power within these walls is restored, and where amongst so many Romans I cease to have any enemies.

Agrip. You believe so! This letter, however, my dear husband, which your goodness regrets, is but a faithful representation of those just resentments which, by his temerity, the haughty Piso has but too well deserved.

Ger. Dismiss a recollection which, by reviving your hatred, makes you dwell incessantly upon expiated faults. Piso offended us; Piso has repented. The writing in which he was accused ought to be destroyed. Let anger expire with the injury.

Agrip. You swore to hate!

Ger. I have indeed violated that oath; but heaven and earth would readily pardon a prince who should break such an engagement. This effort of virtue is not destitute of glory; it is much more easy, believe me, to revenge injury when it only depends upon yourself to give the signal for punishment, than it is to pardon it.

Agrip. O the goodness of a great mind! O virtue more than human! Yet when I think of the pride to which your clemency exposes you, and your anger so easily disarmed, I tremble whilst I admire, and dare even to blame. You may pardon an offence without forgetting it. To spare a yielding, supplicating enemy, is properly employing power; it is acting like a conqueror. But to fold in your arms, and hold to your heart, the barbarian who, deceived in his dastardly expectations, regrets his repentance far less than his impotence, is to wound reason as well

as friendship, is to help treason against yourself; it is submitting to the blow, and provoking the crime which, sooner or later, will you make you its victim.

Ger. Far from provoking, it is disarming it. But your love for me is so quickly alarmed, you know not how to believe that, by confiding in a traitor, we immediately raise him above the desire of being one. Let us be assured that the human mind is so constituted, that while the best is only the least imperfect, and the most virtuous not without weakness, the least generous are not wholly destitute of some nobleness of character. His inclinations are often combated by his wishes. Let us not despair of restoring to virtue the erring man, who still holds a place in our esteem. Such a one after a fault, has fallen again into crime only because he encountered those who were destitute of pity. Unhappy man, only half culpable, and who would have returned to virtue which he loved, if he had not been compelled to lose his own esteem. Let us prevent Piso from daring to degenerate below himself. Heroism may arise out of repentance,——you give me no answer!

Agrip. What can I reply? Without convincing, you have, alas! confounded me; yet I still feel the force of my own sentiments to be greater than that of reason. Fear the dreadful effect of your views. Think of Cæsar, and see to what indulgence leads.

Ger. Think of Tiberius, and behold to what state vengeance would conduct you.

Agrip. By those whom he spared the one was assassinated.

Ger. The other lives; but the fear which tyrannizes over him is daily more cruel. Every morning his mind awakens with the remembrance of the suspicion of the preceding day, which, without ceasing, nourishes his secret apprehensions. Behold the sovereign scattering terror amongst his subjects; see mothers mourning, and husbands in tears, without any consolation to compensate for their alarms; view him constantly placed between hatred and fear, believing himself threatened with all the evil that he does to

others, preventing anticipated crime by the severest punishments, until, even in his own family, he fancies he beholds conspirators! Ah! better a thousand times to die under the poignard, than to keep, at this price, the throne of the Cæsars! Yes, had I been indeed deceived by appearance, I still prefer my error, to the art of penetrating into the cowardly subterfuge of a heart, whose thoughts contradict its professions. And why expose me to so much inquietude, when, to employ the power I possess only in tranquillizing the agitated minds of the Romans, is my sweetest care, and dearest study? It is this which has led me through seas, deserts, and storms, from one end of the earth to the other, wherever my conquests have extended. The people, whom Tiberius has placed under my control, watch for me, whilst I employ for them my vigilance; nor can my safety rest upon a surer foundation than the good which I have done for half the world. Why cannot it be extended through the whole universe? Augustus! if I envy to thy pale successor the empire with which thy choice invested him, it is because he can call the rest of the world to rejoice in that happiness, which I am grieved to see confined to particular climates, and breathing only under my power. What a triumph would it be for the prince, for the man, and which alone can exalt the dignity of Rome, to give this basis to his own grandeur, to restore the holy laws to their ancient splendor, and to preserve his own glory and prosperity, by the union of the empire, and of liberty; only reserving to himself supreme rank, that he might save the people from themselves.

Agrip. Such was the design of thy unhappy father! Like thee he dreamt of the happiness of the world; like thee, even from infancy, we beheld him striving to break the chains of the Romans. Vain hope! which his premature death annihilated. His life was not measured by our wants; and destiny, which wished to lengthen our misfortunes, at your age snatched him from our tears. Dreadful presentiment for the heart of a wife! Deaf to the public supplications, rarely has fortune, in his violent jealousy,

prolonged the lives of those heroes to whom the world was attached. Drusus, before he had attained to thirty years, finished his course; and Marcellus expired in his twentieth year. Great Gods, preserve my husband from a destiny so severe. More loved than they, alas! will he be more favoured?

SCENE III.

AGRIPPINA, GERMANICUS, VERANIUS, PISO, *and attendants.*

Ver. One of the free men by whom Tiberius frequently transmits to you the secret of his intentions, has just arrived at the gates of the palace.

Ger. Let him go to my apartment. But I see Piso; my lord, will you wait for me in this place, to which I will shortly return, to confer upon, and to regulate with you, the various interests of this most beautiul part of the world.

Piso. Prince, my wishes yield to your will in every thing. [*Exit Germanicus, leaning upon Agrippina.*

SCENE IV.

Piso. (*alone.*) Language—manner—all in him is sincere; and his countenance itself is sufficient to dissipate those doubts which too frequently arise in my mind. These doubts suggest themselves in spite of myself; how is it then that my reason blames them? Has the prince really said all that he thinks? Has he really pardoned me? I have so much offended him! Ah! such is, I perceive, our great imbecility! In opposition to our wishes, we judge of mankind by ourselves; and attribute to every one the fear, the design, which in secret agitates our own bosom. Thus it is that my mind, restless and implacable, doubting the existence of a virtue, to which it cannot attain, perceives sometimes a concealed snare in this noble and unexpected pardon.

SCENE V.

(*Plancina enters hastily with a letter in her hand.*)

PISO *and* PLANCINA.

Plan. Read, Piso, read.

Piso. (*after having read.*) The perfidy is great; and who gave you this letter?

Plan. That is of no consequence! You recognize the seal and the writing.

Piso. It is true.

Plan. With regard to the rest I am obliged to be secret.

Piso. But the accusation was written perhaps———

Plan. (*quickly.*) Without doubt, and each word makes it sufficiently evident, that it is since Germanicus swore to Piso to forget every thing.

Piso. He has deceived me.

Plan. The traitor!

Piso. Thus then, when he generously pledges himself to forget so great an injury, when he calls me to him, and embraces me, he cruelly stabs me in his arms!

Plan. He better knows how to feign than you do.

Piso. Ah! since he has acted under this disguise, since he has practised this deception, let us employ our freedom. Soon shall this imposing colossus of false virtue, overthrown, tremble at my feet. In the midst of this very feast, where perfidy supposes by a new perjury to lull me into security, I hasten to unmask him; with this letter in my hand I fly to denounce him to every Roman. The world shall know the object of its regard!

Plan. Your indignation is but too just; let us only consult therefore upon the extent of the danger. You cannot revenge yourself too much, nor too soon; but that you may not imprudently abandon yourself to your indignation, profit by the lessons which an enemy has given you.

Piso. Ah! I will go, and revive the rage of the soldiery.

Plan. Stay, employ no force but your own. Yes, my lord, upon ourselves only let us place our dependence.

Piso. And can I again have sufficient confidence in myself? At the moment of striking, have I not seen the faithless poignard escape from my grasp.

Plan. Piso! can we not obtain by stratagem that success, which the daring attempt of this day has refused to us. A cup is far more sure than a poignard; the most determined often strike at hazard. A solemn banquet is now preparing.

Piso. Well.

Plan. At this banquet, in the midst of the feast, at the moment of inebriety, from Piso, Germanicus must receive poison.

Piso. From me!

Plan. You thus prevent your own destruction.

Piso. From me!

Plan. Do you hesitate?

Piso. At the table of the prince, Plancina, surrounded by witnesses?

Plan. The more numerous they are, the less cause is there for apprehension.

Piso. Public joy extinguishes malevolence!

Plan. Public joy lulls watchfulness. To terminate this useless discussion, be assured, that if this opportunity be lost, another will never present itself.

Piso. What arms do you place in my hands, and your own!

Plan. For what do you still hope? Has destiny left to your choice any other?

Piso. Yes! to revenge myself like a Roman. With a new poignard, if it be necessary, to arm my hand; to expose myself openly, if I must, in pursuing a powerful enemy, I am willing, I am ready; but, admitted into his palace, and ranked with his friends, in the midst of smiling joy, to revenge myself, in exchange for his hospitable wine,

daringly and cruelly to put poison in his cup, is cowardliness—is treason, upon which I cannot determine—from which necessity could scarcely absolve me; and which, notwithstanding the right his provocations have given to my wrath, never before inspired me with so much horror.

Plan. Such was not formerly your conversation with Livia; more proud, more worthy then of the rank which is envied us, Piso would not have suffered that, in contempt of his rights, Germanicus should dare to rank himself with kings, and even within these walls, displaying his power, should require us to yield him our obedience; times are greatly changed. Put out of conceit with that proper degree of pride of which he had been accused, Piso is about to descend to the contrary virtue. From such a subject the prince may, at last, expect every thing. Yes, whatever his caprice may this day require, he will have no slave more submissive. Piso is equally insensible to glory, and disgrace; his courage has given place to patience; with an indifferent eye, his virtue makes him view opprobrium and honor, exile and power; and all that remains from his cowardly indulgence is, that the vengeance of Tiberius has been so often betrayed.

Piso. In what have I betrayed him? I acknowledge that I promised, if my arm deceived his wishes and mine, that the influence of poison, if necessary, should execute what the sword this day could not. But that moment, thank heaven, is not yet arrived. I have not yet received the promised signal which, being the sovereign interpreter of his will, would remove the doubts by which I am restrained.

Plan. Here comes Germanicus, suppress these feelings.

SCENE VI.

PISO, PLANCINA, *and* GERMANICUS.

Ger. I bless the gods for this happy union, which terminates the quarrels between our two houses. It enables me to enjoy the new favour which Tiberius at this time takes pleasure to confer upon you. Whilst our soldiers are about to re-assemble, and are going to revenge the sacred treaties, and to punish the injury by which the inconstant Parthian has perjured himself to us; whilst war requires all my cares, watch over the East, provide for its wants; in every place, subject to my power, exercise all the rights which I exercise in myself; and with more success than I have obtained, cause peace to reign over half the world, open to your benefits. I solicit you, Cæsar commands you. "To this "ring, guarantee of the power which it gives him, let Piso," writes the Emperor, "remember to-day that which my con-"fidence still expects from him."—*(He gives him the ring.)*

Piso. (*agitated.*) Great Gods!

Plan. To the absolute order which you have just heard, can you hesitate to obey?

Piso. (*more and more agitated.*) I! I do not hesitate, Plancina, I wait but——

Ger. Come, Piso, come without farther delay to the spot where the exclamations of joy call us; where the first intelligence of our friendship has already reached the appeased public mind; where the people, and the army, before divided, utter but one voice, which proclaims, by its songs, the reconciliation which has been this day re-established between their Chiefs; a benefit resulting from the sacred treaty by which we are united, and which promises to Asia so much future happiness. Let us strengthen, still more, the treaty by which we are bound. I wish to renew over the cup the oath which reconciles us.

[He prepares to go.

Plan. (*aside to Piso.*) Preserve as far as you can the deception.

Piso. What unknown power, combined with my hatred, brings me back in spite of myself to this measure, from which I was flying? Assist me, great gods, in this perplexity!

Ger. (*who has gone towards the back of the stage, perceiving he is not followed by Piso, turns round.*) Do you not follow me, my friend?

Piso. I follow you.

[*End of the Fourth Act.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Plancina. (*alone.*) Nothing yet, nothing; every where reigns profound quietness. What does it mean? What will be the result? This delay confounds me. Ah! if the passions which devour my soul had, for a single moment, lent to you, Piso, their flame; if my ambition, my hatred, my fury, could have glided for an instant into your heart, how soon would this palace, the witness of my wrongs, resound with the cries of mourning and widowhood! How soon would Aprippina expire at my feet, for those injuries to me which will never be cancelled! What pleasure to behold her indignant at her fall, sometimes dissimulating her disdainful grief, and sometimes, by vain transports, betraying it; exhausting in threatenings her impotent wrath! But what confused accents do I hear from the crowd? Acclamations of concord and of joy! Let us console ourselves!——Great gods! what was my mistake! they are the outcries of fear, the exclamations of horror! This moment, without doubt, completes my hope, and Piso comes to give me assurance of it.

SCENE II.

PLANCINA *and* PISO.

Piso. It is done: I have fulfilled your wishes, and my design.

Plan. Is Germanicus dead?

Piso. He is dying. In his bosom the cup which was to attest his perjured clemency, the cup at this moment revenges, with our injury, all the evils which he had prepared for us. With flowers of purple and gold the couches were adorned; the prince invited me to take a place by his side. At that time, Plancina, I cannot describe the grace which tempered the noble austerity of his countenance, and lent to his conversation that appearance of truth, which, believe me, would seduce the most ferocious being. The name of friend, especially, with which he addressed me, revived in my disarmed heart the foolish scruple which had alarmed it; I trembled as one would tremble on the borders of a precipice!—(*He shews a note.*)—When I received these words,—"This is the propitious moment, "profit by the tumult, which excited by my care, will turn "away from you the attention of witnesses," confusion did at that time prevail; "prevent, by a great blow, the stroke "that is preparing for you. What more do you expect? "The poison, the cup, are under your hand."—These words still left my courage uncertain; but whilst I deliberated with myself, I know not what voice said to me,—"Think of Tiberius."

Plan. Most salutary advice, who could have given it to you!

Piso. Encompassed by slaves, by soldiers, and people, in vain I sought upon each face to trace some proof; but amongst so many unknown persons, I was unable to discover through whom the advice had reached me. Advice which saved me from my weakness, and appeared to be given by Tiberius himself.

Plan. The mysterious advice which determined you, emanated without doubt from Tiberius. Let us taste, my husband, let us enjoy beforehand the pleasures of pride, and those of vengeance; and however great they may be, know that this moment yields to thee a prize less valuable, than that which awaits you. Be assured, that you will receive favours without measure. Tiberius will soon pay with usury, all that he owes to an event which, for him I am convinced, does every thing, by attaching his interest to your's.

Piso. I believe it. Let us disguise our joy; let us take the happiness which destiny sends to us without violence, and without haste; either would ruin us.

Plan. Such are my opinions, Piso; terror is above all indiscreet, and agitation is the betrayer of the great secrets of the soul.

Piso. Be assured that since I have been able to obey you, I have determined nothing henceforth shall be able to intimidate me.

SCENE III.

PISO, PLANCINA, *and* MARCUS.

Mar. You here! you my father! at the feet of the image of Augustus!—The greatest, the most just, the most like him when he forgave, of all his sons, who, for the reward of his virtues, dies poisoned, comes here to breathe out the remainder of his life. If you do not wish to disturb his peace, have some regard, my father, for him, and for yourself. For the sake of pity, spare his last looks the sight———

Plan. What do you mean to say, Marcus, by this observation?

Piso. Without inquiring what motive inspires him at this time before this demi-god, where I offer up to the state all my resentments, I tell you, my son, that, in consequence of the danger of the prince, the interest of this city, of the

province, and of the east, which I foresee may even this day pass under my power, does not permit me to abandon a man, in whom the authority of Rome still resides. Is there then cause for surprise that I remain here, to receive the laws, or perhaps to administer them?

SCENE IV.

PLANCINA, PISO, MARCUS, *Friends of* PISO, *Soldiers, and Conspirators.*

1*st. Consp.* Father of the legions! they menace your life. Hear you not the clamours of the enraged people? but fear nothing; see on all sides the soldiers running to your aid.

Plan. Here is Germanicus.

SCENE V.

PISO, PLANCINA, MARCUS, VERANIUS, AGRIPPINA; GERMANICUS *carried upon a couch, surrounded by his Friends, and his Children, Conspirators, Soldiers, Lictors, &c. &c.*

(GERMANICUS *is placed at the feet of the statue of Augustus. The different persons arrange themselves, according to their interests, on the side of* PISO, *or on that of the Prince.)*

Ger. (with pain.) August and dear image! Father of the Romans and the Cæsars, O! my father! receive my last vows.

Agrip. Great gods! Plancina, Piso!

Ger. They come to observe the progress of the poison, to count the few moments which remain to me; seize, cruel wretches, this power which my hand surrenders to you; and which it would in vain wish to retain; leaving to the care of the immortal gods your punishment.

Agrip. Yes, perish this perjured murderous pair!

Piso. We pardon injustice as well as misfortune, madam. It is with difficulty I can support the odious reproaches which impute to me the evils which the gods have done to you.

Ger. (*with a weak voice.*) Yes, the gods have but too much favoured their rage. O unhappy wife! O unhappy children, escaped so often from the fury of carnage! nevertheless, I now perish in the flower of my age. I fall entangled in an infamous snare; in a snare spread by the hand of a woman; in a snare to which the feelings of my heart led me, at the time I expected by benefits to attach them to me; and slighting your counsels, into their perfidious hands I abandon myself. You weep, my friends, over my destiny; but it is not enough that you weep, you must revenge my death. It is you who must relate to my prince, and my father, the sorrows which they (*pointing to Plancina and Piso*) have added to my distress; the snares with which they environed my steps, my harassed days, which they have shortened by a dreadful death. Perish this ungrateful pair! Their hatred, which overwhelms me, forces me to hate them; and it is my greatest crime. That this hatred, my friends, may not be ineffectual, it is but little to punish them for the evil they have done to me; punish them, above every thing else, to console the earth for the loss of that good, which I hoped to have accomplished. Unkind deities! you knew what were my designs——but torments with increased violence are rekindled in my breast—— Great gods! what will be the sufferings of these criminals? ——Farewell my country!—Farewell!

Agrip. Oh!

(*She casts herself upon the body of her husband, and remains overpowered by her grief. The attendants who were in the front of the stage approach towards her, and conceal from the spectators this sad picture.*)

Piso. The unjust charges which reason places to the account of his misfortunes, do not forbid us from weeping for him; but not with despair. By his unexpected death, is the country deprived of support? No, O people! Cæsar

lives. Citizens and soldiers, at my voice, and at his, forget your strifes; and respecting the power of Tiberius, in me his representative, swear obedience.—What can make you hesitate? Wavering? What do you expect?

SCENE VI.

The GOVERNORS *and* SENTIUS.

Sen. (*to Piso.*) My lord, invested with absolute power, Sejanus himself follows my steps.

Plan. Sejanus!

Piso. (*with the greatest joy.*) Sejanus! O fortune! at length I gratefully acknowledge the favour, which gives to my success such a witness.

SCENE VII.

The GOVERNORS, *and* SEJANUS, *clothed in purple, accompanied by the Lictors, with all the ensigns of power.*

Piso. Favourite of Cæsar, speak; make known the sovereign orders of your august master.

Sej. That Piso be apprehended.

Piso. What me?

Sej. Traitor to the state, for his cowardly plots he must account to the senate. Let him depart; and you, Romans, know that in these walls the heir of Tiberius requires funeral solemnities.

Piso. What have I heard? Great gods! how am I deceived! Sejanus! my crime is great, but Tiberius is obeyed. I shall at least escape the insult which is prepared for me.——What! am I disarmed!

Mar. (*turning aside his face whilst he presents his sword to his father.*) Take it, my father.

Plan. (*keeping back Mar.*) Stop. (*to Piso.*) In his counsels will you dare again to confide? What means do they offer you for justifying yourself? Those which the unhappy man condemned to the torture will seize, to escape

from so much ignominy! By the poignard, to save yourself in the regions of the dead, is proving your virtue, much less than your remorse. We feel remorse! Far from being myself affected by it, Piso, I have no more remorse than I have fear. Whatever judge after all they may give us, if it were him (*pointing to Sejanus,*) ought his sternness to occasion alarm? It is still more easy to convince the senate. If it dares to interrogate you, fear not to answer, and immediately you will see all this harshness and severity change itself into terror before truth. Even, if the fury of the party which, from its elevation, oppresses you, believes that it has detected you in a crime; were it proved, remember, an enterprize commanded by the safety of the state, ought to lead to triumph, and not to punishment; and, in a word, that Cæsar is your first accomplice!

Agrip. (*at these words penetrates through the crowd which surrounded her, and the body of Germanicus is seen.*) Have I heard correctly? Monster of iniquity! Dare you depend upon any indulgence? Tremble; I live yet, and this last outrage restores to me my courage; and you, my friends, that this hope above all accuses, why do you delay to undeceive them. (*The crowd which hid the body separate.*) Behold Germanicus! who, with his last breath still hovering on his quivering lips—with his feeble voice, required from your friendship both vengeance and pity. Is it then to futile honours, to funeral torches, that, bathed in useless tears, you, Romans, would limit the wishes of your friend? By only half following, you betray him.—Vengeance! To the tribunal which already claims it, let us proceed; let us accuse, let us destroy this infamous pair. Vengeance! Justice is ready to strike them. From its rigour how can they escape? On one side, my friends, is a rebel, a traitor, who accuses his master, to exculpate himself; and wishes to intimidate those he has not convinced. On the other side, view the blood of the great Germanicus! Is there a heart so hard, that it can be unjust to us? that can behold, without compassion, the grandson of Augustus, the son of the best-beloved, the greatest of the Romans, and his widow dissolved

in tears, with an urn in her hand, depositing at the feet of the senate, clothed in grief, an image of that mourning, which will cover the world?

Ver. If we neglect these sacred duties, woe to us.

Agrip. Swear!

(*The friends of Germanicus stretching their hands over his body.*)

We swear it.

Agrip. Let us depart.

Sej. (*in the front of the stage.*) Applaud thyself, Sejanus, amidst the miseries of the world; joy at this moment becomes thee, better than Tiberius.

FINIS.

HISTORICAL NOTES,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE TRAGEDY OF GERMANICUS.

GERMANICUS CÆSAR, the son of Drusus, and paternal nephew of the Emperor Tiberius, who adopted him. He was a renowned general, but still more illustrious for his virtues. He took the title of Germanicus from his conquests in that country, and though he had the moderation to refuse the empire offered to him by his army, Tiberius, jealous of his success, and of the universal esteem he had acquired, caused him to be poisoned, A. D. 29, aged 34. He was a protector of learning, and composed some Greek Comedies, and Latin Poems.—*Encyclopædia Britannica.*

To virtues the most excellent, and accomplishments the most rare, he united a mild and amiable disposition, which none but the most depraved and wicked could avoid loving. He was at the same time a formidable foe, a generous conqueror, and a faithful friend. Revered by the people, idolized by the army, and tenderly beloved in his family; no grief was ever so greatly and extensively felt, as that which his premature death occasioned. The author of the French tragedy has not painted his hero in brighter colours, than the faithful page of history warrants.

Editor.

PISO was consul in the reign of Augustus, and governor of Syria, under Tiberius; whose confidant he was. It is said that

by order of this emperor he caused Germanicus to be poisoned. Being accused of that crime, and seeing himself abandoned by every body, he laid violent hands on himself, A. D. 20. He was a man of insupportable pride, and excessive violence.—*Encyclopædia Britannica. Roman Hist.*

SEJANUS was the fawning favorite of Tiberius. All the children and grandchildren of that emperor were sacrificed to the ambition of this wretch, under various pretences: and he was upon the point of seizing the imperial power, by combined artifice and force, when the plot was discovered to Tiberius, and Sejanus met with the ignominious fate he deserved.—*Tacitus.*

SYENE, *(Page 2.)* an ancient city of Egypt, on the east side of the Nile. About six miles from it is situated the cataract of that river. It was supposed to be seated under the Tropic of Cancer, and the noon of the summer solstice was said to be known there, by the sun making no shadow. The translation would have been better rendered, " o'er-leaped by the roaring waves."

History states, that it was after having completed the Parthian war, Germanicus went to Egypt. By some writers it is asserted, that his object in going there, was to avoid for a time the malevolence of Piso.

Act II. Scene I.—The reply of Marcus to Plancina refers to the exploits of Germanicus on the Rhine, and describes the destruction of his fleet. An account of these events may be seen in the Encyclopædia Britannica, article Germany, Nos. 12, 13, 14, and in all Roman histories.

Act II. Scene V.—The allusion which Germanicus makes to the suppression of the revolt on the Rhine, is conformable to the history; " when inflexible justice was armed against his ancient soldiers," many of them being cut off by a cruel massacre before Germanicus arrived at the camp.

Ibid.—"The son of Polemon (king of Armenia) holds from me his power." The Parthians had entered Armenia, and driven its king from his throne; Germanicus defeated them, and re-established this monarch in his kingdom.

Ibid.—(*Agrippina.*) "To them I was indebted for my seat in your car of victory." When Germanicus returned to Rome, he was met by an immense concourse of people, and his triumph was of the most magnificent description. His graceful person, with his noble wife and five children, all richly adorned, seated with him in his triumphal chariot, greatly added to the splendor and interest of the spectacle.

Livia (*Act III. Scene III.*) was the mother of Tiberius. It has been supposed that she posioned her husband Augustus, to make way for her son to the throne; and it is not doubted but she was a principal agent in compassing the death of Germanicus.

To point out the particular passages, which may have been supposed to refer to the late political circumstances of France, and more particularly those which point to Bonaparte, is wholly unnecessary. Indeed, the extent of comparison chiefly depends upon the feelings and opinions of the reader. To him who can see in Napoleon, only those dispositions and actions which are base and contemptible, the character of Sejanus will probably appear to be the most correct portrait. On the other hand, those who have formed a favourable opinion of the French emperor, and certainly amongst these must be ranked many who possessed the best opportunities of judging, will probably see him strongly depicted in the character of Germanicus. To behold a great warrior, and an eminent statesman,—a man with an enlightened mind, and a capacious soul, torn from that empire, which the people unitedly wished him to possess; to behold the friend of public improvement, and the advocate of liberal science, banished from his country, exiled to a dreary

solitude, with no hope of deliverance from the power which placed him there, but by death,—these are indeed painful, and distressing sights. We need not therefore wonder that with such views as those of the late Emperor, his friends and partizans should feel all that interest which the representation of this tragedy excited.

Hughes & Baynes, Printers, Maiden-Lane, Covent-Garden.

A

HOUSE OUT AT WINDOWS.

A Musical Piece.

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY JAMES KENNEY.

LONDON.

PUBLISHED BY C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL MALL.

1817.

(Price Two Shillings.)

Dramatis Personæ.

Mushroom ..... Mr. GATTIE,

Furlough ..... Mr. T. COOKE,

Furbish ..... Mr. DOWTON,

Smart ..... Mr. HARLEY,

Varnish ..... Mr. COVENEY,

Jonas ..... Mr. KNIGHT,

Justice Rosy ..... Mr. MINTON,

Corporal ..... Mr. COOKE,

Porters, Soldiers, Neighbours, &c. &c.

Miss Trimmer ..... Mrs. HARLOWE,

Lydia ..... Miss MANGEON.

From the Press of Oxberry & Co.
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HOUSE OUT AT WINDOWS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A street.*

Enter FURBISH.

Furb. This is the day—the great, the important day—to me a day of rapture or a day of ruin—and my callous clod of a shopman, no doubt because I am so anxious to see him, will lie snoring till broad day-light, whilst I, a palpitating young lover, can't rest for fear of losing my credit and my mistress at one fatal stroke—Oh! here he comes—

VARNISH *enters.*

Well Mr. Varnish—

Var. Good morning, Sir—

Furb. That entirely depends on your news—How could you keep me a whole night in suspense?

Var. Why, you know, Sir, I was forced to go to the club, and there was nothing in Mr. Wort's answer to be in a hurry about—

Furb. Um! bad news!—I thought so—well?—

Var. Well, Sir—he says he has put your note in circulation—that it is now in the hands of Mr. Smalltrade, of High-street, and will certainly be presented—

Furb. Bless my soul---affairs are critical---however, that young officer being in the town, happens luckily. Mushroom knows what a dashing dog he is, and perhaps it may induce him to have the marriage to-day instead of to-morrow---At any rate nothing like putting a good face on matters.—We must make a push to prevent exposure.—Therefore, in the course of the morning, do you go and feel the pulses of my best friends.—Try if they'll come down for a day or two, whilst I attack old Mushroom.

Var. Well, Sir—I'll feel their pulses; but they won't bear bleeding, I'm afraid, Sir. [*Exit.*

Furb. That fellow sees I'm in a scrape, and grows as saucy as my creditors. I'll rouse old Mushroom —(*knocks at his door.*)—He's an early riser; and I know he's as full of the wedding as if he was the longing bridegroom.

MUSHROOM *opens the door and enters.*

Mush. Ah! son-in-law! What! stirring already!

Furb. Stirring!—Bless you! here's news to stir us all. I discovered, last night, that that same confounded Ensign Furlough, that made such a violent attack upon Miss Lydia in London, is stationed at the depot, and has found her out here.

Mush. The devil he has!

Furb. Depend upon it. My shopman overheard his servant telling him he had seen her turning into this street, but missed her before he could turn the corner.

Mush. Well, neighbour, if you're not afraid of him, I'm not. Besides, he knows me by the name of Mudford. He doesn't know I've changed it for a fresh fortune. That will puzzle him, perhaps, and he'll think his servant mistaken.

Furb. Better not trust to that. It's a very alarming circumstance. However, I rely entirely on the young lady's excellent taste, on the salutary influence of her aunt, and my much-esteemed cousin, Celestina, on the flourishing state of my affairs, and on those little insinuations which, of course, must be resorted to on all such occasions.

Mush. Undoubtedly, and the sooner you resort to them the better. Those little insinuations, I assure you, are the main part of the business. The sooner the better.

Furb. I'm decidedly of your opinion. For instance, you talked of the marriage at the end of the week. To prevent all danger, hadn't we better say to-day at once.

Mush. With all my heart.

Furb. The portion may stand over—I'm not particular about that—though, I dare say, that's always ready.

Mush. Every shilling at the banker's.

Furb. No doubt. That's of no sort of consequence. Money may be found—and your's has no more charms than another's. But where shall I find such an angel of a bride?

Mush. Why, faith, Mr. Furbish, neither the bride nor the portion are to be sneezed at.

Furb. Oh! certainly not. Sneeze at the portion!—Oh, dear! no. There's a medium in everything—and I'm just as far from that extreme as the other.

Mush. And if you were not, you'd be no son-in-in law for me, I promise you. A proper respect for money is the true sign of a sound understanding. Commend me to a man like you, neighbour, that knows the value and the use of it.

Furb. (*affecting modesty.*) Oh!

Mush. My daughter shall live a quiet life—No rake-helly squanderers for her—dashing to-day and smashing to-morrow—but a thriving man of business like you, that can rise before the sun, and look forward for a little family, Mr. Furbish.

Furb. Oh! such cares are too delightful. But pray tell me, Mr. Mushroom, for you know you were a most successful practitioner in your youth—how would you advise me to press this matter to the young lady?

Mush. How?

Furb. Aye—what particular style of—eh?

Mush. Oh! the usual style, I suppose.

Furb. Well—but what may that be?

Mush. Oh!—At your age—

Furb. Upon my life, I'm the most unhacknied—I've saved myself entirely for Miss Lydia.

Mush. Aw!

Furb. Upon my honour.—You may laugh.

Mush. Well, well—You must attack her—her mind, her feelings; in fact, consult your own.

Furb. I will—I'll make a *general* attack. And since you approve of it, if I might once more mention the portion—

Mush. The moment the contract is signed you shall have it. I can't rouse the ladies yet, you know. But call in an hour, and we'll look into it. Good morning, neighbour. [*Exit.*

Furb. Good morning, father-in-law.—Come, things are promising; and yet I tremble till it's over. I shall take every man I meet for the holder of my little bill. This elegant picturesque paper, this beautiful art which I have been at so much pains to import from Paris, has been a most unfortunate speculation. If I should get into the hands of the law, it's all over with me.

SONG.

Old father Antic, the law,
With his wig full of wisdom and awe;
He'll coax and amuse ye,
Confound and confuse ye,
Till fast you get fix'd in his claw,
Then lofty or low be,
He'll tickle your Toby,
Will old father Antic, the law.

Old father Antic, the law,
Will chatter like any jackdaw;
While justice is waiting,
With parchment and prating,
Descant on each quibble and flaw.
So quick in his notions,
So slow in his motions,
Is old father Antic, the law.

Old father Antic, the law,
If once he can catch Johnny Raw,
In fighting his battles,
His goods and his chattels
He'll swallow all into his maw.
For Sin is his mother,
And Belzebub's brother
Is old father Antic, the law.

During the last symphony of the song, repeated knockings heard without. Furlough knocks at the wing.

Fur. Pray does Mr. Mudford live here?

Answer without—No; (*he crosses to the opposite side, then enter* SMART, *who knocks at the next door to* MUSHROOM. FURLOUGH *heard knocking without.*)

Sm. Pray does Mr. Mudford live here?

Another voice. No. FURLOUGH *re-appears, and* SMART *knocks at the door of* MUSHROOM.

Sm. Pray does Mr. Mudford live here?

Another voice. No such person.

Fur. Well, Sir, where is this to end?

Sm. Why, for the present, Sir, I own I am fairly at fault. Into this street I'll swear she came.

Fur. We have been seen, perhaps, and the servants put upon their guard.

Sm. I have it—We must rout 'em, Sir. I can almost swear this to be the very house; therefore, keep your post, Sir, and if it is, I'll have 'em out in five minutes. [*Exit.*

Fur. What the plague is he at now? No matter—he's a devilish clever fellow, and I suppose on this occasion I must leave him the command, and quietly fall into the ranks. Why the devil this old money-worm should object to me as a son-in-law I can't imagine. But a soldier is secure of constancy whatever be his condition; I have my Lydia's favour, and with that my pride is satisfied.

SONG.

The honest soldier's tongue may well
A brother soldier's valour tell;
The scholar's mind may well explore,
A rival scholar's depth of lore;
But ever doubt a loveless youth—
From him no virtuous feeling seek,
Distrust his heart, distrust his truth,
Whose praise no lovely woman speak.

For manly sense may justly scan
The valour, wisdom, strength of man;
But only woman's search can find
The softer feelings of his mind.
Then ever doubt, &c.

Where the devil is the fellow? Oh! here he comes. What the plague has he enlisted the whole town as auxiliaries.

CONCERTED PIECE.

Smart. This way, gentlemen—Now, Sir, now—
Give but the word, and we'll kick up a row.
Furlough. What can you mean, Sir?
Smart. ——— The word, Sir; be brief.
Furlough. Nay, to you, Sir, I bow, as the general in chief.
Both. { To you, Sir, I bow, / To me he submits, } as the general in chief.
Smart. A pay-master, first, Sir, the corps will require.
Now be steady,
Porters, &c. We are ready—
Smart. Let your din
Then begin.
Fire!—
Porters, &c. joining—Fire! Fire! Fire!
Furlough. What the devil are they at?
All. Fire! Fire!
Furlough. Desist, I insist;
Smart. ——— I'm the general, retire!
Reconnoitre above—now
All. ——— Fire! Fire! Fire!
Mushro. Where's the fire?
Lydia. ——— Where's the fire?
Jonas. ——— Where's the fire?
Miss Trim. ——— Where's the fire?
Smart. In the premises behind.
All. ——— Oh, dire! Oh, dire!
In the premises behind!
Porters. ——— Fire! Fire!
Furlough. She's there! She's there!
Smart. ——— Your general's right.
Furl. & Smart. } Our fire gives most auspicious light.
(Drums beat.)
Furlough. Zounds! here's the guard!
Porters. ——— We'd better run.
Smart. Halt!—To your stations, every one.
Like honest fellows earn your hire.
Another volley!—
All. ——— Fire! Fire! Fire!

Enter Corporal and Soldiers.

Corporal. Where! fellows—Where! where can it be?
No signs of any fire I see.
Smart. 'Tis there! 'tis there! *(to the men)* Assist me—
Corporal. Where can you mean? [Swear!
All. ——— 'Tis there! 'tis there!
Mush. No fire, I safely can declare,
Is in my house.
All. ——— We saw it flare.
Mush. Jonas, Lydia. We've sought, and not a spark can see.
Miss Trim. I'll swear no spark is left with me.
Mush. 'Tis some rogue's trick—but won't succeed.
Smart, (aside.) We shan't get in.
Furlough. ——— We shan't, indeed!
Corporal. A false alarm!—'Tis clear
We have no business here.
Soldiers. We have no business here.
Corporal (speaks) To the right about—March!
[*Exeunt corporal and soldiers*
Smart (to porters.) Your pay receive.—You may retire.—
Your service we no more require;
Enough your lungs we've tried.—*(Gives money.*
Porters, &c. We hope your satisfied.
Smart. Now, pr'ythee, quietly retire.

TOGETHER.

Smart. Our hopes we've rescued from the fire,
So quietly, good friends, retire.
Porters. We've something gather'd from the fire,
So now contentedly retire.
Furl. My hopes I've rescued from the fire,
Tho' doom'd to see my love retire.

Miss TRIMMER *and* JONAS *(at the window.)*
'Tis certain we have here no fire,
And safely we may now retire.
Mush. Come, girl, 'tis clear we've here no fire,
And safely we may now retire.
Lydia. 'Tis Cupid, sure, has rais'd this fire,
And I from love's alarm retire.

Sm. Well, Sir, the game is started, and now for a spirited race.

Fur. But how came they to deny his living there?

Sm. They must have heard of your being here, and at such an untimely hour, suspected their visitors.

Fur. Suppose I once more try him openly.

Sm. Then you put him on his guard, and such fellows as he stick to their opinions too obstinately. We must endeavour to speak with the young lady, and concert matters with her—"We have gained one great point in discovering the disposition of the enemy." Love may be blind, but his friends are apt to be pretty quick sighted; and I have discovered a post for you, where you may reconnoitre at leisure, and keep up a constant attack.

Fur. Where!

Sm. There, Sir—(*pointing to the lodging-house.*)—what do you say to that?

Fur. Ah! "A first floor to let furnished."

Sm. In a few minutes you may be next door neighbour to your divinity.

Fur. Stay here, Smart; keep a good look out, and I'll secure the post immediately. [*Exit.*

Sm. Now is this base-born son of a butter-tub in danger of being undermined by the cap and feather he despises. I'll show'em what it is to manœuvre with an old campaigner.

SONG.

I was born beyond the Humber,
Dad, assail'd by fortune's frown,
With a waggon load of lumber,
Sent me up to London town.

Told, by flats in our county,
Here how generous folks appeared;
I, in search of cockney bounty,
Took the king's and volunteer'd.
Stout at heart, Jerry Smart,
Long'd to play the hero's part.

At St. James's, sad disaster,
In the awkward squadron put,
Half the natives of Tailcaster,
Stood to view my grand *debût*.
Bob, the blacksmith; Bill, the brazier,
Who'd a thought of seeing him,
Simon Slice, the squinting glazier,
Sally Jones, and Cousin Tim.
Stout at heart &c.

Fortune! much I'm bound to thank her
Fields of glory led me through,
Talavera, Salamanca,
Flanders—then at Waterloo;
Lodg'd by turns, in hut or palace,—
Jollily my time I pass'd
Cambray—Valenciennes, and Calais—
Life too merry long to last.
Stout at heart, &c. [*Retires.*

FURBISH *enters in a full dress, and various rolls of paper under his arm.*

Furb. My toilet is complete—Will it succeed? Will it electrify? Can this united assault of art and nature, still find female perverseness to resist it—

Sm. (*aside.*) Some puppy of a paper-maker, going to recommend his patterns.

Furb. Spirit of contradiction! thou fascinating deity, to whom the gentlest of the sex will occasionally sacrifice, avoid us, I intreat. For this once, only for this morning, take your breakfast with some married friend, and leave two lovers to their happiness.

Sm. Two lovers! You're not one of them, I hope. [*Aside.*

Furb. I rush upon my fate. (*Goes to the door, and knocks.*) Be that love's alarum in her gentle bosom.

Sm. What the devil, is he in love with the old woman?

Furb. My hopes tremble! my heart palpitates!

Jo. (*looking out of the garret window*) What did you please to want?

Furb. It's me Jonas—Don't you see it is.

Jo. Oh! it be no but you, Sir.

Furb. Only me, Jonas—open the door.

Jo. Nay, Sir, there you mun excuse me.

Furb. What d'ye mean.

Jo. Matters mun blow over a bit before I can open the door.

Furb. Blow over.

Jo. Yes, the robbery—and flustration—we don't stand no more nonsense.

Furb. No nonsense—I tell you, Jonas, you must let me in.

Jo. No, Sir—I be to let no body in, but what I be very sure about—and under all the circumstances of this case, axing o'your pardon, I mun trouble you to call again. [*Disappears.*

Furb. This lout must be dreaming. I'll rouse my cousin—Miss Trimmer.—She won't answer to that name, it's too old and formal;—cousin Celestina.

Miss TRIMMER *appears at the window.*

Miss T. No more alarms, I hope. Who is there?

Furb. 'Tis I, my dear cousin. An anxious expecting bridegroom. Why is the door shut against me—when I was on tiptoe to fall at the feet of my beautiful Lydia?

Sm. (*aside.*) A lover of Lydia's!

Miss T. Shut the door against you! The blockhead has mistaken his orders. Jonas, open the door.

Jo. (*without*) Coming.

Miss T. I feel for you, cousin Furbish.

Furb. I'm sure you do—my ideas cool—my passion evaporates.

Miss T. I'll prepare Lydia to receive you.

[*Exit.*

Sm. I must take measure of this Mr. Furbish.

Furb. That fellow looks as if he had got my promissory note.

Jo. (*at the door.*) The door be open, Sir.

Furb. Thanks to my stars. (*hurries with Jonas into the house.*)

Sm. A rival in the house, and the door shut against every body else—better and better—here'll be warm work for us, that's certain. They're coming, so now to find my master and see whether he has secured his entrenchments. [*Exit.*

Miss TRIMMER *and* LYDIA *enter.*

Miss T. It's a beautiful morning, and come child, your father desires you'll take a turn with me, while he settles matters finally with Furbish. But how is this—why have you been so negligent of your toilet, child?

Ly. Lord, aunt! You know one expects nobody one cares about—

Miss T. Expect nobody! But I tell you, child, we single women should live in constant expectation. Don't you expect the final and decided declaration of your lover, Mr. Furbish.

Ly. Mr. Furbish, aunt!

Miss T. Aye, child—and it is your papa's will, that the affair be settled out of hand.

Ly. And the dear, kind, constant Mr. Furlough

Miss T. Mr. Furlough is a dissipated ill-bred young upstart, that knows neither prudence nor good manners. How did he behave to me? Do you think I can allow you to accept the hand of a man that never even offered me his arm! Mr. Furbish is an industrious enterprising character, that will flourish to the last.

Ly. And what of that, aunt. I wouldn't give a pin for flourishing.

Miss T. Hold your tongue—Hasn't your papa settled every thing.

Ly. I wish papa would marry him, then.

Miss T. Peace, I say. He'll keep a good house over your head. He's the man for you. What, not a word! I knew I should convince you—Here he is.

FURBISH *appears at the door.*

Furb. May I offer my protection?

Miss T. By all means.

Ly. (*aside.*)—Odious wretch!

MUSHROOM *enters.*

Mush. Now, son-in-law—To her boldly—Show her your wit and spirit, and carry her at once.

Furb. But the neighbours.

Mush. So much the better. You must show their power in public, or their pride isn't satisfied.

Furb. Hem! Miss Lydia! Good morning!

Ly. Good morning, Sir—(*turns her back.*)

Furb. Miss Lydia, you see before you one—that is, you may see before you one, who in this wide world sees no object but you alone. Not a landscape, not a groupe can my fancy sketch where you are not the

leading figure; not a yard of paper can I work upon but your bright image is in danger of adorning; in short, you see before you one who burns with a flame so pure and lasting—(*to them*)—She's looking on the lamp post.

Miss T. Don't let that offend you.

Mush. Her youth! Her timidity!

Miss T. Oh! certainly—'tis impossible she should look on you, it is indeed. The overpowering idea! You should make allowances for us virgins—I'll warrant her, cousin—I'll answer for her.

Furb. I've no doubt of your responsibility, cousin, but an acceptance is better than an indorsement.

Mush. And would you have a better security than that interesting silence?

Furb. May I take it so?

Mush. By all the laws of Cupid.

Furb. Counsel's opinion—I'm satisfied.

Mush. Come, then, and let us finish the contract.

Furb. Adorable Lydia! I go to seal this delicate engagement—(*in going*)—Sweet dumb creature! [*Exit with Mushroom.*

Ly. There! did you hear that? And do you think I'll have a man that treats me like a brute? [*Exit.*

Miss. T. Heaven send she don't retaliate, and make a brute of him—(*follows—during the latter speeches, Furlough and Smart steal out of the lodging-house.*)

Sm. Come, Sir—All's in our favour with the young lady, at any rate. And, as to the rival, I'll dispose of him directly.

Furb. But what's your plan?

Sm. Explanation, Sir, loses time. Stand aside, and you shall see—(*Furlough retires, Smart knocks.*)

MUSHROOM *comes on the balcony.*

Mush. Who's there?

Sm. If Mr. Furbish is here, I should be glad to speak with him.

Mush. Son-in-law, you're wanted.

Furb.—(*coming forward*)—Who wants me? Zounds! the fellow I suspected.

Sm. I beg your pardon, Sir, for disturbing you; but I've a little matter of business that requires your immediate attention.

Furb.—(*aside.*)—My little note, to a certainty—Coming directly—I know your business very well.

Sm.—(*aside.*)—He knows my business?

Furb. You shall receive what's due to you, rely upon it.

Sm.—(*aside.*)—What's due to me? Why, does he mean to threaten me with a thrashing?

Furb. I know you won't be easy till you're satisfied—But I shall very soon be ready for you—I'll be with you directly. [*Disappears.*

Sm. I must take an attitude of defence here.

FURLOUGH *runs in hastily.*

Fur. What the plague, Sir, do you mean to do?

Sm. What do they mean to do? I'm afraid, Sir, I must call upon you for protection.—He's coming!—Be gone, Sir—but not far, for my sake.

FURLOUGH *retires to the door of the lodging-house, where he listens*—FURBISH *enters.*

Furb. Now, my good friend!

Sm. (aside.) Good friend!—Come, he does not look very fierce.

Furb. This way.

Sm. I called Mr. Furbish.

Furb. Softly, man—I know—you've brought my little note.

Sm. (*aside.*) His little note!

Furb. (*cautiously.*) I can't possibly pay it to-day—but to-morrow, about this time, you may depend on me.

Sm. What—for the little note.

Furb. Certain—safe as the bank—Harkye, I expect to be married every hour, and shall touch the lady's fortune immediately—If you blow this business, it's all off.—I may whistle for my wife, and you for your money.

Sm. (*aside.*) Here's a new discovery.—[*Notices Furlough.*

Fur. (*to him.*) Hush!

Furb. You won't persist, I'm sure.

Sm. My dear Sir, you quite mistake my business.

Furb. What, you have not the note, Sir?

Sm. No note whatever.

Fur. (*aside.*) I wish I had.

Furb. And you don't come from Mr. Smalltrade, in the High-street?

Sm. From no such person, Sir.

Fur. (*aside.*) Mr. Smalltrade, in the High-street?—I'm his customer, and he shall assist me. [*Exit.*

Furb. Why then, Sir, if I have not guessed your business, had not you better explain it?

Sm. Undoubtedly—I come from Mr. Flourish, of the New Assembly-Rooms.

Furb. On business, Sir?

Sm. On business, Sir.

Furb. Not about the rooms?

Sm. About the decoration of the rooms, Sir.

Furb. I'm very happy to hear it, Sir. I was

told he despised my invention, and called it fantastical trumpery!

Sm. He has changed his mind, Sir. He did not know the fashion it was gaining. He not only intends you to decorate the rooms, but his hunting-box into the bargain; and begs you will do him the favour of a call there, with an assortment of patterns, immediately.

Furb. Undoubtedly.—(*aside*) The Assembly-Rooms! A grand opportunity! As good as a puff in a London paper.—Sir, I'll attend him.

Sm. If you could allow me to see the magazine, I think I could point out what is most likely to suit.

Furb. At your service, Sir.—Allow me just to mention it to Mr. Mushroom.

Sm. Sir, I should be sorry to incommode you—but I really haven't a moment to lose.—Mr. Flourish is obliged to start for London by this day's coach—and the rooms must positively be opened next month.

Furb. (*aside.*) I mustn't let it slip—In one moment—father-in-law—Mr. Mushroom!—

Mush. (*appearing on the balcony.*) Here am I.

Furb. I am just called upon on a most pressing matter of business—the decoration of the New Assembly Rooms—Mr. Flourish is going to London, and can't wait—but by way of consoling my dear intended in my absence, I mean to send her by my new shopman, some delightful specimens, for the bridal chamber—there's two of the prettiest fancies—Venus rising from the sea—and Love among the roses—

Mush. Love among the roses—I'll inform her—

Sm. (*aside.*) An excellent hint—

Furb. If she'll only do me the favour to chuse that—and consider it as typical—

Mush. Good—but make haste, and in the mean time I'll away to the attorney, and get the articles ready for signature. To consider it as typical—I'll tell her. [*Exit.*

Furb. He'll get the articles ready—come Sir

Sm. Would you do me the favour, Sir, to go before and look out your favourite patterns. I have just to call at the banker's.

Furb. Certainly Sir. I wou'dn't stop any gentleman going to the banker's,—you'll not be long (*aside.*) The Assembly Rooms! I'll astonish natives and visitors, and as the art of Orpheus set the brutes all dancing, mine shall strike 'em stock still with admiration. [*Exit.*

FURLOUGH *returns.*

Fur. Well, Smart—I don't know what you are planning—but I am charging a battery that shall shake the enemy in the very citadel of his hopes—

Sm. My head is engineering too, Sir—but the old gentleman is going out to his attorney—

Fur. Come then we'll to our quarters, compare notes—and during his absence, endeavour to open a communication with our adorable next door neighbour— [*Exeunt into lodging house.*

Enter MUSHROOM, *from his door, which he shuts cautiously.*

Mush. Well faith, my son-in-law is a rare hand for business—and, egad, doesn't want a taste for a smack of pleasure either—so now to get the contract put in proper form—

FURLOUGH, *and* SMART, *appear at their lodging window,*—LYDIA *appears at her window.*

Fur. There's Mudford—he's going— LYDIA *plays a symphony.*

Mush. Ah! ah! my daughter at her harp—playing an amorous prelude, I hope—

Fur. 'Tis my angel!

Mush. (*having heard, glances round.*) Young Furlough as I live—

Sm. Sir, you expose yourself—

Mush. And lodged at my neighbour's too—here's mischief working—I'll not notice him; and find out what he's bent upon.—(*aloud*) Jonas—I'm going to my attorney's and shan't be back this hour—(*goes round about, and hides himself under the window of* Miss TRIMMER.

Sm. He's out of sight, Sir—

Fur. Now then for a signal—

[*The harp sounds again, Lydia sings.*

AIR.

This plighted heart is still the same,
To kindle there a second flame;
All mortal arts in vain will be,
But fanning that which glows for thee,
My only love!

Sm. There! a declaration, Sir! If we had but an instrument to return it in kind—

Mush. I should like to beat time on his rogue's pate amazingly—Its so very pretty that I'll hear the second verse a little nearer— [*Enters at his door.*

Air *renewed.*

And sure within thy gallant breast,
Enduring faith, true passion's test,
No roving wish can ever know,
Nor shame thy Lydia's tender vow—
My only love!

During this last, MUSHROOM *and* JONAS *appear thro' the balcony window.*

Sm. Answer her, Sir.

Fur. Can I not—I fly to her?—[*They examine the place.*

Mush. (*at Lydia's window.*)—So my little Syren—I'll be obliged to you, my dear, to come with me—I wish to have a word with you.

Ly. Certainly, papa. [*They disappear.*

Sm. Give her a touch on the piano.

Fur. I will—(*plays within.*)

LYDIA *and* MUSHROOM *are seen crossing the drawing room.*

Ly. (*aside.*)—Hark!—(*to him.*)—Papa, I left my work behind.

Mush. I mean you should, my dear.

Miss TRIMMER *appears.*

Take her with you, sister—and hark ye.—(*whispers.*)

Miss T. Young Furlough!—(*to her.*)—Come along, Miss.—(*Takes* LYDIA *into her chamber—*MUSHROOM *goes to* LYDIA'S *window with* JONAS, *making signs—The orchestra finishes the symphony, and* FURLOUGH *sings.*

AIR.

Sweet sounds of Hope my bosom cheer,
Dispelling every anxious fear.
For desperate deeds, dear girl, prepare,
To set thee free—the worst I'll dare!
Consent, and love will find away;
Strike but the harp and I'll obey.

Jo. He axes leave to be desperate.

Mush. Hush! *(Signs to him to observe—then goes and touches the harp.)*

QUARTETTE.

Furlough and Smart.	*Mushroom and Jonas.*
The harp she sweetly plays,	The harp now sweetly plays,
Your daring hopes to raise.	His foolish hopes to raise.

AIR.—*Furlough.*

Honour invites thee hence to fly,
Thy fated hour, my love, is nigh!
Say shall I bear thee far away!
Strike once again and I obey.

Jo. There, now, he axes to carry her away.

Mush. An impudent dog!—Carry her off in broad day.

Sm. She hesitates.

Mush. I'll put him to the proof, however. (*Touches the harp again.*)

TOGETHER.

Furlough and Smart.	*Mushroom and Jonas.*
Hark! hark! again she plays,	The harp still kindly plays,
Our anxious hopes to raise.	Their foolish hopes to raise.

Fur. 'Tis decided—How tremblingly did she touch the notes that gave her to my wishes.

Sm. 'Twas love that fluttered upon her delicate fingers.

Fur. (*aloud.*) Dearest Lydia! be prepared—In an instant you will see me under your window.

Mush. (*under tone.*) Good.

Fur. I have a ladder of ropes.

Mush. Very well.

Fur. The street is clear—your father absent for an hour, and you may descend in safety. In the mean time drop a ribband to fix the ropes to your window.

Mush. I understand.—(*Nods to Jonas, who strikes the harp clumsily.*)

Fur. Another consent.

Sm. She's terribly flurried. We'd better go, or her courage may fail her.—(*They disappear.*)

Jo. Do you mean to tumble 'em down, Sir?

Mush. That depends upon circumstances.

Jo. But if they should keep up the joke, and carry you off.

Mush. Let 'em try. Beside of you, Jonas, I should'nt fear his whole regiment.

Jo. You flatter me Sir, I do assure you, I never quarrels with the milantary.

Mush. Hush! I hear their door.

FURLOUGH *and* SMART *enter from the door.*

Look for a ribband—One of the bell-ropes.

Fur. Where's the ladder?

Sm. Where's the ribband, Sir?

MUSHROOM *lets down the ribband.*

Fur. It comes! It comes!—(*They tie the ladder.*)

QUARTETTE.

Furlough and Smart.

The ribband draw—the ladder fix,
We'll show the old one Cupid's tricks.

Mushroom and Jonas.

They bid us now the ladder fix—
We'll quickly spoil their amorous tricks.

All.

'Tis charmingly planned
The denouement's at hand,
When once { *she is* / *they are* } here
We have nothing to fear.—[*They fix the ladder.*

Furlough and Smart.

I'm fix'd, { I / now } boldly mount the breach.
The lovely prize is in { your / my } reach.

Furlough ascends into the room.—Mushroom and Jonas steal gradually through the door to the balcony.

Furlough.

'Sdeath, she's not here!
We're fooled, I fear.

Mushroom and Jonas on the Balcony.—Smart retires under it.—Jonas unhooks the ladder with a broom.

Mushroom and Jonas.

Ha! ha! ha! with all your cunning,
Of this turn you little thought!
Since you set the snare you've run in,
Captain, own you're fairly caught.

Furlough and Smart.

Yes, 'tis plain we're fairly caught.

All. A castle { we've / you } built in the air,
But a soldier should never despair.

[*Mushroom disappears.*

Jo. Here I be to stand sentry.—(*sits down.*)

Sm. And what am I to do? The captain made prisoner by a vile, left-off shopkeeper. If I don't rescue him in ten minutes, may I be drummed out of his regiment, and declared incapable of service either in love or war. [*Exit.*

MUSHROOM *enters from door.*

Mush. He's safe! locked and double locked. I'll have a constable immediately, send information to a magistrate, bind him over on the security of twenty years' pay, and in the mean time commit him to the watch-house till I can introduce Mrs. Furbish to him, and laugh at him and his rope ladder. Jonas, don't stir an inch. [*Exit.*

Jo. Nay, Sir, never fear me.

Fur. Pretty treatment I'm threaten'd with. (*looking out.*) Where the devil's Smart? Harkye, you damn'd idiot.

Jo. Nay, Sir, don't y' be in a passion—You be in a vary pratty lodging. A deal handsomer nor next door.

Fur. You think so.

Jo. Why, don't you, Sir?—Here be vary pratty furniture and music—My master and I plays nicely o't harp, don't we, Sir?

Fur. Take care I don't spoil your ear, sirrah.

Jo. And looky'e, Sir—There be Miss Trimmer's picture i't' corner—Don't y' see—Ha! ha! ha! Would y' like to run away wi' her—

Fur. (*aside.*) I'll try him another. Harkye, my honest fellow—

Jo. Bless us! how the army do polish a man.

Fur. Do you see this? (*Shakes a purse.*)

Jo. Yes, Sir, that's a vary pratty thing; but a good place be better. I were turned away fra' last for letting go a sky-lark—

Fur. If you have any regard for your master's property, let me out, or every piece of goods, old or new, I smash to pieces.

Jo. You had better not—

Fur. Will you open the door?—

Jo. Nay, Sir—

Fur. Why, then, here goes. (*Smashes the windows, then the furniture.*)

Jo. Hollo! hollo! Miss Trimmer! Miss Trimmer! (*Miss Trimmer runs on the balcony.*)

Miss T. What is the meaning of this?—(*A pause.*)

Jo. It be the prisoner—he says he'll smash every piece of goods, new or old—Take you care—

Miss T. (*smashing again.*) Monstrous! Help! help!

Jo. Thieves! Murder!

Fur. (*at the window.*) Your servant, Madam.

Miss T. For shame! captain—Proceed to such violence—

Fur. Let me free, Madam, or I'll proceed still further—

Miss T. Further—Heavens! what will he do next?

Enter SMART, *in another dress, with rolls of paper under his arm.*

Sm. Your servant, Ma'am—Pray, does Mr. Mushroom and Miss Trimmer live here?

Jo. Yes; this be the lady—

Sm. (*bowing.*) Beg pardon, Ma'am—I come from Mr. Furbish—I believe you know he is engaged about the new assembly rooms.

Miss T. Oh! true. You have brought the patterns.

Sm. Yes, Ma'am, the patterns.

Fur. (*aside.*) Smart, by all my hopes!

Sm. Sweet things, I assure you, Ma'am—Venus rising from the sea; and you see Ma'am, Cupid among the roses. [*Unfolds a roll before his face, and nods to Furlough.*]

Miss T. It seems very pretty—but I'm really afraid—What orders did your master leave? [*To Jonas.*]

Jo. Not to open the door, nother to Venus nor Cupid.

Miss T. You must call again, young man—

Sm. Oh! dear, I don't come for money, Ma'am, I assure you; and my master begs the business may be settled immediately, for he understands that terrible young man, Captain Furlough, is now lurking about the house—

Jo. Nay, there he be safe enough o't' inside on't—

Sm. Are you serious?

Miss T. Very serious—We caught him in the fact, Sir.

Jo. Yes, nabbed him nibbling, and shut the trap on him.

Sm. Then take care, Madam—I hope you are properly protected. He is the most desperate young man—

Fur. Despair makes all men desperate—I am armed, Madam, ; and if you don't instantly liberate me, in two minutes, [*presents a fragment of mahogany as a pistol.*] you have a brace of bullets between you—

Jo. Speak to him, Ma'am—speak to him. [*Gets behind her.*

Miss T. Cowardly wretch!—Pray, don't go, Sir—

Sm. What! Ma'am, leave a lady exposed to a ruffian—

Fur. Ruffian I'll brake open the door—rush to my Lydia, in your apartment, and woe to those that attempt to stop me in my fury. [*Disappears.*

Miss T. Rush to my apartment!

Sm. Let me in, Ma'am.—He's a perfect tyger.

Miss T. L'et him in, Jonas— [*Thumping heard.*]

Jo. You've gotten the key.

Miss T. True. But I dare not go in his way, Sir, for the world—Here— let yourself in. [*Drops the key.*

Sm. (*taking it.*) Now, Sir—Now, Mr. Blusterer—

Fur. Well, Sir—

Sm. I have the key, Sir—the key. Now, dare to repeat your insolence. [*Goes in.*

Fur. Excellent. [*Goes in.*

Jo. Aye, now, you bullying coward! now, we shall be three to one— [*Smart enters on the balcony.*]

Sm. Now, Madam, if you'll only show me where this mad captain is locked up—

Miss T. You're very polite, young man. But don't trouble yourself. He's very quiet, now he knows you're here.

Sm. 'Tis well he is, Ma'am. [*Towards the window.*] Now, my fine fellow—Here I am—What! you're pacified now, I suppose?

Jo. Yes, yes—You be pacified now—

Sm. Yes, yes, Ma'am—You see you may now be perfectly at ease—and if you'll allow me to show you these tasty patterns—

Miss T. By all means, Sir—

Jo. Aye, now for little Cupid—

Sm. First, Madam, for Love among the roses. I must make use of you, my friend, in order to show it to advantage. Stand you there, if you please. Now, Ma'am. (*Throws a roll over his head, and hangs it over him.*)

Miss T. Oh! delightful!

Sm. That's delightful. But what will you say to this.—(*Throws another in the same manner.*)—Miss Lydia! Miss Lydia!

Miss T. Sir, she mustn't come for her life.

Sm. Oh! but she must, indeed, Madam.

Ly. (*at Miss T.'s window.*) Who calls me?

Miss T. Nobody, child.

Sm. Oh! you're there, are you, Miss Lydia?

Miss T. What can you mean, friend?

Sm. Mean, Madam—that you keep a disorderly house—that I am your prisoner's man, Smart, and mean to let out the two turtles, and lock up the scarecrows. (*Exits and shuts folding windows.*)

Miss T. Oh! Mercy!—Why, Jonas! Jonas!

Jo. I be wrapped up in paper. (*Struggles among the rolls of paper.* SMART *is seen letting out* FURLOUGH *then* LYDIA.)

Miss T. We're lost! We're ruined! Where is my brother? Where's cousin Furbish?

FURBISH *and* MUSHROOM *run in.*

Furb. Here am I.

Mush. What's the matter.

Jo. We be locked out.

Miss T. An insolent footman has broke in, and is turning the house out at windows.

Furb. Don't be alarmed cousin.—Here's Justice Rosy, coming and half a dozen constables.

Mush. Follow me, son-in-law.

MUSHROOM *and* FURBISH *enter the house.*

Furb. (*to Lydia at Miss Trimmer's window*) My dear girl! follow your deliverer.

Miss T. Oh! if ever they come again—

Jo. Nay—when they've got Miss, they won't come for you nor me.

FURBISH *and* MUSHROOM *come on the balcony.*

Furb. Where are they cousin?

Miss T. Heaven knows.

Mush. (*to Miss T.*) Go you to my daughter, (*to Furbish and Jonas*) you two search the upper rooms—I'll take care of the captain—away—(*all disperse accordingly*)

Sm. Snug, Sir,—we shall have'em presently.

Mush. (*in his daughter's room*) The villain's gone Furbish, and all my furniture broke to atoms.

Furb. (*at a second floor window*) Have you found'em, father-in-law?

Jo. (*in the garret*) There be nobody in my apartment.

SMART *and* FURLOUGH *appear in the drawing room.*

Sm. Quick, Sir, lock the doors, and we shall catch the whole flock. [*Runs off.*

FURLOUGH *locks in* MUSHROOM, *then* MISS TRIMMER.

Miss T. (*at her window*) The hussey has escaped.

Mush. Escaped! (*disappears and suddenly returns to the window*) Sister I'm lock'd in.

Miss T. (*at the window, setting her head to rights*) they have forcibly imprisoned me.

MUSHROOM, FURBISH, *and* JONAS *at their several windows.*

Mush. Son-in-law! Jonas!

Furb. I'm caught like a bag-fox.

Jo. I'm fast in my pigeon hole.

SMART, FURLOUGH, *and* LYDIA *come on the balcony.*

Sm. Ha! ha! ha! They're routed in their intrenchments.

All. (*at the windows*) Help! help! help!

Sm. Never mind, Sir, you have another game to play—Help! help! help!

Enter Justice Rosy, Constables and Neighbours.

CONCERTED PIECE.

Justice and Constable.

What is the cause of this affray?

Neighbours.

An uproar has been here all day.

At the windows.

You won't hear what we have to say.

Jo. Murder!

Jus. Silence! Why my friend, Captain Furlough what is all this?

Fur. Sir, your friend, a soldier and a gentleman has been treated like a housebreaker.

Mush. He has behaved like a housebreaker.

Jus. Come down my friends.

Miss T. They have locked us all in Sir.

Jus. What, in your own house.

Fur. Sir, as I am confident you will decide fairly between us, they shall all be released.

SMART *and all at the windows disappear.*

AIR, AND CHORUS.

Justice.—This uproar you shall hear no more.

With the Neighbours.

Tranquility { *he'll* / *I'll* } soon restore.

Enter the rest of the characters.

Mush. (*coming first.*) A most scandalous outrage.

Miss T. Diabolical.

Sm. Better words, Madam.

Fur. I have done justice, Sir, and nothing more. With this lady and gentleman, I appeal to the *lex talionis.* They made me a prisoner first; and with Mr. Furbish the law sanctions me also. I imprisoned him as my debtor.

Mush. Your debtor!

Fur. Aye, Sir, by virtue of this promissory note, of which I am become the possessor, and which he

confessed to my man, he had no chance of paying, but out of your daughter's portion.

Furb. (*noticing Smart.*) That hoaxing villain! It's all over.

Mush. Is this true, Sir?

Jus. His looks confess it.

Mush. Is this the flourishing state of your affairs?

Miss T. For shame, cousin!

Jus. Come, come—This is the old affair. I perceive love on one side, and prejudice on the other. I warrant you are as much deceived in the captain, as in your neighbour.—I know him.—I'll engage for him that he's an honest fellow—a quiet, steady fellow.

Sm. Oh! very quiet.

Jus. Has just come to a good fortune and a captain's commission, and I'll engage will take care of both, and of your daughter too.

Mush. Say you so?—Then love is on my side. And if she can forgive his breaking her harp and piano, may she find the husband more peaceable than the lover!

Fur. The son-in-law shall be all you can wish; and to console Mr. Furbish, his note shall stand over *sine die.*

Furb. Shall it. Then I'll still adorn the bridal chamber, and may no thorn disturb your love among the roses.

Jo. (*at the window*) Mr. Justice, I'll trouble you to think of me.

Mush. Stay where you are, booby.

Miss T. You deserve it.

Jo. Then I'll smash every thing.

Sm. Do my friend—as long as the uproar doesn't spread let it be repeated here—as often as you please.

FINALE,

AIR AND CHORUS.

On you we depend to make victory certain,
And show us our poet no sin does;
Contented if only on this side the curtain,
Our pranks turned the house out at windows.

FINIS.

From the Press of W. Oxberry and Co.
8, White Hart Yard, Drury-lane.

THE

CONQUEST OF TARANTO;

OR

ST. CLARA'S EVE,

A PLAY,

BY THE AUTHOR OF

The Peasant Boy.—Gustavus Vasa, or the Hero of the North.—Hunter of the Alps.—The Young Hussar, or Love and Mercy.—Adrian and Orrila.—Youth, Love and Folly.—The Sea-Side Story.—Royal Oak.—Doubtful Son.—Æthiop, or Chi'd of the Desert.—Brother and Sister.—Foundling of the Forest.—Broken Sword, &c.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

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WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE.

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1817.

THE CONQUEST OF TARANTO;

OR

ST. CLARA'S EVE,

A PLAY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ſubject of the preſent Play, was ſuggeſted to me by the Hon. DOUGLAS KINNAIRD, to whoſe critical judgment I was further indebted, for many valuable hints, conducive to the general arrangement of its Scenes.

I have every reaſon to feel ſatisfied with the reſult: Succeſſive Audiences have honoured *St. Clara's Eve* with genuine applauſe; and I never entertained a pretenſion upon its merits, exceeding that meed of approveance which the voluntary favor of the Public has already conceded.

WILLIAM DIMOND.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Aben Hamet, Admiral of the Saracen Fleet ...		Mr. YOUNG,
Melek,	LEADERS OF THE SARACENS	Mr. CHAPMAN,
Chereddin,		Mr. SINCLAIR,
Orcan.		Mr. HIGMAN,
Gonzales de Corduba, the Spanish Governor of Taranto		Mr. EGERTON,
Valentio, his Kinsman .		Mr. M'CREADY,
Rinaldo, an Orphan reared by Gonzales..		Mr. BOOTH,
Isidore, a Page		Mr. DURUSET,
Ambrosio, a Senator of Taranto		Mr. MURRAY,
Lucio		Mr. HOWELL.

Oriana, Daughter to Gonzales	Miss BOOTH,
Rosalind	Miss STEPHENS,
Viola	Mss CAREW.

The Music by Mr. KELLY.

THE

CONQUEST OF TARANTO;

OR

SAINT CLARA'S EVE.

ACT I.

SCENE—*A Solitary Glen, broken with rock and wood. Thro' apertures in the distance, the Adriatic is perceptible.—The Statue of St. Clara on one side of the Scene.—The Dawn commences.—Moorish Soldiers sleeping, are disposed in groups, their arms piled in the centre.—Orcan paces slowly in front of the stage.*

DUETT.—*Orcan and Chereddin.*

Orcan.—The Moon is down, the Stars have set,
No Glow-worm lights the ground;
Nor Earth, nor Heaven waketh yet,
'Tis Nature's rest profound.

Cherriddin advancing.

Ho! Comrade, ho! the sky-lark sings!
In upper air she dips her wings
And serenades the dawn!

Both.—Hail! Prophet-bird of cheerful light!
Thy carrol breaks the dream of night,
It chirps—"A day is born."

Enter MELEK *down the rocks.*

Melek. Comrades! to your arms! arouse! arouse!—morning already breaks above Taranto's towers, and Aben-Hamet's hasty step reverberates on the rock.

Cherriddin. Praise to the Prophet! the Hero's lengthen'd absence waken'd fears—Has he adventured to survey the Fortress?

Mel. Aye, to the very Foſse! the strengthning light but now has warn'd him to withdraw.—Each step he paces on these fatal shores, his mighty spirit swells with reccollected wrongs, and inly ruminates some aweful retribution. Since midnight toll'd, no voice has dared to break the silence of his thoughts.

Chered. Peace!—the Admiral approaches!

[ABEN-HAMET *advances with animation between the files of soldiers.*]

Aben. Yea! 'tis resolved! my soul consummates here its utmost scheme.—Planet of my birth! beam now auspicious! Aben-Hamet's star of mingled destiny! this day send forth thy last decree—Revenge, or Death—ample revenge, or honorable death! I challenge thee for either boon!

Mel. Buckler of the Prophet! dare I to approach?

Aben. Friend! Fellow Warrior! welcome! be thine the earliest voice to greet me on this day—Melek, the sun that rises now, is doomed to shine upon my triumph, or my grave!

Mel. How's this, my Lord? what wild convulsion shakes your frame? this noble hand, it trembles in my pressure.—Wherefore indulge in griefs this hated coast recalls? Why rove among its melancholy wilds alone?

Aben. Alone! no, Melek, no—my watchful hours have not been solitary.—A form *thou* couldst not see, hath palely glided in the moonlight wood—a voice *thou* could'st not hear, hath floated wildly on the breeze of night!—*She* has been with me—*She*, whose blood for twenty years hath lain without atonement on Taranto's earth!—Yea! the dead Alzonda!—her secret spirit communes with me now—it cheers—it guides—it lifts me to my fate!

[*After a momentary pause, speaking with a tone of rapid decision*]

At sun-set I asault Taranto!

Mel. The position of the town is strong,—its fortifications regular.

Aben. No matter—it shall be attacked.

Mel. The chances are against succefs; reflect, my Lord,—our troops exhausted by the voyage—all our artillery yet to disembark.

Aben. Have I not said it? my resolve is fate—"Taranto shall be stormed at sun-set."—Melek no scruples now—the fall of yon insulting fortrefs is necessary to my pride, my honor, my existence! for twenty years, revenge hath starved upon the hope of this atoning day!—It dawns at last, and shall I dally with its precious moments now?—No, here I pronounce an oath—a solemn, stern, irrevocable oath! never from yon devoted walls shall Aben-Hamet turn, but as a conqueror, or a corse!

Mel. Let us then hoist immediate signals to the fleet—the strengthing light already grows sufficient on the cliff.

A distant Chaunt is heard.

Orcan. (*Advancing.*)—A ſwell of voices rises from the vale below; by the faint light I now distinguiſh female habits fluttering in the breeze—they bend this way!

Aben. Women!

The Chaunt again.

'Tis a holy ſtrain! and, lo! ſome image of the Chriſtian faith adorns the wood, which haply claims devotion at this hour.—(*Pointing to the Statue of St. Clara.*)

Orcan. Ha! an idol of the misbelieving foe! It 'scaped me in the darkneſs. Quick, let me daſh it down. and with its fragments, ſcare yon train of worſhippers. (*Raises a battle-axe.*)

Aben. Orcan forbear—for ever ſacred be
Religion's emblem, and the ſtep of woman.
Whate'er the altar human homage rears
To the Eternal Name, tho' error's hand
May mould its form, yet is that uncouth ſhrine
In faith's clear eye, e'en by the purpoſe hallow'd;
And man preſumes, when he derides the prayer
A fervent heart howe'er miſguided breathes:
Our deeds are mortal—Earthly be their judge—
But thoughts are *ſpirit*, and with heaven alone
The awful audit of our conſcience ſtands.

[*The Chaunt approaches.*

It floats yet nearer—ſoft and ſolemn ſounds!
She, whoſe meek ſpirit haunts theſe ſhades, was Chriſtian:
Theſe ſtrains may ſooth her. Ah! diſſolving thought,

No wrong betide ſuch gentle band.—Retire.

[*Music is renewed—Aben Hamet and his party ſlowly withdraw, and disappear among the rocks. A train of young females enter in procession, bearing rural offerings to the ſtatue of the Saint. Oriana laſtly.*

Chaunt of Women.

Patron Saint! thy ſhrine revering,
Thus with ſummer-ſweets we ſtrew;
Patron Saint! thy children hearing,
Take us to thy charge anew.

[*During the chaunt, the girls diſpoſe their ſeveral offerings round the image.—Valentio enters during their devotion. Watches Oriana unperceived, then conceals himſelf among the trees.*

Oriana. Withdraw a little hence, my gentle friends.
I would in private offer one poor prayer,
That ſaid, recall me to your ranks again.

The females retire out of ſight.—ORIANA *kneels alone.*

Saint! who wert woman once, if yet thou hold'ſt
A tender conſciouſneſs of woman's frailty,
Befriend thy votareſs now! No more ſhe kneels
In grateful oriſons, for triumphs won,
By thine high aid upon this favour'd ſpot.
Nor Mooriſh woe, nor Chriſtian weal her ſuit—
But, Oh! for *him* ſhe prays, whoſe name ſhe dare
Not breathe unbluſhing, e'en to *thee*. Kind Saint!
Be thou his guardian—crown his riſing youth
With early honors—build his fortunes up
High as his towering ſpirit—'till he ſhine
The morning-ſtar of chivalry confeſt!

(VALENTIO *burſts forward as ſhe riſes.*

Val. For *me*! O! if for *me* thoſe vows aſcend,
Valentio ſtands the happieſt of the happy.
My joy! my rapture!—Oriana, ſpeak!
Oriana. (*Confused.*) Valentio! Is this well? poorly to ſteal
Upon a female's ſecrecy—away!
Val. I own my fault—but love, unbounded love,
May beſt excuſe the outrage he inſpir'd.
You ſeem'd to ſhun me in your father's halls—
I knew the annual piety which leads
Taranto's virgins to this lonely ſhrine,
And fondly dream'd theſe woods might yield a bliſs
Which crowded courts and maiden pride refus'd—
Kind chance has bleſs'd me, if my hope be true!
Turn, Oriana—charm me with one word,
And ſay the youth you pray'd for was *Valentio.*
Oriana. You fright me with this violence—I may not,
Nay, will not anſwer ſuch uncourteous ſuit.
Val. By heaven! you turn not 'till I learn my fate—
Nay, look with charity—'tis yours, proud maid,
To ſtamp my ripen'd youth with bliſs or bane—
Joys beyond man, or torments like the fiends!
Mine is a ſpirit fierce as fond; not caſt
In the convenient mould of common natures,
To ſoar or ſtoop, by worldly ſaws; and love,
That viſits other breaſts with playful flame.
In mine a life-conſuming fury burns!
Our rank, our fortunes, and our years are equal.
Your noble father has approved my vows.
And here I claim the ſuffrage of your heart.
Whate'er my doom, I ſeek it now reſolv'd,
Since ſcorn itſelf were milder than ſuſpence.
Decide then, lady!—fate is on your lip—
Decree my bleſſing, or pronounce my curſe!

[*Oriana looks doubtful and agitated upon Valentio, then turns towards the image—meditates a moment, and suddenly appears decided and composed.*

Oriana. Yes! in truth's preſence thus adjur'd,
theſe lips
Shall breathe no word ſave ſuch as truth inſpires—
Valentio!—kinſman!—friend!—my heart now
ſpeaks—
With calmneſs liſten to its frank avowal.
I love my father next to heaven, and duty
May make me any thing—but that command
Prize dearer than content.—His command
May make me any thing—but that command
Alone—forgive the word—can make me yours.

Val. Diſtraction! madneſs!—Oriana, hold!

Oriana. One minute yet of temperate regard—
As kin, as friend, I prize and honor you;
What kindred blood or friendſhip claims, are yours
As brother's dues by his dear ſiſter paid—
Implicit confidence—entire esteem—
Be generous. Valentio! nay, be juſt—
Accept this tribute, and demand no more.

Val. Inſulting tyrant! how! deride your victim?
Forbid my veins to flow, my lips to breathe,
Freeze me with friendship?—Oriana, no—
Never with life will I renounce my claims,
My dear bought claims, to that ingrateful heart.

Oriana. I was the more deceived, who dream'd you
noble;
You cure me e'en of pity. Sir, farewell.

Val. You dare not leave me to this wild despair—
Is hurries me to madneſs!—Ah!—yon ſhrine—
That prayer call'd bleſſings on a rival's head—
Declare the wretch—diſcloſe him to my rage—
What ſecret traitor has uſurp'd my rights?

Oriana. 'Twere waſte of ſpeech, to reaſon with a mind

So wilfull for its own diſturbance—yet—

Val. In vain you hide him from my keen reſearch,
Inſtinctive jealouſy declares my foe.
Rinaldo! ah! that bluſh—that guilty bluſh!
My rival ſtands confeſt—Oh, infamy!
That wretched offspring of a nameleſs ſire,
That abject creature of your father's bounty—
The ſtarveling heir of beggary and rags,
Contempt his cradle—Shall a peaſant dare——

Oriana. Valentio, hold! if that indeed I blush,
Nor for Rinaldo, nor myſelf, but oh!
For *thee*, ungenerous, ſtarts the crimſon ſhame.
Who boaſts a lofty birth and titles only,
Shines but in doubtful glories, half his own—
The dim reflection of his brighter ſires.
But he, more genuine luſtre wins of fame,
Who ſtruggling gallantly in honour's courſe,
Wakes from opprobious tongues, no worſe reproach
Than fortune's malice, and a friendleſs name.
(*Female of Oriana's train appears.*)
I join you, friends! Valentio, 'ere we part,
Tho' for myſelf I might diſdain reply—
Yet, for another's fame too coarſely ſlandered,
I charge you, hear and truſt my ſolemn words,
Rinaldo, never, or by word or act
Hath claim'd a kindneſs of this heart, beyond
A ſiſter's ſmile and friendſhip's calm regard;
Theſe I gave freely, they were merit's due.
Love was not granted, for it ne'er was nam'd.
Farewell, my lord!—Cruſh the inſidious fiend
That would undo your virtues—dare be juſt,
And in the peace of others, ſeek your own.
[*Exit* Oriana.

Val. "He never talk'd of love!" vain ſhallow art.
Have I not watch'd their guilty eyes diſcourſe?
His melancholy fits, and muſing brow;

Her varying colour, and diſorder'd ſpeech—
All, all with damning evidences ſpeak
Their ſecret paſsion, and my public ſhame.
Reſign her!—*her*, my ſoul adores with ſuch
Idolatry of love, to other arms?
Fall rocks and cruſh me, 'ere that maddening hour!
I'll to her father—boldly ſpeak my wrongs—
Denounce my rival, and by force atchieve
The ſcornful prize, entreaty fails to win.

[*Valentio haſtens to the path. Aben Hamet ſuddenly emerges from a point of rock, and intercepts him.*

Aben. Young man, a preſſing word before you paſs.

Val. A Moor, and arm'd! what is your ſuit with me?

Aben. Liſten, and you ſhall learn my *pleaſure*.

Val. Inſolent! am I known to you?

Aben. Scarcely yet; but we ſhall be acquainted ſhortly.

Val. Ruffian! avoid my path, or inſtantly this ſword ——

Aben. Will faintly ſerve its maſter here.

[*He ſtrikes his ſcymitar againſt the rock—His ſoldiers instantly ſpring forth in groups, upon the eminences round.*—Melek and Orcan *disarm* Valentio.

Youth! you perceive I am your maſter.—Now, patiently attend, and anſwer me. Who are you?

Val. A nobleman, by name Valentio.

Aben. Is Taranto your abode?

Val. It is.

Aben. Who is governor of the town at preſent?

Val. A noble Spaniard, and a veteran renowned in arms—*Gonzales de Corduba*.

Aben. Gonzales! Ha!—that ſame Gonzales, who

twenty years foregone, o'erthrew the Moors upon this very coaſt?

Val. That ſelf-ſame chief.

Aben. (*Exultingly.*) Bounteous Allah! thanks! my mortal foe again is found. Start not at my menace, youth! *Your* life is ſafe, I ſeek but one atonement.—Now execute my orders.

Val. Orders! from an Infidel!

Aben, Obey them, or embrace your fate.

Val. Accurſed deſtiny!—Well, inſtruct me, Sir.

Aben. Deliver to Gonzales this. (*Gives a letter.*) Demand his prompt reply—and in an hour, at furtheſt, return with it in perſon, to this very ſpot.

Val. (*After a ſhort pauſe.*) Reſtore my arms, and I engage a punctual execution of this charge.

[Aben Hamet *makes a ſign to* Orcan, *who reſtores the ſword to* Valentio.

Val. (*With ſtifled indignation*) Imperious man! if thou can'ſt vouchſafe as frankly as command, grant him who ſerves thee, one poor boon—his maſter's title.

Aben. The mightieſt name unbounded ocean knows.—Aben Hamet!

Val. Eternal powers! the Pirate of Algiers.

Aben. (*Proudly.*) The admiral of confederate Afric! Yea, he whoſe victories have made the red-croſs banner pale.—He, whoſe avenging wrath hath brooded many a year, in ſullen war-clouds o'er the diſtant wave, to burſt at laſt, collected and tremendous on Taranto's walls. Orcan, be thou our outpoſt—await upon this cliff the knight's return.—Chriſtian, farewell—remember, within an hour, at lateſt, I expect my anſwer. [*Exit among the rocks.*

Orcan *remains.*

Val. Myſterious chance!—Works my good or darker angel in this hour!—I know not why my

heart ſhould leap thus eagerly, but ſure it is, the criſis of my fate ſeems now at hand. One daring deed might crown me ever!—The ſaviour of my country, who dare diſpute my claim in love? But will Gonzales ſtedfaſtly enforce my rights?—that ſhall be tried before I give this letter—aye, tried paſt doubt—this inſtant to the proof. (*turns rapidly to* Orcan.) Soldier, long 'ere the hour have waſted, I return. [*Exeunt separately.*

SCENE—*A Hall in the Palace of Gonzales.*

Enter ISIDORE *and* ROSALIND.

Ros. Fie, upon your manners, saucy page, to propogate ſuch ſcandal.

Iſid. A double "fie," upon your morals flaunting gentlewoman, to deny the truth.

Ros. To aſſert that my lady will not wed Signor Valentio, when all Taranto knows, her father has conſented to the match.

Isid. Aye, Rosalind—but, father, and suitor may agree—bridemaids may be dressed—flowers may be ſtrewn along the Chapel aisle. Nay, Father Dominic may waddle to the altar, with his fat thumb profoundly glued to the page of matrimony, and yet, no wedding.

Ros. Truly! who should dispute my lady's hand!

Isid. Truly, your lady's *heart*—She does not love Valentio—I read the secret long ago, in her eyes.

Ros. A forward ſcholar! prythee who taught you, Sir, the language of a lady's eye?

Isid. Ah! that's a page's myſtery—Love, tho' it speaks not, like Free Maſonry, is to be detected by its ſigns—and I have made it my peculiar ſtudy to analyse the paſſion, and reduce all its ſymptoms and caprices into an infallible ſyſtem.

Ros. O'my conſcience a pretty philoſophy.

Isid. Isn't it Roſalind? ſo I can prove, by demonstration, that lady Oriana loves *not* Valentio, but that she *does* love—

Ros. Whom, my young Aristotle, whom?

Isid. Marry! a certain pensive youth there is, who walks of late with folded arms, and down dropt eyes—who blushes when he speaks, and sighs when he is silent—who affects a ramble on the moonlight ſhore, dearer than revels in the feſtive hall, and who, when tides are low, with his ſword's point prints Oriana's name ſo endleſly along the ſands, that Neptune when he comes home again, is made barbarian in his own deſpite, and drowns more literature than the Saracens burned at Alexdria.—Have you never noticed such youth?

Ros. The Chevalier Rinaldo! Ah! a gallant nature, but a scurvy fortune.

Isid. Girl! what nature made so bounteously, fortune's avarice ne'er could mar.—My old lord loves him like a son,—my young lady fain would have him such.—The citizens revere—the soldiery adore—and I Rosalind, *I* his foster brother! *I* would *die* for him!

Ros. But, a poor orphan, without land or title—his father was only a common soldier, who fell in the battle, won by Gonzales, upon St. Clara's Eve, this day twenty years, against the Moors.—My lord 'tis true, has bred him up with special tenderness, but, think you he ever would bestow his heireſs on a man of such disgraceful birth?

Isid. Disgraceful birth!—Now bliſters on the tongue that ſo reviles it! His father fought and perished in his nation's quarrel!—no shining station was aſſigned his sword, but, at the trumpet's call he sprang to danger, and for his dear country, all he had to offer, frankly gave—his blood—his life!—

Princes who led the battle, could bestow no more! the scars on such a soldier's bosom, are his patent of nobility, and the record of his deeds shall live when marble monuments have crumbled into dust!

Ros. Nay, I spoke not out of contumely—let Sir Rinaldo win my lord and lady, he has *my* good will, I promise you!

Isid. That has he of every petticoat in Taranto—for tho' his spirit, like a chaf'd eagle, soars untameable, when man provokes, yet, is the dove lamenting to his mate, leſs gentle than that spirit when a woman pleads.—Do'ſt remember at the laſt Tourney-fight, when he tilted with the tall Tuſcan!—How, when his buckler broke, and the Giant's clattering ſteel ſhook o'er him, what ſhrieks of frighted beauties ran along the liſts—but, ſuddenly, how changed to joyful ſhouts, when with an agile bend, Rinaldo turned the blow—ſwifter than lightning planted his retort, and hurled the brawny champion headlong to the ground? There was a moment, Roſalind! 'Twere worth two centuries of vulgar life! Ah! when I'm a soldier, and fair ladies eye me——

Ros. You—my young chamberer— a soldier—*You!*

Isid. Aye—I've sworn to follow Sir Rinaldo, in his first campaign—then for adventure! no female heart may scape such knight and squire, for, while my master courts the ladies—I'faith! I'll play the very devil among the abigails! guard your *own* heart, Rosalind, for I shall plague its pride!

Ros. Tush! I'm too good a critic in the sex, when lovers are at market, to bargain for a *boy!*

Isid. But, two years hence—when I've grown a head taller—plumes fluttering in my bonnett—cuiſses glittering on my thigh, and a sword suspended from my gentlemanlike side—will you scorn me for a lover *then*, Rosalind?

DUETT.—*Isidore and Rosalind.*

Isid. If fortune's smile decree me glorious,
Wilt thou scorn my knightly hand?
Rosa. Go, seek the fight, return victorious
Then thy lady's smile command.
Isid. Those eyes to peerless deeds can fire me,
Lady, smile, and bless thy slave,!
These eyes to glory would inspire thee
Beauty's smile rewards the brave!

Enter GONZALES *and* VALENTIO.

Gonz. Nay, good Valentio! you too warmly urge
(*Perceiving Isidore and Rosalind.*)
Retire! but when my daughter ſhall return
Bring me the earlieſt notice.
[*Exit* Isidore *and* Rosalind.
Nay, be calm—
This vehemence of paſsion shocks my ear.
Val. Can then Gonzales chide my honest warmth?
A doating lover who has risk'd his all,
Of earthly hopes in one dear precious freight,
If that be lost, must needs be desperate.
Gonz. Impatience never remedied a grief,
Be more a man—a soldier—be yourself!
Sprung from the same unmix'd Castilian stock,
Dear to my heart, by merit, as by blood,
My fondest wishes have in all been *yours*.
Had Oriana yielded to your suit,
As frank a preference, my glad consent,
Nay, proudest bleſsing, wou'd have crown'd her choices,
But since unhappily her fixt resolve——

Val. Hold! there my lord—nor drive me upon madneſs—
The lip that once aſsures me of her loſs
Breathes the last sound my living sense receives.—
(*Flings himself wildly at Gonzales feet.*)
Friend! guardian of my youth! my parent! hear—
By all the agonies that ever rent
A tortur'd spirit, hear and save me now,
Yes save your creature from the worst extreme
His stars can threaten—lend your strong command
In favour of my love—that once expreſs'd,
Bears heavenly law, and Oriana's mine!

Gonz. Rise, and forbear a suit which wrongs you
Distraction now; and not your nature speaks.—
How, force to the atteſting altar, one
Whose unconsenting heart denies the vow?
You could not mean it—and in reason's hour
Would scorn a triumph so ignobly gain'd.

Val. Shall then Rinaldo revel in her charms?
No! by my hope of mercy! 'ere that hour——

Gonz. Rash, paſsionate, presumptuous youth forbear—
Nor wound my honor by such groſs surmise.
From earliest infancy to manhood, warm'd
At my parental hearth—Rinaldo ne'er
Will wrong the hand that in his helpleſs hour
Was stretch'd to save him —Nay, believe it, Sir—
I know his nature, and I trust it freely—
The rose of honor bloſsoms on his youth
And envy strives to canker it in vain.

Val. Envy!—O! that another lip than yours—
That nameleſs outcast!—envy *him!*

Gonz. No more!
But in respectful silence learn my will.
'Twixt child and parent, as with prince and people,
The bond is *mutual*—and but truly kept

When willing duty greets a mild control.—
My daughter loves me—'tis my pride to reign
In her affections not her terrors thron'd,
And Cæsar's laurel should not tempt me change
The sword of justice, for a despot's rod.

(Rinaldo *speaks without.*)

Rinal. Where is the Governor! lead me to his presence.

Gonz. Rinaldo's voice! and hark! his hurrying step
Strikes thro' the Corridor with lightning speed.

Enter Rinaldo.

Rinal. Health to the state, and glory to her chiefs!
The Moors invade us!—on our christian bounds
The unblest banner of the crescent gleams,
And impiously plants a sign of war!

Gonz. Whence your intelligence? from whom deriv'd?

Rinal. Dear lord! I bear my *own* report.—At dawn,
I climb'd the rock that beetles o'er our bay—
The eagles ancient perch—e're yet a wing
Had rustled in the air, I gain'd its brow
To watch the sun-rise o'er the watery vast
Burst red and glorious—'twixt my lofty stand
And ocean's level, veils of silvery mist
Somewhile hung floating—but, as morning's breath
Blew these aside, beneath my stretching eye
Clear as a map the Adriatic lay.—
Then thirty sail of warlike barks, amaz'd
My view—all rang'd at anchor off the cape

And streaming Mahomet's detested sign.
Val. (*aside.*)—Curse on his chance! concealment now were vain—
Forgive me, Sir! if I confirm this news—
The daring chief of these invaders, forc'd
Upon my charge some minutes since, this summons,
And took my pledge to bear your answer back.
Gonz. Why was your trust delay'd?—this signet! ha! (*reads.*)
"To the Governor of Taranto.—The hour of retribution is at hand—submit yourself, and those you govern, without conditions to my instant mercy—refuse me, and I annihilate the city.—Aben-Hamet, admiral of Africa."
Presumptuous pirate! let his swarthy bands
Measure their father's graves along those coasts
Still famous by the shame of infidels!
The arm that once confounded Afric's pride
Wields yet no rusty sword, and burns to raise
A second trophy on the crescent's fall.
Rinal. O! joyful sound! the slothful reign of peace
Is o'er, and glorious arms at last invite
My spirit, sick with longing, to its wish!
Val. One common soul inspires the general breast—
Speak then, my lord—what answer may I bear
This haughty foe?
Gonz. Defiance and disdain!
Such phrase alone befits a Christian knight,
To question that insults his honor.—Say,
Taranto's ramparts, by their rightful prince,
Were trusted to my guard—their key is lodged
In my true heart, and he who wins it thence
Must prove his title in the keeper's blood.
Val. A gallant ambafsy! my lips will burn

'Till their proud charge be hurl'd against the foe!
(*aside.*) The die is cast—fate, not my will decide!—
[*Exit.*

Rinal. Brief be the interval, 'till ſtirring ſounds,
The trumpets clangor, and the war's wide 'larum
Rouse all Taranto's chivalry in proof!—
O! ever blest be the adventrous hour
That wafted foes and danger to our gates!
Now—only now—hope's glorious morning dawns!

Gonz. Wherefore should war, the grim destroying fiend
Who visits nations mounted on the storm,
Reveal the rainbow to *Rinaldo's* eye!

Rinal. An orphan, lonely in the crowded world,
By birth unhonor'd, and by deeds unknown—
Dear lord! forbear to wonder, if my soul
(Haply too swelling for the narrow home
Where fate has lodged it) hails with eager vows
This ſtranger, hateful to a happier mind:
War cheerly calls to the benighted ſpirit
Whom sunshine never cheer'd—bids him by some
Unmatch'd adventure, shame his spiteful star—
Invites—inſpires—and if he greatly dares,
Strikes sudden brightness o'er his dark career;
'Tis then the lowly youth begins to live,
And calls his tyrant fortune, kind and just—
With chiefs and nobles then—as man with man
He springs to glory by an equal road,
And soars sublimely, or is seen no more!

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. My miſtreſs is returned—her duty waits
Upon your lordship whom she craves to see—
She sends kind greeting too, to Sir Rinaldo.
[Rinaldo *appears agitated—Gonzales observes him ſilently.*]

Gonz. Tell Oriana we shall shortly meet.—
Rinaldo! come—my duty claims me first—
Let us survey the city's strength, and plant
Intelligence at every point, whate'er
The vaunting menace of the Moor portend.—

Rinal. Impregnable be every bulwark deem'd
Which native hearts, not hireling swords defend.
Ah! Sir, believe me, could the Moorish war
Pour swarming cohorts 'gainst our sea-girt walls,
Countleſs and wild as Neptune rolls his waves,
Freſh turbans whitely mimicking the foam—
Still like that element, each shock would turn
Broken and scatter'd at our rampart's base!

[*Exit* Rinaldo *and* Gonzales.

Ros. He's a noble cavalier, and carries gentility in his face, whether he found it in his pedigree or not—'tis a shame so fine a youth should pine in celibacy, and if my lady does'nt know her own mind shortly, I must take his case into consideration myself.—Ah! little Isidore had a right notion,—there certainly is some nameleſs charm about a soldier, when he happens to be young and handsome, terribly touching to a woman of ſenſibility!

AIR.—*Rosalind.*

The plumed casque, and gleaming brand
The soldier's brave array,
A virgin's dazzled eye command,
And charm its sense away.

In vain that eye would seek the ground,
To shun a form too dear;
Then Fifes with sweet seduction sound,
And love assails the ear.

If eyes and ears both traitors turn,
Poor heart, then where thy shield?

Like towns surprized, thou needs must burn,
Or quarter cry, and yield.

But soldier! when I fall, allow
A little decent form,
My banner grant with grace to bow,
And prythee do not *storm*.

SCENE—*An extenſive view of the Adriatic.* Aben Hamet's *tent is pitched upon one ſide of the ſhore. A point of rock abruptly riſes oppoſite. The fleet of Algiers at anchor, more or leſs remotely, diverſify the diſtance of the ſcene. A Mooriſh march is played.* Aben Hamet, *with* Officers, *&c. advances with alacrity from the tents.* Orcan, *conducting* Valentio, *enters down the rock.*

Aben. Welcome, Chriſtian!—I find you punctual—pronounce your meſſage—is it peace or war?

Val. Signior, I have ſeen the governor.

Aben. Submits he to my mandate? Will he ſurrender Taranto?—ſpeak.

Val. He refuſes. To the prince who granted his command, alone will he reſign it.

Aben. Enough! the laws of war are ſatisfied—the cravings of revenge remain—to arms!—Taranto be my prize!—Gonzales be my victim.

Val. My lord, our walls are lofty.

Aben. I have ſcaling ladders ſhall ſurmount their pride.

Val. The garriſon is numerous.

Aben. Cannon-ſhot will thin their ranks.

Val. Our magazines are furniſhed for a twelvemonth's ſiege.

Aben. My ſoldiers will fare the better, when they plunder them to-morrow. Farewell, Sir knight.

Val. My lord, permit me yet——

Aben. Away;—I have not time to parley—back to your city while it yet is free.

Val. Never to mortal will Valentio ſtoop to crave an audience. Yet could I pronounce ſuch deep, important words——

Aben. Let me hear them.

Val. They muſt be private. Order your officers to a diſtance.

Aben. No—they have ſhared my dangers, and muſt partake my confidence. Speak inſtantly, or begone.

Val. My deciſion then is made—Signor, farewell. (*Going.*

Aben. Hold! (*Reflects a moment, then turns to his train.*) Retire awhile: Melek alone remain. (*The officers withdraw up the ſtage.* Now, Sir, ſpeak freely—this veteran is as myſelf, we have no concealments from each other.

Val. Our faiths are different, yet I demand an oath, whate'er it be—the ſtrongeſt that your unknown creed allows—Never ſhall your lips betray the words mine now may utter.

Aben. By the Prophet and his Koran, here I ſwear!—Now to your purpoſe.

Val. By the ordinary rules of war, Taranto may defy your arms. Gaze upon its battlements—reckon the number of its defenders—remember the valour of its governor! Chance may favor the attempt, but calculation is againſt it.

Aben. Proceed.

Val. What if ſome friendly hand in ſecret paved your road, and led you to aſſured ſucceſs, without the aid of fortune? Taranto holds within her walls the unſuſpected engine of her fate—a malcontent.

Aben. Inſtruct me where to find him.

Val. Behold, and know him *here.*—Nay, I ſhrink

not, tho' the glance ſhould wither me. An injured, deſperate man, I ſmile at hazard, and diſdain reproach. Fate, and my paſſions, drive me on this act; whether to bleſs, or damn me, 'tis not yours to argue. Liſten! immediately below the eaſtern rampart, a cavern opens to the beach—in its extreme receſs, a ſecret poſtern communicates direct with the ſubterranean of the city—that once unfolded to the foe, reſiſtance were in vain, and from an hundred darkling paths at once ſurpriſed, Taranto would be loſt in every quarter, 'ere an alarm be raiſed in one.

Aben. It augurs fairly—but this poſtern—

Val. I have the certain means to yield it. At ſunſet, conceal a choſen party of your troops within the cavern—at the ſame hour threaten, with a feigned attack, the gate which fronts the plain—thither our eager ſoldiery will throng, thus withdrawing to a diſtance from the real point, and as they ſally forth beyond the weſtern gate, you by this poſtern on the eaſtern ſide, poſſeſs the town. How! my lord, you muſe upon this offer.

Aben. I ſeldom decide lightly—may I rely upon your ſervice?

Val. As upon your own officers.

Aben. What pledge have you to offer me?

Val. My honor, as a knight.

Aben. (*Smiling ſcornfully*) 'Tis a liberal honor;—I will not tax you for a pawn ſo coſtly.

Val. Shall I then ſwear?

Aben. No—Oaths are the higheſt, or the leaſt ſecurity. I'll find a different gage. What is your *reward?*

Val. When the riches of the ranſack'd town are yours by conqueſt, grant me from amidſt the glittering ſpoils, whatever ſingle treaſure I may then demand. Engage to guard my name inviolably from

ſuſpicion, and I aſk no more.

Aben. The compact is confirmed.

Val. (*Offering his hand.*) Then we are friends!

Aben. (*Proudly withdrawing.*) Allies—Our union is convenience.—Friendſhip, Sir, is a ſacred word; and never yet have I profaned its uſe.—But what ſhall be our ſignal?

Val. Two diſcharges of artillery upon the rampart. The firſt forewarns you of the moment—the ſecond bids you uſe it.

Aben. Good! we need no further conference—Farewell.

Val. My lord, adieu! remember, at the ſecond cannon-ſhot, the poſtern opens. (*Exit* Valentio.

Aben. (*Meditating for a moment.*) Wretch! miſerable wretch!

Melek. Will you truſt his fair poſeſſions?

Aben. No—I ſhall try them, but reſt upon my own precautions for ſucceſs. Treaſon or force—no matter which decides—Taranto and revenge are mine. (*Turning with ſudden ſpirit, and calling aloud.*) Warriors of Mahomet!—Brethren in arms, and co-mates of my counſel! gather around, and mark your chieftain now. (*The different officers advance, form a ſemicircle in the midſt of which* Aben Hamet *paces.*

Aben. Friends! my heart is known to you, but not the hiſtory of its early trials. Once, only once, dare memory retrace in words its burning ſtore.—Come that ordeal now! It is my choice, before this enterprize proceed, my provocation ſhould be publiſhed—my thirſt of vengeance juſtified to all.—Twenty years ſince, in manhood's merry prime, I roved the ſeas, the undiſtinguiſhed captain of a ſingle veſſel; nor fame, nor wealth, had crowned my ventures then: a purer nobler paſſion bleſſed my days. Alzonda was of Spaniſh birth.—Education had made

her Chriſtian, and the chance of war my ſlave—unaſked, I gave her liberty—ſhe paid the human boon with god-like love! Ah! momentary bliſs, too ſoon perverted by eternal bane!—(*He buries his face in his robe for an inſtant, then proceeds impatiently.*) Well, well—this bride ſo dear beloved, by choice ſhared all the dangers of my roving life, and made the cabin of my light chebeque, her home. Cruſing off the Adriatic, a ſtorm of matchleſs horrors roſe—no bark might brave the fury of that ſurge and float. In our deſperate hour we made the neareſt land—Taranto's curſt, inhoſpitable ſhore—Yea! in yon very bay, where my triumphant navy anchors now, our miſerable wreck ſought ſhelter then—a band of warlike forms, but peaceful hearts, we landed—here, on the naked beach, we pitched our tents, craving of foreign earth no dearer grace, than weary nature and our wants might claim—the rocks had charity, but man was mercileſs!—Taranto's war-cry ſcared our ſlumbers—Gonzales, murderous Gonzales, called to battle, nor truce, nor parley would the proud one deign.—"Surrender, or extermination,"—all his ſtern beheſt. We fought boldly, but vainly fought—my tents were fired, my braveſt warriers ſlaughtered—myſelf, covered with wounds and fainting, by Melek's guardian arm was ſnatched from fate, and born thro' ſurges to my veſſel's deck; whither, the few ſurviving Moors by ſwimming had eſcaped. Juſt as the cable cut, my ſenſe returned—a ſhriek—a ne'er to be forgotten ſhriek, recalled it.—I gazed, and from a blazing tent, ſaw my Alzonda ruſh, and ſtretch her arms towards him who had forgotten her. Allah! while I yet gazed, a ruffian fired—the death-ſhot ſtruck her innocent unguarded ſide, blood guſhed into my eyes, inſtead of tears. I ſaw—I heard—I felt no more!

[*Drops on Melek's arm.*

Melek. Spear of the war! let not affliction break, the mighty heart, oppreſſion ne'er could bend.

Aben. Melek, no; theſe tears but ſprinkle and refreſh deſtroying fires. Comrades, thro' many a dark ſucceeding year, aſk not a widow'd heart its feelings, but demand its actions. My curſe was carried on my ſword, but never ſhamed my lip; every where the Chriſtians felt it, a deadly biting, and unſated curſe. Amidst their fleets it thundered ruin, along their coaſtts it ſwept deſpair. Here, comrades, here, your veteran aſks you for his final triumph. *Here* pledge me to redeem my injured honour, and terribly avenge a murdered wife. Swear by your father's ghoſts, and their unburied bones; ſtill bleaching round theſe guilty ſhores. Here deeply and devoutly ſwear—"*Taranto falls!*"

(*A burſt of enthuſiaſtic muſic.—The ſtandard of the creſent is elevated, and the chieftains grouping round, proſtrate their bodies, and touch with their ſcymitars the holy ſign.*

'Tis ſworn! Alzonda's ſpirit ſmiles, and wafts the record of your oath to heaven. Swift! let action follow reſolution. Orcan, hoiſt from yon point the ſignal to the fleet, and haſte the landing of the troops and ſtores. Melek, Chereddin, hurry to your poſts; the Prophet this day combats in our van! Be theſe our battle-words—Alzonda! Victory and revenge! (*rushes into his tent.*

ACT II.

SCENE—*A Saloon.* ORIANA *diſcovered kneeling before* GONZALES.

Gon. (*Raiſing her.*) Riſe, Oriana, riſe to my arms, and, in their preſure feel yourſelf abſolved.

Oria. This wayward, diſobeying heart is then forgiven. Ah! that I could teach it to ſcruple with its duty leſs, and love Valentio more.

Gon. My child! I readily can pardon an involuntary fault. Love was ever known a wilful god; and tho' he ſtray with blinded eyes, but rarely will accept a guide. My kinſman muſt ſubmit to deſtiny. We'll think of him no more: but, tell me, Oriana, ingenuouſly tell me, is the heart, thus frozen againſt Valentio's vows, inſenſible alike to all his ſex.

Oria. (*In confuſion, averting her eyes.*) My father generouſly has ſaid, he never will control my choice. Ah! let him truſt his daughter's gratitude, ſhe never will beſtow that choice, where he condemns.

Gon. You compromise, but do not meet my queſtion. Away with artifice, and all its low, equivocating train! Between parents and their children, the noble language of truth and nature ſhould alone be ſpoken. Oriana, you *do* love—anſwer me frankly—Is not the object of your preference, Rinaldo?

Oria. My fault is found—pity what I dare not juſtify. (*Throws herſelf upon Gonzales's neck*)

Gon. Yet one more proof of tender confidence. has Rinaldo ever, by ſecret ſuit, ſolicited your love?

Oria Father! if my confeſſion waken indignation, here bid your juſtice brand the ſingle culprit; but let not, even for a moment, ſuſpicion glance on him, whoſe honor is his only wealth. It is my miſery, but not my ſhame, to love unequally—No, had Rinaldo ever *sought* my heart, then had I bluſhed for him and for myſelf; and ſcorned to love the man I could no more reſpect.

Gon. Enough, my heart is ſatisfied—it finds the object of its deareſt care unhappy, but not criminal.

Oria. You do not then condemn me? Ah! a crowd of eager hopes——

Gon. Repreſs them! for all our ſakes repreſs them in their birth. I do not blame your choice, yet dare not ſanction it.—Rinaldo, ill-fated ſuffering youth!

Oria. He ſtill then is regarded by your heart?

Gon. Tenderly, inexpreſſibly. My child, your confidence is yielded to no rigid judge; a fervent friend, an anxious parent guards, and now repays it with his own. Liſten to a ſecret, pregnant with you fate. This orphan, reared by ſeeming charity, deemed, in these halls, a ſtranger's iſſue, and obſcurely born, bears in his ſlandered veins, unconconſcious of their boaſt, the ſame exalted current with our own. Rinaldo is my nephew.

Oria. Amazement! a ſcion from the true Gonzales ſtock, ſo long o'erſhadowed by the proud and vain. O! bliſsful knowledge. But wherefore hold the generous youth in ignorance of his rank?

Gon. For his own eſſential peace. Never migh' ſweet content ſmooth poor Rinaldo's pillow more

if once he gueſſed the ſecret now diſcloſed to you. A cloud, a midnight cloud o'erhangs his birth. Seek not to lift the veil his better angel draws, in pity, round his fate.

Oria. Alas! muſt this dark myſtery prevail for ever?

Gon. Even o'er his tomb the banner of his anceſtors muſt never wave. Oriana, let your judgment ſpeak—The actions of the great, ſhould be examples to the leſs. Not that ourſelves can vouch them worthy, but that the general voice atteſt their worth. Such is the law ſociety ordains, and ſuch the tax pre-eminence muſt pay. Think, then, my child, whene'er the heireſs of Gonzales weds, no hand obſcure muſt claim ſuch lofty prize; the bridals, broadly as the day muſt blaze, and all who witness, juſtify her choice.

Oria My heart bleeds, yet it is convinced—I dare not murmur.

Gon. One diſtant chance alone repeals his doom. He who inherits not, may found a name.

Oria. Ah! my quick heart anticipates your word. He ſtill may claim me with an equal hand;
He may! he will! Strong virtue conquers fate.
Achievement crowns him with the hero's wreath,
The Moors fly, cruſh'd and routed by his arm,
Exulting Chriſtendom decrees a triumph,
And nations gratulate their champion knight!

Gon. How bright and ſudden are the dreams of youth;
Hope dances in thoſe ſunny eyes delighted,
And ſheds her glowing magic o'er the years
Futurity would veil in twilight's tint.
Unbroken be thy viſions, O, my child—
No breath of mine ſhall melt ſuch fairy froſt-work.

Enter Rinaldo.

Rin. My lord, your orders are obeyed: the troops
On every ſide have reach'd their given poſt,
The ſcene is glorious! o'er the broad rampart's edge,
Helm, targe, and corſlet, glitter in the ſun,
Reflecting mid-day to the ſkies again;
Elaſtic youth, new-tried by armour's weight,
Paces in graceful pride; while tottering ſires
Deſcribe the uſe of arms they wield no more.
Matrons and maids like morning, throng the ſtreets,
Lifting bright eyes, and looking cheerful ſmiles
To lords and lovers, on the walls above.
E'en infants clamb'ring thro' their bars, are ſeen
To claſp their little hands in prayer, and liſp,
"God keep us from the Moor!" O! 'tis an hour
Of beauteous omen, fearful to the foe.

Oria. Rinaldo ſpeaks as if his heart foreſaw
Fame, from immortal manſions darting down,
To crown the youth, who conquers for the Croſs.

Rin. Lady! your name alone would make this quarrel
Holy;—he ſurely fights in heaven's cauſe,
Who guards the reſidence an angel hallows.

Gon. The council now aſſemble to receive
Valentio's laſt report—on his return,
Rinaldo, join us, we ſhall need your voice,
Meanwhile, my daughter, call your youthful friends,
To celebrate, with feſtival, as wont,
This anniverſary of Chriſtian triumph,
And the proud Moors diſgrace. Let the gay ſhout
Riſe in my palace at the ſun-ſet hour,
And tell the foe how lightly we emprize
His boaſtful fury.—Oriana, come. (*Exit.*

Oria. (*Gazing on Rinaldo with reluctant tenderness.*)
Who dies the ſoldier's death, a tomb of tears,
Wept from proud ſorrow's heart, embalm his fall,
Till the great doomsday! but for him whoſe fate,
Leſs ſternly kind, returns him from the war
A living conqueror, be laurel-crowns,
By kings and ſenates twin'd, his glorious meed!
The minſtrel's harp, and grateful woman's ſong
Diſſolve his name in muſic, till it flow
A ſpell of inſpiration to the brave!
Rinaldo!—prayers go with thee to the fight!
(*Exit* Oriana.

Rin. Prayers—Oriana's prayers,—and breath'd for me!
Victorious charm! O! for ſome ſudden feat,
Some deed of wonder, ſhaming chronicles,
Wild as my hopes, great as my daring love,
To merit, and achieve the glorious prize!
Preſumptuous ſpirit! whither would'st thou ſoar?
Down, quickly down, from dizzy golden heights,
Where flames the ſuntoo proudly to be borne,
Cloak, like the Spartan boy, in artful ſmiles
Thy nature's agony—brave the keen tooth
That gnaws thy inmoſt life, and ſuffer e'en
To death, far rather than betray thy ſhame.

Enter ISIDORE.

Isid. Yonder he ſtands, alone and muſing.—Now's the fit time to urge my ſuit. Save you, Sir Rinaldo! were you in the mood to entertain poor clients, I had a boon to crave.

Rin. Pronounce it Iſidore, with half my promiſe plighted for its grant, before 'tis named. Is't a new collar for the greyhound? or broken feathers from

my plume, to help your maſking habit againſt the Carnival?

Isid. Tut! Signor, thoſe were the triflings of my childhood.—War clatters at our gates, and ſends a general invitation to Taranto's youth. Who would be abſent from ſo gay a tilt? Where victory ſcatters her laurels thickeſt, the brave Rinaldo ever treads the foremoſt path. Grant me, Sir knight, to pick up turbans as you mow off heads, and try the firſt fortune of my dagger at your ſide.

Rhin. My gallant Iſidore! were I to yield accord, you might not follow me. The lady Oriana claims your ſervice.

Isid. (*archly.*) Would that miſtreſs deem him less worthily her ſervant, who watched a life, more precious to her than her own? Ah! Sir knight, tho' you are the miracle of fencers, you cannot parry me there.

Rin. Boy! Isidore! you much miſtake, you——

Isid, No, no, no. Have I not marked, on mention of a certain cavalier, how, ever and anon, bluſhes have croſſed a lady's cheek, like roſes blown abroad by haſty winds? Then, how the bright tinge has hurried paſt, and the pale lily on that cheek ſat lonely? Have I not liſtened, while dreams betrayed from murmuring lips their ſecrets, and heard—"*Rinaldo?*"——

Rin. Hold! Iſidore—I muſt not—dare not truſt you further—As you value a lady's honour, and the pride of an unhappy heart, never ſpeak more upon this dangerous theme.

[*A Trumpet ſounds*]

Ha! that trumpet ſpeaks Valentio's return, the council wait me.

Isid. Nay, but my boon, Sir Knight, my boon.—

Rinal. Merit it by discretion, next to valour, the soldier's best endowment. Remember honor is the only good poſseſsed in life, that I may claim my own, a breath unconscioufly might fully it for ever. Isidore! generous, but too guileleſs youth far from *your* heart be the pang of meriting reproaches drawn from *mine.* [*Exit* Rinaldo.

Isid. Shame never cloud thy spirit, gallant knight, 'till Isidore turn traitor to his charge. And fortune if she be not indeed the hoodwinked buzzard, poets feign her, crown thee with favours, matchleſs as thy merits, and so redeem her character from slandering tongues—ah! woe betide the Moors, if once Sir Rinaldo and his 'squire come about their quarters—"*Oriana*" his watch word, "*Rosalinda*," mine.

SONG—Isidore.

The crescent unfurls its pale pride at our gate,
And the Infidel's challenge, thrown,
Let age and the dastard in apathy wait,
But the true knight by action be known.

Away to the field, where the scymetar's flare,
And the war-cry of Moslem, defies;
A rose for the bonnet of youth blossoms there,
'Tis the rose, whose fair leaf, never dies.

That white rose of honor, that flower without stain,
For me, and my name, may it bloom;
Round life's fairy day, sweet embraces to strain,
And be planted still fresh on my tomb.

The dew that embalms it, thro' time's toilsome round,
Be love's tear shed from beauty's fond eyes;
And when man shall have moulder'd, his record be found,
In the rose whose fair leaf never dies.

SCENE—*The Council Chamber—Gonzales, Valentio, Ambrosio, Rinaldo, and Knights discovered.*

Gon. Yield to a pyrate's summons? dare propose
Vile bonds and infamy to christian knights!
Val. Chains are the mildest doom the Moor vouchsafes,
Chains that shall dragg our limbs round burning Afric,
A shameful spectacle, then fasten us,
For life like wretches to the oar. To those
Who yield, and spare his arm the labour of
A blow, this is his *mercy*.——Gueſs then, friends!
What damned torments cruelty would pour
On the bold spirit that resists, if e'er
Taranto sink by conquest in his thrall!
Hatred to the whole Chriſtian name he boaſts,
But chief, Gonzales, against *thee* proteſts
A deadly, fix'd, and individual feud!
Gon. I clutch that challenge with as keen a joy
As ever bridegroom clasp'd the maid who bleſsed him,
Deep as the Moor's, *my* hatred strikes its root,
And bears, maturely grown, a fruit as red;
Our's is a strife of souls, that fiecely cry
Againſt each other, for such smarting wounds,
As life, spun out thro' ages, might not heal.
Why, in his miſerable hour, I smote
A shipwreck'd foe, with such unsparing sword,
It boots not now to tell:——yet, all was *justice*.
In native Spain, while yet my youth was green,
The crescent first provok'd that ireful deed,
Which annual festival this eve records.——
But to resolve! shall we by ling'ring siege
Weary and waste the Inffidel; or, forth,
And beard him even to the ocean's marge?

Amb. Great captain! if a veteran's voice may weigh,
Safe in these circling walls, Taranto locks
Her sons, smiling at foes her strength defies.
Give but a single moon to light strange watchings,
And troops from Naples march to our relief:
'Till then, the buckler, not the sword, be worn.

Rin. O! fatal counsel! murderous to the hope
Of youthful chivalry!—A hero sure,
Grown reverend in arms, like fam'd Ambrosio,
To spirits in their spring, would ne'er decree
A course, his own intrepid youth disdained?
How! hide in chambers? or, from turrets tops
Gaze listless and secure, while ruin's hand
Hurls the red torch round our defenceless vales?
While rape and murder scare the peasant's hearth,
And woman shrieks for aid, yet shrieks in vain?
Perish the cold, inglorious thought!——for battle,
Instant, and open battle I declare!

Val. Forgive me, each, when I advise a mean,
That shuns with equal strictness, both extremes.
From our own thresholds to avert the storm,
Yet with indifference mark the lightning strike
A neighbour's thatch, were heartless policy.
Rash too I deem that gallantry, which courts
Immediate battle, where our all is stak'd,
'Ere the full puissance of the foe be known.
E'en now, some venturous squadrons of the Moor,
In careless insolence, encamp against
Our western gate, at distance from their strength.
What, if at sun-set, when the festive shout
Rings merrily, I lead a chosen band,
And strike these scatterlings? their rout were easy;
Thus should we send defiance and dismay
To all the unblest host; yet shun the risk

Of staking dearly 'gainst gigantic odds.
Gon. Aptly, and bravely thought! Valentio; bear
Our ampleſt power, and uſe it as you liſt.
The war's first honors freely be your own,
Chuse from our knights your partners of the field.
[*All rise and come forward.*
Val. (*croſsing the stage to* Rinaldo.)
Here my first challenge rests. Let brave Rinaldo
Snatch half the laurels fortune now decrees.
Past, petty feuds acknowledg'd and forgot,
Hence let our spirits start a nobler race,
And, "who may merit of his country best"
Be all our rivalry.
Gon. Excellent youth!
My kinsman now by dearer ties than blood.
Rin. (*Graſping Valentio's hand with emotion.*)
Valentio! ah!—language were but vain;——
Actions, not words, muſt pay thy nobleneſs.
Lead to the field——and fortune guide me there,
With single aim to Aben-Hamet's breaſt!
Gon. (*With suddenſs of expreſsion.*)
Hold! this,—this may not be,—Valentio, make
A different choice, Rinaldo must remain.
Rin. Remain? impoſsible! beſeech you Sir!
Gon. Forbear solicitations, I am fixed.
Rin. Enough, my lord! your soldier sinks, disgrac'd;
When glory, and the generous war invite,
Rinaldo muſt not join the favor'd band:
His lowly birth and poverty are found,
And now his ſorrows are indeed his ſhame.
Gon. Ungenerous reproach! I will not chide,——
But were my heart reveal'd, your's wou'd avenge
Thoſe hard rash words.
Rin. Am I then, still belov'd?
Lo! at your sacred feet I cast myself,

Look on this croſs, the only legacy
A parent's love bequeath'd.—You oft' have said
My mother fix'd it with her dying hand,
Upon my infant breast, and her last sigh
Breath'd a beſeeching prayer, that the bleſt sign
Might prove eternally her orphan's guide.
Now from her lowly grave, that mother claims
Fulfilment of her will.—The Chriſtian faith
This hour invokes its champions.—Shall I turn
Apostate from the glorious cause? O! baſeneſs!
Religion, conscience, and my parent's ghost
All awefully forbid —— great heaven! you weep
Kind, bleſsed drops! they pity my despair.

Gon. Yes, my Rinaldo! these are truly tears
Of pity, from its deepeſt, pureſt ſource.
O! while you preſs that croſs, and name your mother,
The look and action of the dead return,
And the tomb speaks with a fresh waking voice——
Riſe, riſe, and ſpare me pangs you cannot gueſs.

[*Pauſes for a moment to maſter his emotions.*

Young man 'tis my fixt ſentence you remain.——
Aſk not my motives, they are ſacred; yet
Think not your valour ſlighted—to your charge
I yield the subteranean paſs, this ſpeaks
My confidence—reſpect the friendly voice,
That, harſhly ſounding, ſtill decrees your good,
And think *your* honor guarded by my *own*.

[*Exeunt all but* Rinaldo *and* Valentio.

Val. (*aside.*) It ſtings him deeply—now to work my ends.——
Why droops the gallant soul? nay, never bend
The eagle's eye to melancholy earth;
But lift it ſparkling with courageous hope.

Rin. Illuſtrious youth! to thee my cauſe of grief
Were little, thou art nobly born, a name

Transmitted from the brave of elder time
Already ſtamps thee honor'd among men.——
But I—no proud diſtinction grac'd my birth,
Caſt bare by fortune, in the joſtling crowd,
Among machines that breathe, and think they live—
Call'd from the duſt, to crawl a few vile years,
And then be duſt again—O! bitter ſpite.
Now, only *now*, I might have ſoar'd above
My grovelling deſtiny, but hands I reverence
Repel my ſtruggles, and I ſink for ever!
Val. Live to a nobler courſe—to glory, love,
And Oriana live!—aye! Oriana!
Hence with reſerve, your rival is your friend.
Rin. Rival! just heaven! recall ſuch wrongful term—
Valentio! no——my wildeſt vanity
Never aſpir'd to that preſumptuous boaſt.
True, that I love the beauteous maid, as true
I wiſh her happier fortune far from mine,—
If to enſhrine her image in my heart,
And bend there all its ſecret thoughts in worſhip,
If, at dark midnight, from that image ſtill
To draw immortal brightneſs on my dreams,
So, waking ere the dawn, to have my prayer
Betimes at heaven's gate, murmuring her name,
And ſueing bleſsings for her with freſh day,——
If this be rivalry, your friend, indeed,
Hath ſinn'd—yet all his daring faults were theſe.
Val. Ah! cou'd a heart, ſo finely paſsionate,
Lock love to its embrace, yet baniſh hope?
Rin. Valentio! ſtand all my folly forth!
Haſt thou not heard wier'd mariners report
How, when the ſun ſets goldenly at ſea,
A wave ſcarce rippling, and no wind that dares——
The mermaid floats upon her coral chair,

And o'er the burniſh'd water pours ſuch ſongs
As promiſe nameleſs good? ſteeping the ſenſe
Of him, that liſtens, in delicious dotage?
E'en while the pilot credulouſly ſmiles,
How the vaſt billow tumbles o'er his deck
And yawns the gulf for his unfathom'd grave?
So hope hath lull'd this heart in coz'ning dreams,
So reaſon's ſterner voice hath burſt the trance,
And thus deſpair hath darkly ended all.

Val. Thrice noble heart! how this ſincerity
Endears thee! let Valentio emulate
The virtue he admires, here do I pledge
A friendſhip, warm and laſting as my life.——
Together let us preſs with even race
To glory's goal—and love the myrtle grant
To him, who foremoſt wins the laurel crown.

Rin. Exalted, matchleſs friend! loſt and ſubdued,
I caſt myſelf at once upon thy care,
Diſpoſe my wavering fortunes as thou wilt.

Val. My friendſhip ſtudies now thy deareſt wiſh,
Gonzales has forbid—fearing, perchance,
Too raſh a gallantry, thy ſword to join
In the impending fray, *we* ſally by
The weſtern gate;——in *your* command are left
The ſubterranean paſses to the eaſt.
Here my brain works——that ſecret poſtern opens
On the lone beach, thence, under the tall rocks,
By eaſy circuit you might ſhun the town,
And meet us, unſuſpected, on the plain.

Rin. (*impetuously.*) My great preſerver! guardian
of my fame!
Eternal bleſſings crown thee for that thought!
Yes! the illuſtrious danger ſtill is mine.——
But how, divided by the town's extent,
How, plung'd in caverns, may I rightly gueſs
The moment of attack?

Val. Fix we a ſignal!
Even to those central vaults the roar of cannon
Wou'd pour its echoes down—twice ſhall a gun
Fire from the rampart, to announce the time.
Rin. Then, at the ſecond ſhot—
Val. Unlock the poſtern.
Rin. Enough! I know my venture. Friend, farewell!
Val. Away to victory, and laurel-wreaths!
Rin. Or to a graceful death,—a ſoldiers grave!
[*Exeunt seperately.*

SCENE—*The rocks below the Fortreſs.*

Enter Melek, *with an arrow. and a paper round it, followed by* Cherreddin.

Mel. How ſay you! ſped by ſome unknown hand?
Cher. Even so; the arrow lighted but a few paces from my ſtand; that ſcroll was twiſted round it.
Mel. 'Tis a plan of the ſubterranean paſs, with all the intricacies of its darkling maze at full denoted, such clue alone was needing to inſure ſucceſs.
Cher. Between yon jutting rocks yawns the entrance of our rendezvous.
Mel. Already Aben-Hamet has explored its dreary limits. You, with Bensalla and the Syrian Horſe, preſerve your ambush in the wood, ready to cover a retreat, if treaſon diſappoint our hopes. Remember, 'tis at ſun-ſet we expect the ſignal.
[*Exit* Melek.
Cher. The weſtern heaven already crimſons with departing day. O'er *thee*, devoted city! ſun never yet did haſten to so red a ſet!

AIR.—*Cherriddin.*

Wild as mountain torrents flow,
Moslem warriors charge the foe,
Sword and sabre madly clash,
Sparks from cloven helmet flash—
Purple rivers—hills of slain—
Still the Cresent sweeps the plain—
Death is joyous to the brave!
Glory crowns the Hero's grave.

Youth's who fall in earthly fight,
Rise to live in worlds more bright;
Each, an Hourie at his side—
Clasps a dazzling deathless bride.
In her lap his helmet lies,
Twin'd with flowers of Paradise!
Endless life rewards the brave—
Eden blooms beyond the grave!

SCENE—*The subterranean paſs, with the postern at its extremity.—Lamps, disposed at intervals, cast a partial light over the scene.—Rinaldo descends a flight of steps, hewn roughly in the rock.*

Rin. 'Tis here theſe rocky labyrinths end—yonder the postern opens to the cave, and ebbing tides fret hoarsely on the beach beyond. Their's is the lonely ſound to break the ſabbath of my path. Already, in carouſal loſt, the city clamours o'er my

head, with joys exceſs—yet,in this womb of earth, a little from that cheerful ſurface ſunk, life's image is no more—oblivion and the tomb are figured round me.—How awfully theſe ſhadowy ſolitudes impreſs the ſoul! (*Kneels.*) Parents! whose human sympathies, I ne'er might prove, if, in your second, *better* life, with natural tenderneſs you watch me ſtill—parental spirits! O! be preſent to your orphan now! guide him thro' the battle's rage in danger's worſt appalling ſhape, and if he follow with no faltering ſtep, grant him, at last, his ſoul's dear prayer, a *name*,—a bright, diſtinguiſhed *name!* that ſhall ſurvive eternally in hiſtory's page, and ſhine a beacon to the brave of future times. But if his ſullen ſtars deride his longings, and defeat your love, then, ſacred ſhades! receive him, dying to yourſelves again, virtuous, tho' humble, if ungraced by honors, yet ſpotleſs from reproach—so ſhall the generous few, who trace the poor man's epitaph, pronounce, " Fate was his foe, or nature meant him for a nobler tomb!"

[*The firſt report of cannon ſounds.*]

Ha! Valentio's ſignal! hail! hail! inſpiring ſound! once again the gun muſt fire, and then—O! moment of ſuſpenſe, diſordering fancies, and impulſive hopes!

[*The cannon fires again.*]

It ſounds, it ſummons me! now, deſtiny! I dare thee to the proof!

[*He applies the key, inſtantly the iron portals ſinks into the ground, and armed Moors ruſh into the ſpace it has unfolded.*]

Rin. Ha! betrayed!—betrayed!

[*He ſprings backward to the foot of the rocky ſtaircaſe, and flings himſelf in a poſture of defence,*

acroſs the lower ſteps, ſo as to barricade with his body the paſſage. The Moors with headlong rapidity, continue to pour thro' the poſtern, till they fill the oppoſite ſide of the ſtage to Rinaldo.]

Mel. Youth! ſurrender, or meet thy inſtant fate!

Rin. Never will I forſake my poſt:—hew me to pieces with a thouſand ſcymetars—he who firſt advances, dies! here, to the laſt of life, will I perſiſt to cling, faithful, tho' deſperate, defying, tho' undone.

Mel. Cruſh the ſtripling at a blow!

[*The Moors raiſe their weapons,—Aben-Hamet ſtops them.*]

Aben. Hold! take him; but on your ſouls, forbear his life! a brave man, overwelmed by odds, be ſacred even to his foe.

Rin. I ſcorn all terms, and dare you to the death.

Aben. Clear the paſs, but kill him not, I charge you.

[*Four Moors advance to overbear his sword. Some ſpring to the ſtair beyond Rinaldo, then ſeize and diſarm him from behind.*]

Rin. (*Struggling.*) Madneſs! ruin! Shame! deſpair!

Aben. Guard him ſecurely—protect him from himſelf—a ſoul ſo gallant merits all your care.

[*Two of the Moors force away Rinaldo thro' the poſtern, Aben Hamet refers to the ſcroll, which contains the clue, then turns rapidly to the ſtairs.*

Aye! the firſt aſcent leads to Gonzales's palace—Ha! that palace, where, e'en now, revelry and feaſt inſult the memory of our ſlaughter'd comrades. Hail! righteous judgement! Allah's own decree! On warriors, on revenge! revenge!

[*They ruſh towards the ſtairs as the ſcene cloſes.*]

SCENE—*A Gallery,*

Enter ROSALIND *and* VIOLA *meeting.*

Roſ. I prythee, Viola, did'ſt meet the page—that ſcurvy Iſidore?

Vio. Aye, marry!—but now I paſſed him, ſcampering towards the weſtern gate.

Ros. What ſpeeds him thither, at an hour like this?

Vio. He ſaid to watch the lord Valentio and his knights march forth—but ſhrewdly do I gueſs he means to tilt it in their train—he ran ſo eagerly.

Ros. A graceleſs promiſe breaker!—Is this his faith upon St. Clara's Eve?

Vio. Now, too, when all Taranto keep the feaſt, Such joyous bell-peals, and tapers ſparkling merrily from every lattice—Ne'er think upon him, Roſalind, but follow me, and join the revellers [*Exit.*

Ros. Well—if he fights—and if he falls—but no, St. Clara will protect him, ſince he combats for her honour. So if the youth return with laurel, I'll e'en grant the olive—and perhaps a ſprig of *myrtle* to complete his garland.

AIR—ROSALIND.

From the tented field of daring,
Youth! return with laurel crown'd;
Myrtle ſhall, thy chaplet ſharing,
Twiſt its ſnowy bloſſoms round.
Fortune's minion! Child of glory!
Love delighted hears thy vow,
Fame declares its ſhining ſtory,
Freſh and fadeleſs on thy brow. [Exit.

SCENE—*A Superb Garden in front of Gonzales's Palace, prepared for a feſtival.—A lofty Terrace croſſes the ſtage, upon which Gonzales and Oriana are ſeated.—The intervals between the ſide-ſcenes are cloſed*

by gilded lattices. The windows of the palace are illuminated, and trophies of victory are disposed among the trees.—Male dancers, in front of the stage commence a martial ballet, in which the triumphs of the Christians over the Moors is described.—At the close, they kneel to Oriana.—During the ballet, Rosalind and women have entered the terrace, from the palace.

Oria. You have achieved your prizes gallantly.—Beauty's hands beſtow the favors deareſt to the brave—My fair companions! diſpenſe your colours and your ſmiles around.

The female dancers descend the terrace, bearing ſcarfs, which they faſten acroſs the breast-plates of the men.—A general dance commences; ſuddenly, a tremendous craſh interrupts the festival.—Gonzales, Oriana, &c. ruſh forward from the terrace, in consternation.—A ſecond craſh succeeds.—Instantly the front of the terace gives way, and falls into a frightful ruin, over which the Moors tumultuouſly emerge from the boſom of the earth. At the same instant, all the lattices between the ſide scences, are ſhivered iuto pieces, and javelins protude from evey opening.—Deſtruction envelopes the ſcene at every point.—The Chriſtians fall proſtrate in the centre of the ſtage.—Gonzales alone stands erect.—Aben Hamet perceives him, and ruſhes forward.

Aben. Die! oppreſſor of the helpleſs, die!

He lifts his ſcymetar to strike, Oriana springs between, and plants herself to meet the blow.

Oria. Mercy! mercy! 'Tis a daughter's prayer!

Aben Hamet arrests his arm.—The entire stage is grouped into a picture of various horror, and the Curtain falls.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE—*The gardens of the palace now converted into utter deſolation.—Groups of Moors ſcattered among the wreck of its ſplended embeliſhments.—Aben Hamet advances, with triumphant animation, from the diſtant ruins.*

Aben. Victory's golden work ſtands now complete. High o'er Taranto's central ſpire the creſent floats, and Aben Hamet legiſlates within the palace of his foe. (*Surveys the ſcene with a laugh of bitter exultation.*) Hail! beautious deſolation, hail! Here bloomed the bowers, here glittered the arcades, where the vain Chriſtian held his triumphs.—Ha, ha, ha, the ſcymetar has clipped their pride! Grim revenge! here behold an altar, worthy of thy direſt ſmile! Ghoſts of my ſlaughtered warriors! acknowledge here your ample monument! Alzonda, thou alone art unattoned. Chide not my tardy juſtice, injured ſhade, the lateſt, and the proudeſt victim falls to thee.

Mel. Your arm forgot its purpoſe, and ſpared Gonzales, when his daughter knelt.

Aben Spared! ſaid'ſt thou? Eternal Allah! Think'ſt thou, the murderer of my wife is ſpared? Thou little know'ſt the temper of this ſoul.—No—I thank the pleading girl, who check'd my fury, and gave the paſſions leiſure to be juſt. Gonzales now ſhall fall by open and deliberate trial. The world

ſhall know my injuries, and poſterity acquit me of injuſtice. Where is that youth, that matchleſs ſpirit, whom I charged you bring before me when the fray ſhould end?

Mel. A guard waits with him in the porch beyond.

Aben. Inſtantly lead him to my preſence.

[*Exit* Melek.

My ſpirit ſwells to meet the hero with its ſtrongeſt ſympathies.—The friendſhip of one bold and independent mind, to me were pledge of prouder conqueſt, than vows of homage from a hoſt of ſlaves.

Re-enter Melek, *with* Rinaldo *guarded.*

Young warrior, welcome!—How's this! in chains?

Rin. Aye! Moor,—the common habit of my fallen country.

Aben. Strike off his bonds—diſgraceful to the victor, not the vanquiſhed.——Hold! the office be my own.—Thus let me ſhew the reverencc I feel for valour. (*Releaſes* Rinaldo.

Rin. Before I thank you, on what condition is my liberty reſtored?

Aben. I ſhould diſdain myſelf to mention any—Your own honor will ſuggeſt the nobleſt. Youth, I invite you to become my friend. I am told you are an orphan. Aben Hamet will adopt you.—Taranto and the Chriſtian ſtandard are loſt to you. Africa, and the honours of the Sultan's court, are offered as their recompenſe—Speak! may this be?

Rin. Conqueror!—generous conqueror! My native land, tho' laid in ruins, is my country ſtill; and rather would I periſh on the ſacred aſhes of her fame, than live for thrones of glory on a foreign ſoil.

Aben. I eſteem you for the very pride which diſappoints my wiſhes.—Well! you cannot be my friend; but I may ſtill be yours. Can I ſerve you, and ſo oblige myſelf.

Rin. Ah! might I plead for others?

Aben. (*Quickly.*) Any, ſave Gonzales—Avoid but *his* name, and ranſom, at a word, from bondage, whom thou wilt.

Rin. Bondage! Juſt heavens! was Oriana doomed to bondage?

Aben. Ha! a woman is the boon!—Right! right! Beauty's boſom ſhould be the pillow of the brave. *I*, too loved *once*—'tis paſt,—but I can feel for others—(*Panſes for a moment, with emotion, graſps Rinaldo's hand.*) Youth, be happy! if my power can make thee ſo. (*Takes a ring from his finger.*) This ſignet is obeyed by all; paſs freely from Taranto—make whom thou wilt companions of thy liberty. Soon the wide waves will roll between us, and never ſhall our eyes encounter more.—Yet, brave youth, forget me not—I ſhall remember thee! Thine own Prophet be thy guard!—Farewell! farewell! (*He departs with a hurried ſtep, and agitated manner; Moors follow him.*

Rin. Fate checquers yet her dark decrees with one bright line. Oriana will be ſaved by *me*! Saved! ſaid I! how! a lonely wanderer in a foreign clime, whilſt her ſuffering country, her devoted father—O miſerable thought! is this the boon I would ſo proudly proffer?—The patriot's and the daughter's virtue, both would ſcorn me for a thought ſo baſe.

Some notes of a Mooriſh march without.

Ha! what fatal ſpectacle is this?—My Oriana, pale, diſhevell'd, drowned in tears—Gonzales, too, that great and venerable man, diſgraced with chains!—Hold yet, my heart!—a ſuffocating weight, it preſſes

here—it cruſhes life! (*He ſtaggers faintly againſt one of the mutilated columns, and leans for ſupport.* Orcan *and Mooriſh ſoldiers croſs the ſtage in front, conducting* Gonzales—Oriana *clinging to his arm.*

Gon. (*Pauſing in the centre of the ſtage.*) Leave me, Oriana! I fain would paſs the conflict with unſhrinking ſoul, but thy diſtracting tears ſubdue me ſtill. Nay, part we here——

Oria. I never diſobeyed till now;—but *here* to part, and part for ever? Oh! no, no,—ſtill let me cling around this ſacred form—a little longer preſs this dear, *dear* hand in mine—deny not to a breaking heart ſo poor a prayer!

Gon. Be it ſo!—hold with me to the laſt! (*Graſps her hand with ſolemn energy.*) Now, to this mockery, you call my trial—Moor! lead on!

(Rinaldo *advances ſuddenly, and kneels to* Gonzales.)

Rin. My lord—my patron! bleſs me with a word before you paſs.

[Oriana *ſhrieks, and hides her face in her father's boſom.* Gonzales *ſtarts with a ſhuddering look, then appearing not to notice* Rinaldo, *addreſſes* Orcan *haughtily.*

Gon. Sir! you are a ſoldier, and by that honourable name I charge you, make not a veteran, altho' your priſoner and foe, a paſſing mockery for ſlaves and traitors.—Lead on! (*Attempts to paſs.*

Rin. How! paſs without a word?—a look?—Oh! Sir, in mercy, turn on my deſpair, and ſpeak!

[*Catching his cloak.*

Gon. Off! deteſted monſter, off! I would not call the lightning down—Why will thou tempt my curſes?

Rin. Eternal Juſtice! this to me!—Gonzales—Father!——

Gon. Avaunt!—Thy ſight is horror, and thy touch polution!

Rin. (*Frantickly.*) What is my tranſgreſſion?—How have I offended?

Gon. Behold theſe chains! the fatal gift thy gratitude beſtows upon the arms which foſtered and preſerved thee!—Paricide! knoweſt thou that damning term——*Betrayer of thy Country.*

Rin. I a traitor? I? Oriana! ſave me from madneſs—Say, *you* believe me guiltleſs!

Oria. Wherefore are *you* at liberty, while all Taranto wears the bondſman's badge? Alas! I dare not doubt.

Gon. Wretch!—heaven hath mercy infinite, but man diſclaims thy proteſtations and thy name for ever. [*Exit with* Oriana *and guards.*

[Orcan *and two guards remain.* Rinaldo *ſtands ſpeechleſs and immoveable, gazing with intenſe and fearful abſtraction on the ſpace before him.*

Rin Fate! fate! yes! this abſolute perdition is the work of *Fate* alone! Chance never could have ſhaped a curſe ſo infinite! 'Tis well,—Ye dark prevailing ſtars! your malice now is ſpent, and ruin cannot ſink your victim deeper.

Orcan. Young ſoldier! You are brave, and Abbe Hamet reverence your virtue. Let the proud Chriſtian ſpurn you—Glory, and the Mooriſh cauſe are ſtill your friends.

Rin. Away! away! deſtroying fiends! your fatal friendſhip has undone my fame—my only wealth,—my dear, immortal fame! Yet, but one little hour, 'twas pure and ſpotleſs; now, grimed and murky as your Mooriſh ſkins.—*Traitor! Traitor!*—Whoſe tongue hath ſlandered me? Speak, lips like mid-

night!—Such as are only fitted to reply—anſwer me —am I that damning name?

Orcan. You are a juſt and honourable knight—altho' our enemy, we view you with reſpect.

Rin. "Why are thoſe hands at liberty, when all Taranto wears the bondſman's badge?" *She* ſpoke it, *ſhe*, whoſe lips were mercy's oracles—*ſhe* breathed that killing taunt!—(*Wildly.*) Recall your curſed boon, inhuman Moors!—Swift! bear me from hateful day-light, and contagious air!—Load me with fetters, ponderous as my griefs,—plunge me in dungeons—bury me in night! Nay, hold me not to this deteſted life! *Traitor! Traitor!* Come, bind me to the rack—ply me with tortures, ſharper than my wrongs!—then drag theſe limbs, impaled and broken, round Taranto's ſtreets—rip up this breaſt in my accuſer's ſight—pluck forth the panting heart at laſt, and ſay its truth is witneſſed by its blood. [*Daſhes himſelf deliriouſly upon the ground.*

Orcan. Nay, rouze thee, youth! ſink not in deſpair! We all will clear thee from reproach; Aben Hamet's mighty ſelf ſhall vouch thy honor to the world.

Rin, (*Springing up.*) He *muſt*—by heaven, he ſhall! —Moor thou haſt named the only hope that wakes me from the grave. Yes! Aben Hamet ſhall proclaim my innocence! Then howe'er unhappy, undiſgraced I die.—The aſhes of the virtuous will not ſcorn communion with my duſt, and hiſtory's ſunbright page ſhall yet record, "Rinaldo ſleeps not in the Traitor's grave!" [*He ruſhes out followed by the Moors.*

SCENE—*A Corridor.*—*Enter* ROSALIND.

SONG—ROSALIND.

O! Liberty! thou that with eye darkly glowing,
Wert wont thro' our valley's delighted to stray,
No zone on thy bosom—thy locks loosely flowing—
Dear Daughter of Nature! twin-born with the day!
The spoiler hath rear'd his red throne on our shore,
And the shrine where I bless'd thee is kindled no more.

Lov'd Queen of my worship! tho' tyrants may force me
In fetters and shame o'er the measureless wave,
From the land of my fathers', tho' ocean divorce me,
Yet in dreams shalt thou visit the heart of the slave.
My lost native scenes shall illusion restore,
And the shrine where I bless'd thee be kindled once more.

Iſidore (*Speaking without.*) No foothings, Viola—Flattery is not for a grief like ours.

He enters with Viola, *and ſtands despondingly when he ſees* Roſalind.

Iſid. Ah! Roſalind, is it thus we meet?

Ros. (*Sighing.*) 'Tis true, we parted in a happier hour.

Iſid. Thou, too, a ſlave! and ſlave to Infidels! Oh! I ſhall run diſtracted.——Rinaldo! that name I almoſt worſhipped once, muſt I live to curſe it?

Ros. That gallant youth! how has he wrong'd you?

Iſid. Oh! I could have waged my ſoul upon his cauſe!! but all tongues cannot have conſpired to ſlander.

Ros. Slander, Rinaldo! whoſe is the lip that dare!

Vio. The very Moors confeſs, their victory was obtained by treaſon, tho' they refuſe to name the traitor.

Iſid. And he, alone had means to yield the paſs, by which they entered.—No, no, 'tis palpable! Speak, Roſalind, how fares it with our hapleſs miſtreſs?

Ros. Even as with one, whoſe hope had flown to better worlds, and left no relique here—She waits, with breaking heart, the good Gonzales' ſentence.—Till that is paſt, our ſervice cannot reach her.

Iſid. Ah! let us watch her griefs, with duty's tendereſt care. Comfort yet may viſit her boſom, for there dwells innocence! But *thou*, Rinaldo,—O! on breaſt like thine, the ſmiling Cherub Peace deſcends no more!

GLEE—ISADORE, ROSALIND, *and* VIOLA,

Nor throne of state, nor trophy'd bed,
Can sooth the traitor's fever'd head,
Or win one hour's repose!
In vain with flow'rs he decks his grief,
A spot pollutes each lily's leaf,
A canker mars each rose.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*A Chamber, Aben-Hamet is discover'd seated, and lost in thought, suddenly he rises, and paces the apartment with rapid step.*

Aben. Hence! hence! unworthy ſoftneſs! no it will not be, his features and his accents haunt me ſtill—they faſten on my heart, and twine round all its thoughts. Wherefore this ſtrange tenderneſs for one, who diſclaims my friendſhip, flies into diſtant regions, and will ſoon forget me—nay, not ſo—his freedom and his miſtreſs have been *my* gift, he will be happy, and while he revels in the bliſs of liberty and love, he ſometimes *muſt* remember Aben-Hamet.

Enter MELEK.

Mel. General! our captives muſter in the ſquare. Taranto, from your lip, awaits its deſtiny.

Aben. Thy word recalls me to myſelf. O! Melek, my ſoul was wandering far from glory and revenge; but now it wakes again to all its fires! where is my victim.

Mel. The war council have pronounced the ſentence, and now your guards conduct Gonzales to his fate.

Aben. Ha! that fell deſtroyer of my peace—his hours are counted—he inſults no more—come Melek, come!

Mel. A moment yet, a certain Signor firſt demands an audience;—'tis our concealed ally.

Aben. The miſcreant who betrayed his country? true, the wages of his guilt are yet unpaid, my ſight aches when I behold a traitor; but ſend him for his hire.

Mel. He bears him haughtily, and prates already of neglect.

Aben. The inſolent! quick,—quick,—let me be ridden of his claim for ever.

(*Exit* Melek.

Muses for a moment, then smiles, as if his thoughts involuntarily turned towards a theme more grateful.

Yes! one green palm is waving amidst the ſea of ſands! Rinaldo will live happy in his Oriana's arms.

(*Re-enter* Melek *conducting* Valentio.)

Val. My lord, I find you difficult of acceſs, methinks, ſuch ſervices as mine, might well have claimed an earlier regard.

Aben. [*Surveys him for a moment with cold disdain, then turns abruptly to Melek.*]

Melek! conduct this Signor to the ſpot, where all the plunder of the town lies heaped—one moiety of the dazzling pile at once is his—now Signor, our compact ſtands confirmed on either ſide,—no words are needed, ſave "farewell". [*turning to depart.*]

Val. Hold yet my lord:—I claim a nobler recompence.

Aben. How! half the booty, and yet unſatisfied! well! I will not diſpute upon your price! Melek! yield him the entire maſs, *all* the plunder—aye! all, *all* my ſoldiers ſhall be paid from my own coffers—away!

Val. Moor! think'ſt thou a Cavalier is paid with ſordid treaſure?

Aben. Humph! gold is the ordinary return for treaſon, but ſtate your claim finally and briefly.

Val. A ſingle captive—ORIANA.

Aben. The daughter of Gonzales? Impoſſible! I cannot yield her.

Val. Not yield her?—the prize, for which my ſoul hath braved perdition? by heaven and hell! ſhe *muſt* be mine—think'ſt thou, avarice or ambition were my lures? no, Moor! 'twas *love!* abſorbing, abſolute,—predominating *love!*

Aben. Love! thou love? ha! ha! thou miſtak'ſt; call a groſs impulſe by its truer name, not love, but *appetite*—love is a beauteous, bright, and holy flame, that delicately burns for finer ſouls, but never kindled in a breaſt impure—think on't no more!—go, and in guilty greatneſs ſeek that meed thy wish hath coveted, thy act hath earned! live, envied, yet deſpiſed—meet homage every where, but never find reſpect; revel in riches, that may purchase all, ſave prayers, ſhine out in glory, be inſolently ſplendid and profuſe, and, if thou can'ſt, be *happy.*

[*Exit* Aben-Hamet.

Val. Turn, thou injurious! by hell! he leaves me, like a ſlave deſpiſed— ſcorn in his eye, and contumely upon his tongue——ha! defrauded of the glorious prize at laſt? no, by the darkneſs of deſpair, it ſhall not be, this turban'd cheat ſhall tremble at my rage——rob me of Oriana?
The pirate dares not!

Mel. Away! thou brawling arrogance, and know that Aben-Hamet dares do all, ſave that, which only *thou* might'ſt dare,—*Betray his country.*

[*Exit* Melek.

[*Valentio furiouſly draws his ſword, as if about to purſue his reviler—a ſudden feeling checks the action—he pauſes for a moment, trembling and ſpeechleſs thro' conflicting paſſions, then drops the point of his weapon towards the ground.*]

Val. Why, aye! I am, indeed, a wretch, a very wretch, fallen from glory's beaming heights, into a dark deep of infamy, where crimes, and ſhames o'erbear me with a mountain's weight——honor! Valentio's honor! oh! thou ſtar! that danced ſo jopously in heaven once,—thy beauteous ſtation midſt thy peers is loſt, and now thou'rt hurled for ever down, ten thouſand fathoms from redemption's reach! Oriana and Rinaldo! ungrateful miſtreſs, and accurſed rival,—yours are the hands, which plunge me in perdition—tis well—the gulf is infinite, and ſhall embrace us all, the Apoſtate Angel, when he loſt the ſkies, in his new hell one ſoothing miſtreſs found, divorced from hope, he grappled with revenge——breath'd on the favour'd pair his native plague, and marr'd that Paradiſe he might not ſhare.

Rinaldo (*ſpeaking without.*) Away! away! withhold me not!

Val. Ha! that voice—my evil genius calls,

[*Valentio involuntarily assumes a hostile attitude, Rinaldo rushes wildly in, and stands the image of despair before him.*

Rin. Am I rejected by Valentio too?

[*Valentio recollects himself, flings away the sword, and extends his arm towards Rinaldo, with a labour'd smile*]

Val. My friend!

Rin. Friend! God bless the for that word! *one* noble breast regards me still—*one* honorable voice yet calls me *friend.*

[*He precipitates himself into Valento's embrace*]

Val. Rouse thee, Rinaldo! why this burning brow? these frenzied groans?

Rin. Thou wilt not scorn me—I know thou wilt not—but O! their tongues have buzz'd me into madness—all hell is in my ears—was't not a damning word?

Val. What word?

Rin. Traitor! "Betrayer of my country!" ah! I see—thou start'st with horror at the monstrous names; but I am slanderd—by my soul I am.

Val. I—I—I do believe thee—the rabble then—the babbling vulgar have presumed——their malice is not worth regard—patience! patience!

Rin. Oh! preach not patience to despair like mine! the burning shaft is in my soul,—it flames, it blazes, it consumes! oh! kind Valentio! thy bright and stainless spirit ne'er could brook such wrong. How! to be hunted from among mankind, like some loathed lazar, in whose touch is death;—condemned to wander, as a second Cain, with guilt's broad mark for ever fearful on the brow——the equal reprobate of earth and heaven! such is the Traitor's life—but O! his death! what lip may frame *that* honor? the grave, which yields to misery,

diſease and want, one common rest, denies its Sabbath to the Traitor's prayer. Contempt ſtands trampling on his duſt 'till doomſday; and curſes, taught from ſire to son, renew his infamy for ever green.

Val. [*Wildly.*] No more! thou rav'ſt! it is not so.

Rin. Nay, by my ſoul it is! I know thou feel'ſt how damnable a traitor's name! for *now*, at the dark thought, a palſy ſhakes thy joints, and horror's dew ſtands beaded on thy brow! virtuous youth! thou pitieſt, but Aben Hamet only can redreſs—his lip ſhall vindicate my injured fame, and bare the *real* traitor to a ſhuddering world.

Val. [*Convulſively reſtraining Rinaldo's paſſage.*[Forbear! by all our friendſhip I adjure thee—entruſt your cause to me——your thoughts are too diſordered—mine are cool—I'll plead to Aben-Hamet, paint your wrongs, ſecure his juſtice—nay, I beſeech you, let him learn your ſuit thro' my report.

Rin. Thou friendly pilot to a ſinking bark! thou can'ſt but ſteer for honour, rule my course.

Val My zealous ſpirit on the inſtant ſtarts, when next we meet, expect the happy herald of thy wiſh.

[*Exit rapidly.*

Rin. I could have died—— yea! in my youth's freſh morning calmy died, tho' hope had pointed to a glorious noon, and lenthened hours conducted to aſſured renown—yet uncomplaining had I met my fate, so like an open foe the ſhaft were ſpeeded, but to fall baſely, by a secret hand, and feſter in the cearments ſlander ſeals—oh! ſoul of man! rebelling nature flames in every pluſe!

[ISIDORE *enters, weeping,*]

Isid. Oh! miſerable hour has heaven no ſword for Oriana's wrongs?

Rin. Ah! that name ador'd! who breathed it? Isidore!

Isid. Yes! the broken hearted, but the faithful Isidore! I bleſs my ſaint, no traitor, tho' a ſlave—I'll not reproach—nay, could you view what I have ſeen, I think I yet ſhould *pity* you.

Rin. I charge thee, ſpeak—thy miſtreſs——

Isid. They tore her, ſhrieking, from her father's arms—that father, like a felon wretch to periſh on a ſcaffold, suddenly, ſhe only prayed to ſhare his dying ſigh, and they refuſed her——Aben-Hamet teaſts his eyes upon a Hero's death, yet dreads encounter with a woman's tear's.

Rin. Speak! who reſtrains her paſsage to the Moor?

Isid. Files of ferocious ſoldiers bar each path.

Rin. Ha! this ring! the Moor's own ſignet! bleſſed recollection! God decreed the gift!

[*Animated by sudden impulſe, he presses the jewel, to his lips, and ruſhes out—Isidore follows.*]

SCENE—*The Port of Taranto.—On one ſide is a canopied throne, on which Aben-Hamet is seated.—A Scaffold is erected oppoſite.—The Citizens of Taranto diſtributed into captive groups.—(Male and Female) occupy portions of the scene, which is enveloped at all its outlets, by the Mooriſh soldiery.*

[*A Loud Flouriſh of Martial Inſtruments.*]

Aben. [*Eagerly.*] Melek! mark that the ſoldiers ſtrictly keep their files——let no intruding ſtep preſume.

[*Valentio in haſt and agitation, reaches the throne.*]

Val. Chieftian! one word—one preſſing word.

Aben. Thou again before me!—importunate! begone.

Val. In honor's name—nay, by thine *own* dear honor, I adjure thee, hear me! I now approach thee with an humble ſuit.

Aben. Well, ſpeak it briefly.

Val. Renew your ſacred promise of concealment to my name.

Aben. I have already pledged it.

Val. But with a lowly, and reverend prayer I ſue thee—I am moſt wretched—ſcorn not my agony—promiſe, that however urged, thou never, *never* wilt divulge the ſecret.

Aben. Reſt—reſt, unhappy man, I renew my pledge.

[*Slow march without. Aben-Hamet looks forward eagerly.*]

Ha! they lead him now within the lines! my victim comes!

Val. One poor boon more—and then—

Aben. Away! I have now no ear for living voice, ſave one—yet, ſtay near me—we may ſpeak anon. He comes! he comes! [*With the bitter ſmile of triumphant revenge, he ſeats himſelf.*]

(*The Proceſſion Enters, and the March ceases when Gonzales has reached the Platform.*)

Gonz. [*Steadfaſtly ſurveys the ſcene around him with unchanging brow.*] 'Tis well! this pageantry of horror charms my ſoul! a brave aſſemblage! foes and friends commingled round me! countrymen! witneſs how fearleſsly a ſoldier falls!—Inffidels! mark the reſignation of a Chriſtan's death!

Val. [*Shuddering, and averting his face.*] O! that I could hide me in the earth—deep—deep—and ceaſe to be!

Aben. [*Solemnly ſtretching forth his hands to heaven*] Shade of a murdered wife! ſmile from thy throne

of clouds, and fanctify my deed! *(to Gonzales)* condemned man! my wrongs are publiſhed, and thy guilt avouched—for blood, is blood returned! acknowledge 'ere thou dieſt, thy ſentence juſt.

Gonz. Thou! who affect'ſt the attribute of Gods! proud one! hear me, on thy throne of glory, and truth's ſtrong word ſhall ſhake thee there! I do defy the murderous will thou call'ſt my ſentence! find honour in the deed that ſentence would abaſe, and here in calm approving confidence of ſoul proteſt, might the far-flighted hour admit recall, again my brand ſhould ſmite thee like a curſe! again deal ruin on thy unbleſt hoſt!

Aben. Murderer of innocence! thy cruel deeds.—

Gonz. Were juſtice all—Moor! mark well my tale.—Spain was my country—there, in a diſtant year, my father's peaceful hall's o'erhung the main. By night did Moſlem pirates ſcale our cliffs—my native towers in flame and rapine ſank—my Sire was ſlaughtered, and my only ſiſter dragged, a ſhrieking infant, into foreign ſlavery—think'ſt thou revenge was planted but in Mooriſh breaſts—the Spaniard rears it in a ſoil as warm—for years I vainly prayed, it bloomed at laſt—thou ſought'ſt Taranto's ſhore—the coaſt where I commanded—doſt marvel that, I ſmote thee *now?*

Aben. My ſword was guiltleſs of a wrong to Spain.

Gonz. Thou wert a Moor—I ſtruck at thy deteſted country, not at *thee.*

Aben. Savage! thy falchion ſhould have dealt with mailed breaſts, but ſpared the boſom of defenceleſs *woman!*

Gonz. Huſband of Alzonda! hear! theſe arms received thy ſinking wife, and oh! theſe eyes rained o'er her ſhowers more wild than thine could weep! Alzonda died not on the ſtranger's breaſt—*here* was her pillow—her ſpirit ſtole to heaven, from a *brother's* arms!

Aben. Allah! Sifter to thee! Alzonda thine?

Gonz. The tender branch rude hands had ſevered from the tree, juſt budding, was caſt again among its kindred boughs, when ſtorm had ſcathed it, and its ſap was drained.—Now, Aben-Hamet! glut thy dire revenge! ſacrifice Gonzales on Alzonda's tomb, and with the brother's blood propitiate the ſiſter's ghoſt!

[*Aben-Hamet writhing with emotion, draws his robe before his face. and maintains an aweful ſilence. A ſudden tumult is heard at a diſtance; beyond the files of ſoldiers.*]

Guard (*without*) You cannot paſs!

Rin. (*without*) The ſignet of your General all obey! Rinaldo *breaks thro' the crowd, and bears* Oriana *to* Aben-Hamet's feet.

Rin. Conqueror! again behold thy ring!—its luſtre won my paſſage thro' oppoſing ſpears!—from a rock's hard centre was this jewel drawn—O! let the human heart diſcloſe a purer gem!——Mercy outbeams the paragon of eaſtern mines—(*caſting aſide Oriana's veil,*) gaze here!—nay, as thou art man, art ſoldier, gaze!——beauty in tears, and terror, kneels at Valor's feet! ſpeak, afflicted virtue! plead—perſiſt—the brave man's ſpirit dares not be unjuſt, and nature's victory *muſt* be thine!

Oriana. (*after an effort, murmurs,*) Mercy! mercy!

Aben. (*his tone broken and tremulous,*) Thou haſt conquered! maid! thy father lives!

[*Oriana ſhrieks wildly—involuntarily snatches Aben-Hamet's hand to her lips in gratitude, then totters across the ſtage, and caſts herſelf upon Gonzales's neck.*]

Orian. Life! my father's life!—heaven's own accent ſounded from a mortal's lip!

Aben. (*Mournfully,*) Victorious foe! in all thou triumph'ſt over me, affections holieſt charities are thine—the kiſs of filial love—a duteous *child's* em-

brace!—diſtracting contraſt! Gonzales! but for thy raſh deed, *I* too might have been a parent!

Gonz. (*Pauses for a moment, then answers with solemnity,*) Thou waſt a parent, Alzonda died a *mother*.

Aben. Allah! an unborn image of our loves weighed down her tottering ſteps e'en when the murderer pierced——horror! horror! ſaid'ſt thou Alzonda——

Gonz. Death's wild pang contended in the ſelf-ſame hour with nature's tenderer throes—life from the mother parting, kindled in her child, like the Prophet's mantle caught, as the bequeathing ſpirit ſoare'd to heaven!

Aben. (*Ruſhing wildly down from his throne,*) But ſay that child is living *now*—aſſure me I am *ſtill* a father—and Chriſtian! at thy feet I fall, thy lowly ſlave for ever!

Gonz. He lives! *ſtill* lives!

Aben. Teach me but where and I will worſhip thee!

Gonz. His deeds too well have verified his Mooriſh blood!—behold him in the monſter who betrayed Taranto!

Aben. Ha!

[*His glance turns ſuddenly towards Valentio—he darts impetuouſly upon him—ſeizes his trembling arm, and forces him forward, then gazes for a moment on his face in bitterness of ſoul.*]

accurſed be the hour that ſhews theſe eyes a Traitor in Alzonda's ſon!

Val. (*Frantickly*) Betray me not to ſcorn! your ſacred word was pledged!

Oriana. All righteous judge! the villian ſtands revealed—Valentio's was the guilt—my father—treaſon and Rinaldo ſtill are twain!

Rin. [*Darts eagerly to Gonzales's feet.*] My patron! bleſs the orphan thou haſt reared, once more!

Gonz. My tears drop on thee—they are joy's true

ſhower!—Aben-Hamet! turn—ſtrange error hath abuſed us all——wake from thy frightful dream of ſhame, and greet thy certain offspring with unclouded breaſt—behold him, true to virtue, crowned by fame—*Rinaldo* is *Alzonda's son*!

[*The father and son ruſh to each other's embrace, in ſpeechleſs agitation—Valentio deliriouſly views the picture.*]

Val. Honor loſt, and love deſpiſed! fiends ſnatch me hence! my direſt hell is *here!*

[*He draws his poignard in the act of self-deſtruction, but Orcan arreſts his arm, and he falls convulsed into the arms of the other Moors.*]

Oriana. Wretched victim of his paſsions!—Ah! heaven's own hand hath ſtricken him—let man's forbear. [*Valentio is borne out.*

Aben. Son of Alzonda! *my* ſon! Oh! divineſt tranſport—*mine!* riſe, bear my banner and divide my power—glory and ſtate ſhall welcome thee to Moſlem bowers.

Rin. (*Still kneeling, calmly draws the croſs from his boſom, and ſilently extends it to Aben Hamet.*] This was a mother's dying gift—her laſt fond ſigh breathed o'er it—" This emblem prove eternally my orphan's guide!" father! think her pure ſpirit views us now!

Aben. (*Starts, and momentarily addreſses an enquiring eye to heaven.*) I hear a voice that never called in vain—young Chriſtain! live conſtant to the Faith in which thy mother died—at thy ſtrange altars ſometimes ſound thy fathers name—*his* prayer ſhall oft' remind the prophet whom he ſerves, of *thee!*—and the Great Spirit whom we both adore, accept with mercy each devoted heart, nor aſk thro' what entangled path his throne was fought! croſs and creſcent! for one white hour your myſtic emblems blend in friendſhip! Alzonda! thus I ſooth thy gentle ſhade—peace is the offering at the ſhrine of love!

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BY I. POCOCK, ESQ.

THE ACTION OF THE PIECE UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

MR. FARLEY.

THE MUSICK COMPOSED AND SELECTED BY MR. WARE.

LONDON:

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1817.

[Price Two Shillings.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Robinson Crusoe, ...	Mr. Farley.
Friday (a young Carib attached to him), ...	Mr. Grimaldi.
Iglou, a Carib Chief (Friday's Father), ...	Mr. Bologna.
Pariboo (Chief of the Cannibal Tribe), ...	Mr. Norman.
Diego (Crusoe's Son, and Captain of the Vessel), ...	Mr. Abbott.
Bluff (the Mate of Diego's Ship),	Mr. Emery.
Windlass (the Boatswain, chief Mutineer), ...	Mr. Tokely.
Swivel (the Gunner, attached to Windlass), ...	Mr. Comer.
Block (Foremast-man, ditto), ...	Mr. Howell.
Gunnel (ditto), ...	Mr. King.
Stern (ditto), ...	Mr. W. Chapman.
Nipcheese (Ship's Steward), ...	Mr. Blanchard.
Antikoo (an Indian), ...	Mr. Ellar.
Inis (Crusoe's Wife), ...	Mrs. Parker.
Indian Girls, Quadroons, ...	Misses Dennett.

Cannibals of the Hostile Tribe, Caribs of the Friendly Tribe, Seamen, Mutineers, &c. &c.

Scene,—The Island on which Crusoe was wrecked.

ROBINSON CRUSOE;

OR,

THE BOLD BUCANIERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Represents that part of the Island which Robinson Crusoe *calls his Farm. A steep hill occupies a portion of the back of the Scene, in the side of which is the mouth of the Cave, defended in front by an enclosure of Stakes, which having taken root, forms an impenetrable Hedge. On the opposite side, a gentle declivity intersected with trees, at the roots of which, lies the trunk of a Cedar, partly formed into a Canoe, but almost concealed by plants peculiar to the soil. The horizon exhibits the open Sea, and part of the Shore. Near the front, a hollow Tree.*

The Curtain rises to Music—and a Vessel is perceived crossing in the Distance. Friday *appears on the Palisade, looks out for his Master, and putting over a ladder, descends, with a basket, from which he produces a bread-cake, a bunch of raisins, and a small bottle of rum, intended for* Crusoe; *he throws aside the bushes, and*

places the Provisions on the bow of the Canoe. (A Dog barks).

Fri. Ah!—da Massa Crusoe.

Music.—(*The Dog runs on, bearing a Bird;* Friday *takes it, throws it over the Enclosure, and the Dog bounds up the Ladder.* Crusoe *at the same instant enters, dressed and armed as described in his History.—He bears the Umbrella, on the top of which is perched the Parrot.*—Friday *welcomes* Crusoe *with extravagant joy).*

Cru. Faithful, affectionate Friday!

Par. Friday! Friday!

Fri. Ha! ha! ha! (*the Parrot flies into the Enclosure.* Friday *takes off the Umbrella and returns*).

Cru. Now, Friday, take my gun.

Music.—(Friday *alarmed—yet fears to disoblige his Master).*

Cru. Courage, courage!—the thunder, as you call it, hurts only the wicked: why should you be terrified? Would you not use it to defend your Master? Remember, it was with this gun I saved your life, when the ferocious cannibals had doomed you to the stake, the victim of a horrid sacrifice.

Music.—(Friday *intimates his gratitude, and taking the Gun resolutely, carries it with the other articles up the Ladder*).

Cru. What a treasure did heaven bestow, when it made me its humble instrument in saving that poor Indian from destruction! For years no human form had blessed my sight, no voice, except the sad and fearful echo of my own, hadstruck upon my almost palsied ear. Now a fellow being, an intellectual associate, cheers

my solitude, and I am content! happy! happy, did I say!—no, no, my wife! my child—whom now, if yet he lives, must have reached man's estate. Grant, oh grant he may never know his father's misery, Friday!

Fri. Massa!—(*from the Palisade.*)

Cru. We must to our daily task.

MUSIC.—(Crusoe *puts aside the branches which conceal the Canoe, and prepares himself for labour*).

Cru. For two years past, a portion of each day has been allotted to complete this almost hopeless labour; but for the assistance of that faithful creature, I had abandoned the attempt. (*He perceives the bottle, &c.*) Ah, this is well, accustomed to my wants, he anticipates them all.

MUSIC.—(*The Dog leaps the Palisade, with a Basket, from which* Crusoe *takes a Hatchet*).

Even my poor dog does not neglect his duty: shall I alone despair! No, visions of home and liberty revive and strengthen in my heart.

MUSIC.—(*The Dog obeys the signal of* Crusoe, *and disappears as he begins to work*—Friday *appears on the Hill, and starts at observing some unexpected object*).

Fri. Massa! Massa!

Cru. What now?

Fri. Canoes! canoes!

Cru. Canoes!

Fri. One, two, tree,—*(runs down.)*

Cru. Ah! perhaps a vessel—relief!—No, no; he counted several—still it may be—

MUSIC.—(Friday *has arrived close to his Master in great terror*).

Cru. Why do you tremble?

Music.—(Friday *describes the arrival of Indians, by imitating their March; then their purpose, by crossing his hands, as if bound at the wrists like a Prisoner; lastly, their intention, by the action of dispatching the victim and devouring him*).

Cru. Cannibals! a prisoner! a sacrifice? (Friday *assents to each exclamation).* Horrible! may not your terrors have deceived you?

Music.—(Friday *instantly draws* Crusoe *aside, and points to the Shore, where three Canoes are seen to pass).*

—Ha! 't is even so—they land!—quick, remove every object that may betray us; and above all, secure the dog.

Music, *Piano.—(During which,* Crusoe *exclaims,* " *Fear nothing—conceal yourself in the Canoe, and stir not—speak not, on your life.*"—Friday *jumps through the bushes, and looks out, first at his Master, then towards the approaching Indians.*—Crusoe *prepares his gun, &c. and as he ascends the ladder, which he draws after him, exclaims* " *they come! from the heights I shall command them).*"

Music, *Forte.—(*Pariboo, *the Cannibal Chief, enters—examines the spot, and beckons forward his troop, who having made a circuit of the Stage, place their prisoner* Iglou *against a stake; and at this instant,* Friday *exclaims in great agitation,* " *Father!*" *The Savages pause in alarm;* Pariboo *brandishes his Club, and the rest immediately regain confidence.* Iglou *runs forward, and implores his life—he is again seized, and as* Pariboo *advances to dispatch him,* Friday *throws forward the Flask of Rum. The groupe look round with surprize, till the*

Chief, impatient at the interruption, rushes with savage impetuosity to the sacrifice. Crusoe *at this instant fires—the Indians rush off yelling with apprehension.* Pariboo, *more resolute, appears to mark the spot from whence the fire proceeded.* Crusoe *again fires, and the Chief bounds off.* Friday *springs from his concealment, and raises his Father, who trembles with his face to the earth in the utmost terror.* Crusoe *arrives in front).*

Fri. Oh Massa, Massa, thunder kill him!

Cru. Not so—I fired beyond them, no one is hurt.

MUSIC, *Lively.*—(Friday, *rejoiced, runs for the Bottle, supports* Iglou, *and puts it to his mouth*).

Cru. What means this unusual agitation? he must have seen this man before. Friday, do you remember him?

Fri. Oh Massa! him Iglou, Friday father!

Cru. His father! Providence I thank thee! even in this solitude I do not live in vain—I have restored a parent to his offspring! He'll soon recover;—lead him to the cave, whilst I observe these monsters in their flight, and see that none remain.

MUSIC.—(Iglou *recovers—starts at the appearance of* Crusoe—Friday *explains to him the obligation they are under to his Master.* Iglou *falls at the feet of* Crusoe, Friday *on the opposite side, embracing his knees*).

Cru. Happy, happy moment!

Tableau—Scene closes.

SCENE II.

The entrance of a Wood near the Shore.

Enter SWIVEL *and* NIPCHEESE.

Swiv. Come, master steward, let out a reef and freshen your way; you lag astern as if you were afraid of being boarded.

Nip. So I am afraid, and no wonder, considering the cursed scrape I have got into. Plague on the mutiny, I say, instead of saving an honest penny, I may be hanged like a dog, and lose all. Did you say the boatswain had turned the mate ashore?

Swiv. I did; he would not join us, so we set him adrift without rudder or compass. He straggled off to seek a birth here in the woods; but what argufies that, you are not afraid of a man without arms, are you?

Nip. No! but he has two devilish long arms, to my certain knowledge, and a couple of thumping fists at the end of them too. I shouldn't like him to settle accounts with me just now.

Swiv. Well, don't stand palavering here—'twas this way we heard the gun.

Nip. Was it? Then I think we had better go the other (*moving off*).

Swiv. What, sheer off!

Nip. Oh, I'm not ashamed to confess my failings; I always have more satisfaction in escaping danger than meeting it.

Swiv. Ay, ay, Master Nipcheese, we know you'd rather grub in the bread-room than go aloft.

Nip. I am glad of it: the worse you know of me, the less chance you'll have of being disap-

pointed. Courage is all very proper in a gunner, but what have I to do with it, that am only ship-steward and super-cargo?

Swiv. Why, you chicken-hearted ungrateful cur, won't you save all your slops and bread bags by it?

Nip. That's very true; I shouldn't like to lose my little property.

Swiv. Then brace up your heart, and be a man.

Nip. Well, I will, I will; give me your hand; Zooks, I've got some mettle in me, though I don't brag of it. (*The Savages yell without*). What the devil's that!

Swiv. Eh! we shall have a squall presently. (*The Savages shout*).

Nip. A squall with a vengeance! Zounds! they are savages!

Swiv. And bearing down upon us!

Nip. Lord save us, and bless us!

(Runs into the Wood—the Savages fly across the Stage in confusion; Pariboo *the last, who turns to see if he is pursued).*

(Nipcheese *comes forth to see if there are any others, and suddenly facing* Pariboo, *is petrified with alarm.*—Swivel *appears—makes a blow at the Chief, who avoids it with agility, and rushes out.*—Nipcheese *applies a case-bottle to his lips).*

Swiv. They are all off.

Nip. Most happy to hear it!

Swiv. There was a jolly crew of them.

Nip. Yes, very jolly! I shouldn't like to have improved my acquaintance though with their long legged first lieutenant.—Never saw such a ferocious looking dog in my days.

Swiv. They are Caribs, I take it, that cross over from the main, to sacrifice, and so forth.

Nip. To do what?

Swiv. Belike you are not up to their rigs.

Nip. No—can't say I am.

Swiv. Why, when they take any of their enemies in battle, d'ye see, they just pitch upon a little quiet spot, like this, and have a feast.

Nip. A feast! Cannibals! Are you quite sure they won't come back, and give us an invitation?

Swiv. Not they; they are more frightened than you are.—See, they are making along shore like a fleet of colliers.

Music.—(Robinson Crusoe *enters, as if tracing the retreat of the Indians, and starts at observing Strangers*).

Nip. They embark! they get aboard their canoes! Wind and tide be with 'em! Phew! bless us all, what an awkward thing it would have been, to have made one at their mess! (*Drinks*).

(Swivel *takes the Bottle*).

Cru. Europeans! Englishmen! Let me be cautious!

(*He enters the Wood and watches*).

Nip. But where's the boatswain — where's Windlass all this time with our prisoners?

Cru. Prisoners! What can they mean? (*Apart*).

Swiv. He'll soon heave in sight; perhaps the woman has been troublesome.

Nip. I never knew a woman that wasn't, my wife in particular; but is she to be left ashore too?

Swiv. To be sure; we must have no tell-tales when we run the vessel into a strange port.

Cru. They are mutineers, pirates!

Swiv. Besides, what should we get by parting Diego from his mother?

Cru. Diego! his mother! Merciful powers! Can it be possible?

Swiv. 'Twas the only way of getting rid of our difficulties.

Nip. Humph! and a pretty sure one of putting an end to theirs. However, she'll care less for the loss of her property, than her disappointment in finding this man—this what-d'ye-call him, that was lost so many years ago.

Swiv. Robinson—

Nip. Aye, the same—Robinson Crusoe. Egad, there's not one wife in a thousand, that would run half the world over, as she has done, in search of an old husband. (*Scuffle without*).

Swiv. They make resistance—See—(*Whistle heard*). Bear a hand—that's the boatswain's whistle. [*Exit* Swivel.

Nip. I know it—I wish 'twas his last whistle with all my soul! That fellow frightens me more than Mrs. Nipcheese. Oh, that I was safe under her command again! Any torment would be better than such a life of jeopardy.

Wind. (*without*). Does the rascal skulk! Jump upon deck here. (*Another whistle*).

Nip. I'm coming! Bull-dog! Oh!

[*Exit* Nipcheese.

[*Music.*]

Cru. Does my sight mock me! These tears perhaps—No! 'tis real—my faithful heart at once acknowledges a kindred soul! It is—it is my wife! What's to be done? To attack them singly would be madness! I'll regain my habitation by the short path through the wood—watch in secret

the departure of these ruffians, then spring into her arms, and seek no home beyond them.

[*Exit to the Wood.*

MUSIC.—(Diego's *voice instantly heard without*).

Diego. Traitor, unhand me!

Wind. (without). No words—bear them along!

(Ines *and* Diego *in chains, are forced on with violence by a party of the Mutineers,* Swivel *and* Nipcheese *following*—Windlass, *the Boatswain, acting as Commander*).

Diego. Infamous, abandoned wretches! Will not one victim serve? Lost as you are to every sense of honour and of duty, do not add cruelty to insult, do not forget that you are men!

Wind. 'Tis too late to parley, Captain: we have taken our course and must stick to it,—if its a bad one, that's our look out. You shan't be left destitute, but we are too far on our way now, to ware ship.

Diego. 'Tis not for myself I ask.—I know too well your guilty project makes compassion for the man you thus have injured, hopeless.—Behold that female, defenceless and forlorn! If you are not dead to every feeling of humanity—if the prayers of the unfortunate can reach your hearts, ere it be too late, shew mercy to a woman, and spare, oh, spare and save my mother!

MUSIC.—(Ines *expresses her determination not to be separated from her Son, by appropriate action*).

Wind. No more piping, we've had enough for one spell. Where's the steward?

Nip. Here!

Wind. Lead them up the hill, and take off their irons.

Nip. Me!

Wind. Yes, its all you are fit for, that I see. We'll bring along the stores. Swivel, you bear him company, and mind the milk-sop doesn't let 'em slip.

Nip. What! do you doubt my firmness in the cause?

Wind. No growling—out with your cheese-toaster, if you are not afraid of the sight on't.

Nip. Afraid!—there *(drawing his Cutlass)*, stony-hearted rascal! how I should like to run him thro' the paunch! *(Aside).*

Wind. Now then, off with you, while I collect the stragglers.

Nip. I must put a good face on it. Come, we can't wait here all day—*(with assumed consequence)*.

Diego. Must I submit without a struggle? Wretch! these chains that bind my hands, have not subdued my spirit.

(Nipcheese *alarmed*).

Nip. Come, come, Captain, no swaggering—it won't do with me.

*(*Ines *entreats* Diego *to be patient).*

Diego. Let me not fall without a blow—I have strength to make these fetters instruments of vengeance, and thus—

[*Music.*]

(*He swings up the Chains to make a blow at* Nipcheese, *who starts back*—Windlass *and the rest spring forward, and arrest the arm of* Diego).

Ines. (Likewise interposing). Not so, not so,—'till heaven itself deserts us, why should we despair!

Diego. Well, I submit; but think not, guilty and obdurate men, such crimes will pass unpunish-

ed. The prayers of the unfortunate will be heard even in a desert.

Wind. Away with them.

[*Music.*]

[*Exeunt* Diego, Ines, Swivel, *and* Nipcheese. —Now, my lads, as I am Captain, it behoves me to make a bit of an oration, just that we may understand each other.—I'm told there are some aboard, that would rather stick to their old commander, than sail under Jack Windlass and a free flag; but the first that mutinies shall be run up to the yard-arm without mercy, by way of example like to the rest.—You that are jolly boys, shall share alike in all we have, and all we may have! We'll sink the Banian days—sleep eight hours instead of four, work little, eat a great deal, and drink a double allowance of grog every Saturday night.

Mut. Hurra!

Wind. What, you like that, do you? I thought I should make you shew your grinders at last—heave along the lumber! With the next tide we'll sail, turn our freight to cash, and then hurra for plunder, and the bold Bucaniers!

(*At the close of the following Glee, the Mutineers assist each other with the Stores intended for the Captives, and bear them off*).

GLEE AND CHORUS.

When the anchor's a-peak,
And the ship under weigh,
The wide ocean we'll seek,
Like a shark for its prey.
We'll take what we can, boys,
Wherever we steer;
Friend or foe, 'tis all one
To a bold Bucanier.

Let the signal be heard
That a sail is in sight;
Sword and hand we must board,
If they dare us to fight.
No danger shall daunt us,
No odds make us fear,
We must conquer or die
Like a bold Bucanier.

MUSIC *continues.—(As they depart,* Pariboo *appears expressing rage at the cowardice of his Tribe, who have paddled off in their Canoes, and left him alone on the Island—He suddenly marks the retreat of the Mutineers, and follows them, with a determination to regain posesssion of his lost victim,* Iglou).

SCENE III.

Represents that part of the Island which Robinson Crusoe *calls his Farm. A steep hill occupies a portion of the back of the Scene, in the side of which is the mouth of the Cave, defended in front by an enclosure of Stakes, which having taken root, forms an impenetrable Hedge. On the opposite side, a gentle declivity intersected with trees, at the roots of which, lies the trunk of a Cedar, partly formed into a Canoe, but almost concealed by plants peculiar to the soil. The horizon exhibits the open Sea, and part of the Shore. Near the front, a hollow Tree.*

ROBINSON CRUSOE, IGLOU, *and* FRIDAY *discovered.*

Cru. Yes, grateful Indian, gladly I accept your offer; but let me understand it thoroughly; the slightest misconception might be fatal. You tell me (*addressing* Friday) that in a few hours

your father may return with some people of whom he is the Chief.

(Friday *assents*—Iglou *expresses impatience at not understanding them).*

—The small canoe in which I survey'd the island, though insufficient for my escape, will serve his purpose in crossing to the main.

(Friday *again assents*—Iglou *more impatient*).

—Good, should the wind hold, he and his friends promise to regain this shore by day-break.

[*Music.*]

(Friday *describes to* Iglou *the Dawn—paddling of a Canoe, and the march of their Tribe—to which* Iglou *assents with vehemence, enforcing his anxious wishes to serve* Crusoe, *by appropriate action).*

(Friday *starts at seeing a strange object; and* Iglou *at the same time grasps his Tomahawk.*—Crusoe *directs his attention towards the point to which* Friday *signs, who at the some instant exclaims* " Massa, se da)."

Cru. Silence! 'tis one of those strangers whom I told you of—unless he should perceive us, let him pass—they may not all be guilty!

Music.—*(The group retire*—Bluff *is heard singing without, and enters; a Cudgel under his arm, and a Tobacco-box in his hand).*

Bluff. " Billy Tailor was a brisk feller, full of mirth and full of glee,
And his true love he did diskiver to a lady fair and free."

—Ah, it won't do—I may sing for my allowance long enough now, before the boatswain pipes to dinner. My heart is sunk five fathom—many a

losing voyage have I made in my time, and weathered many a rough gale; but its damn'd hard to be taken aback at last by a set of swabs—its all along with Jack Windlass the boatswain,—I was the man that taught him to hand, reef, and steer, - and now the dog leaves me like a wreck on a lee-shore, at the mercy of wind and weather,—Well, (*taking a quid*)—it 's all one—" a light heart and a thin pair of bree – " ey! (*Seeing* Crusoe).

Cru. I'll venture. (*Advances*).

(Friday *and* Iglou *appear*).

Bluff. Who the devil!—What cheer, ho!—Where are you bound,—from whence came you?

Cru. Do not shun me, we are fellow sufferers, and should assist each other.

Bluff. Indeed! well, I have seen strange sights afore now, but smite my timbers—such a cruiser as you!

Cru. I am a seaman like yourself, cast on an unknown coast.

Bluff. Like enough—your rigging has seen some service—but, mayhap you take me for a Bucanier — no such thing, my name's Harry Bluff, as true a heart as ever broke biscuit. I'm a true friend to the Service, and an enemy to all mutineers;—so, if you are in the picarooning line, you'd best put about, d'ye see,and let me shoot a-head clear of you.

Cru. I was not mistaken—we must be friends—

Bluff. Ay, ay! there's two words go to that bargain tho'—sheer off, or I'll be foul o'your top-lights.

MUSIC.—(*The Indians, at the appearance of contention, start forward*).

Cru. Hold! touch him not!

Bluff. Whew! am I to be run down by a fleet o' small craft? Hark'ee brother, three to one are long odds, but if you, or any of your squadron, offer to board me without provocation, damn me if I don't scuttle some of your nobs before I strike.

Cru. Do not mistake! tho' you have not seen, you surely must have heard of Crusoe.

Bluff. What, Robin!

Cru. The same.

Bluff. Why, you don't mean to say—you, ey!

Cru. Yes, Robinson Crusoe, the father of Diego, the husband of Ines, those unfortunate beings whom an abandoned set of miscreants now drag in chains.

Bluff. I know! say no more. Ods-heart! I havn't been better pleased—here lend us a cutlass; if your shipmates are jolly boys, we'll be too strong for 'em yet.

Cru. That must depend on circumstances: we must run no risks; if they are necessary, I have arms and ammunition in abundance.

Bluff. Why, have you tho'? Well, an' how are you?

Cru. Friday! (*He gives directions to fetch Arms*).

Bluff. Ecod, I shall sing to some tune yet! "A light heart and a thin pair of—." Here, take a bit o' baccy (Crusoe *declines the offer*). Oh, well, as you like.

Cru. Be careful, they are all charged!

(Iglou *and* Friday *are taking Arms over the Pallisade*).

Bluff. Henceforth we'll cruise in the same latitudes. Hang me if I don't stick by you as long as I can carry a rag of canvass.

Cru. Quick! these ruffians turned towards the hill, and will soon appear.

(Friday *and* Iglou *run forward with Arms*).

Bluff. Never you mind, I'll soon clear for action. We'll play 'em a salt-water trick yet, mayhap.—I say, Robin, this loblolly boy of yours seems a hearty sort o' chap! give us your fist, blacky—there's the hand of a seaman for you, you dog!

(*Shakes hands with* Friday, *who is greatly pleased with his new alliance, till* Bluff's *hearty gripe changes his countenance,—his grimace fully evinces the Seaman's strength*—Iglou *angry*).

Cru. Now listen to my purpose.

Bluff. Heave away!

Cru. My first object is to ensure the safety of Ines and her son—if they attempt to injure them, we fire!

Bluff. Ay, a broadside!

Cru. If they leave their captives unmolested, we must create no alarm, but let them depart:

Bluff. What! with ship and cargo! and leave us to drive under bare poles, without a mess o' provision aboard?

Cru. Their numbers must eventually overpower us.

Bluff. Well, well, you are commanding officer; but if I come athwart Master Windlass in a snug corner, he'd better be in Greenland, that's all!

[*Music, piano.*]

Cru. They come!

Bluff. All hands to quarters then!

(*They conceal themselves*).

INES *and* DIEGO *enter, in deep dejection, attended by* SWIVEL *and* NIPCHEESE.

Nip. Ah, this appears to me a very pleasant retired sort of a spot, where a man may reflect on the vicissitudes of human life without much fear of interruption. What do you think, Master Gunner, ey?

Swiv. Ay, ay, this will do; they'll have nobody to overhaul 'em here.

Nip. (*Aside*). Except the savages. Well then, take off their bracelets. I could find in my heart now to do the poor creatures a kindness. I certainly possess a great deal of compassion, but somehow I require so much pity for myself, that I never have any to spare for other people.

Swiv. (*who has been employed in taking off their Chains*). Now then, let's join our messmates.

Nip. Pho! you know they'll join us presently.

Diego. A last effort! (*to his Mother, who by action expresses the uselessness of the attempt*).—One moment.

Nip. Ey!

Diego. Hear me; on the score of humanity I perceive you are inexorable;—not so to your interest, or your personal safety. Think what must be your fate, should justice overtake you.

Nip. Excuse me, I'd rather not.

Diego. There are some in the ship who contemplate this crime with detestation and abhorrence; aid them to quell the mutiny, succeed in accomplishing our rescue, I not only guarantee your pardon, but promise, on my oath, to recompense your fidelity, with a sum far greater than you can ever hope to gain by persevering in an act of guilt.

Nip. Indeed! will you! well, I—

Swiv. What!

Nip. Oh no—it—it's impossible!

Swiv. Would you bribe us?

Nip. Ay, would you bribe us?—I'll get the gunner out of the way, and then sneak back—pardon and reward!—Must have an eye to business. *(Aside).*

Diego. Speak!

(*While* Diego *directs his attention to* Swivel, Nipcheese *steals off, and conceals himself in the hollow tree*).

Swiv. Not I; a man can't serve below and aloft at the same time, Captain. I wish you no ill, for my part, but we have hoisted the red flag, and I must stick to it, sink or swim. [*Exit.*

Diego. 'Tis done, and not a hope remains! Oh, mother! we are lost for ever! (*Sinking into the arms of* Ines).

(Crusoe *advances, restrained by* Bluff).

Cru. I can resist no longer.

Bluff. Mind what you're at tho'—drop gently along-side, or you'll frighten her out of her seven senses.—You may ha' been a good-looking chap once, but I'll be shot if you're so now.

Cru. Ines!

(Ines *clasps her hands in mingled surprize and alarm*—Diego *starts from his abstraction at the exclamation*).

Diego. Ah! what prodigy is this? *(pause).*

Cru. Has the unrelenting hand of time so transformed me, that I live not in the memory of her who knew and loved me best?—In absence still have I blessed thee, Ines!

Ines. Crusoe!

Cru. She knows me!

MUSIC.—(Ines *rushes forward to his embrace).*

Diego. Merciful heaven! 'tis he! it is my father. Oh father! to meet you thus—

Nip. What's that?—an Ourang Outang!

Cru. I know—I have heard it all—our present security must be effected—hereafter our escape.

Bluff. Captain!

Diego. Bluff!

Bluff. Ay, Captain, here am I, all my timbers repaired, new rigged, and ready for another cruise, as you see. Come, Mistress, don't be down-hearted; swab the spray from your bows, and coil up your spirits. Our enemies have more hands, 'tis true, and superior weight o' metal; what then, fortune is not always with the strongest, you know.

Diego. Worthy fellow! as bold a seaman, and as true as ever set face to weather. (*To* Crusoe).

Bluff. Belay, belay, Captain! I'm no such wonder; bless you, there's many as good a man as I, and amongst these raggamuffins too, if they dared but shew themselves.

Cru. Indeed! are you assured of that?

Bluff. I know it. Windlass and the gunner carry it with a high hand to be sure—but as to that thief, Nipcheese, he'd sooner steal eggs out of the hen-coops, than run his thick skull against a brace o' bullets at any time. But only let me get sight of him! I'll make his head sing and simmer like a pot of chowder.

Nip. Curse my curiosity! (*From the Tree*).

Bluff. Ey!

Diego. What now?

Bluff. I thought I heard somebody speak, didn't you?

Diego. Where? Which way?

Bluff. Here, close at hand!

Cru. We must be sudden then. Diego, take this—(*Giving a Cutlass*). Come, prepare! Friday!

(Friday *and* Iglou, *who have hitherto remained without, run forward*—Ines *starts*).

Bluff. Nay, don't be scared! that's Robin's loblolly-boy, and t'other's his powder-monkey, I take it—both rated on his books as able-bodied men.

Cru. Now, mark me; unless we can secure their party without alarm, it must not be attempted. An unsuccessful effort would destroy us—if you hear my signal, spring upon them at the instant, but even then reserve your fire 'till I give the word.

Diego. Enough! we'll obey precisely.

Cru. Friday, may I trust you?

Fri. (*Nodding assent*). Me no afraid now, massa.

Cru. You comprehend. (Friday *assents*). Let all dispose themselves to advantage.

Bluff. I think that hollow tree would be no bad place. (Nipcheese *terrified*).

Cru. 'Tis too confined; Friday shall ascend it, and give us notice of their movements—Ines what would you do? (*Seeing her armed with an Axe*).

Ines. I hope nothing; yet if a woman's feeble aid is needful, doubt not my resolution.

Nip. Why, they're quite an army, I declare.

MUSIC.—(Nipcheese *peeping out, sees the Black, and pops down in dismay.*—Friday *mounts the tree.*—*As he looks off, the whistle is heard*—*All the Parties are still in view.*—Iglou *has crossed the Stage with all the circumspection of a Savage, to the foot of the tree, and is anxiously waiting the report of* Friday).

Bluff. The whistle! d'ye hear?

Cru. Hush!

(Friday, *the instant the whistle is heard, claps his hands, makes a sign to his Master, and rapidly descends).*

[*Music*].

Cru. Close! close! (*They all disappear*).

Wind. (*without*). Swivel! Nipcheese! Hillioh! (*Whistle*).

Block. (*without*). Hillioh, master steward! gunner! plague on you, where are you?

Enter WINDLASS, *followed by the rest.*

Wind. Where the devil have they stowed themselves? set down the grub!

(*The Seamen place the Chest and the Bags at the foot of the tree*).

Block. Look! (*Seeing the Fetters*). They've been safe moored, however; but they've left their silk stockings behind them.

Wind. Slipped their cables! I don't like this—who's with the boat?

Block. Gunwale, and the coxswain.

Wind. All's well then; Swivel's a true man—he must have lost his reckoning in this outlandish navigation; but, if that land-shark, Nipcheese, has played false, he shall smart for it—Hillioh!

Block. It's no use to hail them here, we should have brought speaking trumpets; our voices are lost among these woods.

Wind. We must make ourselves heard, or leave 'em to make the best on't; Nipcheese would be no loss, but we can't spare Swivel—the tide ebbs fast too, and it looks squally.—I have it,—fire a volley—'twill be answered from the ship—and if that signal doesn't bring 'em too, nothing will.

Bloch. Right!

Wind. All ready? present!

(Without placing themselves immediately in rank, they are so disposed as not to injure each other, by pointing to different directions; consequently to the imminent peril of the concealed party).

Steady! don't level so low, 'twill deaden the report.—In the air, lads! fire!

Cru. Upon 'em!—

(Music).

(The instant the discharge takes place, the concealed party rush forward. Windlass *encounters* Crusoe, *and the rest are variously engaged—* Nipcheese *escapes in the confusion—*Ines *rescues her Husband, who has been disarmed, while* Bluff, *having disabled his antagonist, rushes forward, and with his Cudgel fells the Seaman, who instantly encounters* Crusoe *when he recovers his Sword—*Friday *at the same moment overpowering* Windlass.—Diego *and* Iglou *likewise subdue their antagonists, and the Curtain falls on the Tableau.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Stage represents the Interior of Crusoe's *Cave.*

Opposite the Spectator is the Entrance. To the right, near the front, is a Door which leads to a Subterraneous Passage, made of a flat stone, and adapted to the Cavity, so as to escape notice until it is opened. There are various shelves, upon which are goods and utensils taken from the Wreck; likewise other articles which the industry of Crusoe *has fabricated for his use and convenience. An open Chest stands to the right. Two Chairs, covered with skins, and a rude Table covered with the same—the whole practicable—a Lamp hangs at the side*—Diego *eagerly examining the different objects*—Crusoe *and* Ines *in conversation.*

Cru. Yes, Ines, such were the reverses which befel a man, once possessed of every luxury, every comfort that domestic happiness could give—'tis past, forgotten!—this joyful meeting has repaid me all. I was the only being that escaped with life; and the desire to preserve it, aiding the resources of my mind, with time and patience, I constructed this dwelling.

Diego. But, your arms, your stores?

Cru. They were taken from the wreck of the vessel, which for three months held together. During that period, I recovered those articles,

valuable beyond all calculation!—beneath that table is a cell, where I concealed my powder, and matters of equal importance.

Diego. Where do you repose?

Cru. There! *(Throws open the secret Door).*

Diego. In that dungeon, so dark and damp?

Cru. It possessed a quality to me more serviceable than light or warmth—safety! it has two separate outlets—one in the wood close without the cave, the other among the rocks upon the beach. I trembled lest the Caribs should in time discover my abode, and resolved, in case of a surprize, to make retreat certain. Accident completed what the united efforts of Friday and myself scarcely could accomplish. We discovered an excavation leading to the spot where I was first washed on shore. But, come, we must prepare for our departure. While we have time, let us secure those things that now may be of service.

MUSIC.—*(Goes into the Dormitory*—Ines *following, stops at the entrance—Retreats in alarm, and falls on the neck of* Diego).

Diego. So fearless in danger,—yet so apprehensive in safety.—Dismiss these idle terrors, they will unnerve my father. The villains are confined in the outer cave, and guarded by the faithful Friday.

Cru. Now then, we have nothing to detain us. *(Returning from the Cell, and giving a Casket to* Diego).

Diego. A casket! (Ines *reccognizes it).*

Cru. You well remember it, Ines—'t is the same I took from San Salvador when last we parted.

*(*Diego *places the Casket on the Table).*

Diego. What have you there?

Cru. The journal of my exile! a treasure far more useful to my fellow creatures than that splendid dross,—it tells them never to despair,—it teaches them to place their trust in that Power, who can befriend the wretched outcast, when the whole world abandons him. (Ines *places the Book in the Chest).*

Diego. By this pass we shall avoid all chance of observation from the stragglers.—Bluff has doubtless secured the boat, and must be waiting for us with impatience. But Friday—your faithful Friday!

Cru. He shall not be forgotten. *(Surveying the Cave).* Farewell, scenes of my sorrows and my sufferings, a long, a last farewell! *(Pressing away a tear).*

Bluff. (*without*). Hillioh!

Diego. Hark! some one calls!

Bluff. (without). Hillioh, Captain!

Cru. 'Tis the seaman.

Diego. Bluff! what can have happened! Holloa! here! (*Runs to the back*).

Music.—(Ines *shews alarm*).

Cru. Be patient, all may be well. (Bluff *advances*).

Bluff. Well, this is the queerest navigation I ever sailed.—I were obliged to throw out signal for a pilot, Captain, or I should never have found my way into such a blind port as this.

Diego. Your news?

Bluff. Bad enough—might ha' been worse.—I've fallen in with the enemy's cruisers, and was obliged to scud.

(Ines *expresses anxiety*).

Cru. But the boat!

Diego. Is it in our possession?

Bluff. No, it was sunk in action.

Diego. Sunk! destroyed! (Ines *clasps her hands in despair*).

Bluff. Nay, don't strike your colours yet, it isn't so bad as all that comes to. (*To* Ines).

Diego. Explain!

Cru. Speak!

Bluff. It's soon said: according to orders, I made the best of my way along shore, and got a-board the boat snug enough, when, who should heave in sight but Gunwale and the coxswain.—Come, thinks I, I can manage a couple of you, and prepared my small arms accordingly.

Diego. Quick! the event!

Bluff. All on a sudden, in the wake o'them I saw two more; what's to be done now, says I! (A man is but a man, you know), down I lay—howsomever, they soon spied me, and began cracking away—being pretty dark, I didn't value their shot a pinch of oakum, but knowing it was all up with us if they got possession of the boat, with one blow I stove a plank in her bottom—she filled—I jumped ashore—dash'd through their squadron, kept up a running fight, and here I am.

Cru. 'Twas well done!

Diego. May they not recover the boat?

Bluff. No—but *we* can, and repair it too—there's comfort for you—at low-water she'll be high and dry again.

Cru. Did they pursue you far?

Bluff. Yes, close under the land here.

Cru. So near! (Ines *alarmed*).

Diego. Who were the two last?

Bluff. The gunner, Swivel, and that old bum-boat-woman, Nipcheese; he was upset in the

scuffle directly, and there I left him sprawling like a frog in a fit.

Cru. Let the worst happen then, we can match them.

Bluff. Match 'em! Why, bless you, Nipcheese has no more heart in him than a rotten ratline, and as to the coxswain, I've strong notion my last fire carried away some of his rigging. I saw him make an awkward sort of a bow, like, at parting, as much as to say, thank you, that will do, I've got quite enough.

MUSIC.—*(The Dog barks—the Groupe in consternation*—Friday *rushes in terror-struck).*

Cru. What now!

Fri. Oh, Massa, Massa, white man free!

Cru. Escaped!

Bluff. What, broke from their lashings? This looks bad.

Cru. Those who pursued you, have discovered and released the rest.

Diego. Then all is lost!

Bluff. No such thing! *(To* Ines). We may surmount the futtock shrouds of despair yet; you shall never founder till old Bluff's a sheer hulk. *(During this,* Friday *explains the accident to* Crusoe).

Cru. Separated! in search of our concealment? Then we may still avoid them—Should we be driven to extremity, remember the secret pass. (Diego *throws it open*). Collect more ammunition, quick! (*To* Friday). You, Diego, hasten to the shore and kindle a fire on the rock—this will afford the means. *(Giving him a tinder-box).* 'Twill direct the friendly Caribs to the spot we most may need them.

Diego. It shall be done,—but, my mother—

Cru. Must remain here under the charge of Friday, while myself and Bluff endeavour to decoy our enemies further from the cave. If we can elude their vigilance 'till Iglou and his party land, all danger ceases. Away, Diego! and remember my instructions.

MUSIC.—(*During this,* Friday *has drawn the Table aside, and opens a Trap beneath it, from whence he brings Cartridges, and distributes them rapidly.*—Ines *clings to her Son, who with difficulty quits her embrace, and enters the secret pass.*—Crusoe, *greatly distrest at her situation, directs* Friday *to protect her, and beckoning to the Seaman, leaves the Cave.*—Friday *has closed the Trap, replaced the Table, and extinguished the Lamp*—Ines *sinks on a part of the Rock—the Moon, sinking over the Trees without, gives a sombre light.*—Nipcheese *appears at the entrance*).

Nip. So I have got out of harm's way at last—sneaked out o'the battle gloriously—yes, I shall be snug here —What a night have I passed! buffetted by one party, and abused by the other! They set no more value on my precious life, than they would on a mouldy biscuit.

(Friday *perceives* Nipcheese *the instant he speaks, and conceals himself as the other advances, by means of the Table*—Nipcheese *takes out his Bottle*).

—This is the only friend I have in the world, but I've drawn upon him for comfort so often, I fear he won't honour my drafts much longer.

(*Drinks.*—Ines *has revived, and observes* Nipcheese.—*She looks round the Cave for* Friday, *but does not perceive him*).

—I should never keep my spirits up, without

pouring spirits down.—What's here? a table, and a box—ey! why, this must be the very place the boatswain ordered us to seek! It is, the cave of Crusoe! Lord! I hope he's not at home! I suppose the firing, just now, alarmed the whole family! It did me, I know.—I wonder what's in this box, it's monstrous heavy—as I'm an honest man, here's the key fasten'd to it, with a bit of rope-yarn. *(Opening the box)* Money! yes, by my curiosity, gold! and—a case of jewels! precious stones!—Now, if I don't take care of it, Windlass and the rest will commit a robbery, and call it lawful spoil!—they shan't say I'm greedy.—I'll manage it as most prize-agents do—pocket the best part, for the trouble of dividing the rest.

(During this speech Ines *directs her attention to the treasure, and prepares to address* Nipcheese, *when the exclamation of* Friday *arrests her.)*

Fri. (unable to contain his rage).—He dam rogue!

[*Music.*]

Nip. Ey! *(Slapping down the lid of the Box in terror).* Who's there? Who's that spoke?

Swiv. (without). 'Twas I, Swivel! Where are you? (*Music ceases*).

Nip. I'm just in time (*Secures the Case*). Its the gunner—he always calls me rogue—so I'm satisfied. (*Turns and sees* Ines, *who is seeking concealment*). Ines! Fire and faggots! If she tells those fellows, I'm a dead man!

SWIVEL *and* GUNWALE *enter.*

Swiv. Well, have you found out where he swings his hammock?

Nip. Yes, in this cave, and there stands the mistress.

Swiv. His wife!

Nip. I'm glad they're come, I should never have managed that she dragon by myself.

Swiv. Where is the Captain?

Ines. Safe! safe on board the vessel.

Swiv. Escaped to the ship! impossible! And Crusoe—is he with him?

Ines. No—he vowed never to quit this spot, and insisted on my remaining with him.—Swear to restore me to Diego's arms, at once you gain his favour and a mine of wealth. If I can deceive them, we may yet be saved! *(Aside).*

Nip. Convey you to your son! I thought 'twas your only wish to recover your old husband. *(She dissents, and shews the Casket).*

Swi. Money!

Gun. Gold!

Nip. (*Aside*). I'm glad she says nothing about the jewels.

(*The Seamen, who have stood in amaze, are additionally astonished when they open the Box*).

Ines. (*Looking round*). More! All—all shall be yours.

Nip. (*Aside*). Zounds! is there more?

Gunw. Swivel?

Swiv. What's the Boatswain to us?

Nip. Every man for himself, say I—(*Taking the Casket*). What say you?

Gunw. But how to get her off? The boat's sunk.

Nip. Wait in the wood 'till day-break.

Swiv. And then hail the vessel—so we can.

Ines. Are you resolved?

Swiv. We'll do it.

Nip. Never fear us, we'll do any thing for money.

(Friday *by accident lets fall the lid of the Chest*—Ines *screams*).

Nip. What the deuce was that? Why do you look so terrified?

Swiv. Be quick, our comrades will come alongside else.

(Ines *points to the Table, &c.*—Friday, *who has attended to the foregoing, is behind the Chest).*

Nip. A cell, an excavation! I understand.

(Ines *has put back the Table, and now raised the Trap*—Gunwale *descends, and* Swivel *stands a step down*).

Swiv. I say, messmates, what a cargo of riches!

Nip. Fair play, my lads, below! We share alike, remember.

Swiv. Look you there's no foul play aloft; you remain and keep guard, here—

Nip. I will.

(Ines, *greatly distressed, looks again for aid, and catches the eye of* Friday).

—How devilish dark it is. *(Looking down).* Is it very deep? I'll not trust the rascals—they'll be helping themselves—holloa!

(Nipcheese *having descended a step or two,* Friday *springs saddenly forward, and drives him down the Trap.*—Ines *drops on her knee in thankfulness, and turning, catches the hand of* Friday, *who is now greatly delighted.—At this moment,* Bluff *rushes in pale and disordered).*

[*Music during the foregoing*].

Bluff. All's lost! you must not remain here an instant!

Ines. My husband! speak!

Bluff. I can't—I'm choaked!—he is taken by that devil, Windlass.

(Friday *in an agony of grief*—Ines *in despair).*

Bluff. (Dragging her off). Come! come!

Ines. Never!—for Crusoe I have lived—with him I'll die!

Wind. (Without). This way! Force him along!

Cru. (Without). Oh, Ines! oh my wife!

MUSIC.—*(At the voice of her Husband,* Ines *breaks away from* Bluff *(who enters the secret pass) and rushes into the arms of* Crusoe, *who, secured by* Windlass *and another, has forced his way to the Cave: they are dragged off together.* Nipcheese *ascends from the Cell.* Friday *seizes him by the collar, and encounters* Gunwale—*during the combat* Swivel *ascends*—Nipcheese *is tumbled into the Chest by* Friday; *he disables* Swivel, *who flies—the combat continues.* Nipcheese *watches his advantage, and escapes.*—Friday *is disarmed, and contrives to avoid the blows aimed at him till he gains a pistol, with which he shoots the* Mutineer, *and jumping on the Chest, looks down on the body in a mingled emotion of alarm and joy).*

SCENE II.

Part of the Cedar Wood, and one of the Outlets from the Subterraneous Pass—the Cannibal Chief, Pariboo, *who has been left on the Island, here appears skulking about on the watch for* Crusoe. *Hearing a step within the Cave, he retires, with expressions of vengeance.*—Bluff

comes forth hastily, having missed the Avenue that leads to the shore, pauses, and listens.

Bluff. All's quiet, there's no pursuit!—O, that I had but saved her!—that I had but died with her, rather than bear such heavy tidings to her son! it will be his turn next—Poor souls! they've had a stormy passage thro' the voyage of life!——Ey! how's this?—(*Looking round*) I see no rock, no shore—yet 'twas by that passage that the Captain—hark! I hear them!—*(voices without)*. They are quarrelling amongst themselves! there's hope in that!—(*Noise repeated*). Yes! they are divided one against the other.—I must find the Captain any how.—Under Providence, there may be a chance yet! [*Exit* Bluff.

Music.—(*The* Mutineers *enter, in cabal with* Windlass.)

Wind. I say, yes, nothing else will keep him quiet; but if you will save their lives, don't blame me if you should chance to lose your own.

Swiv. It's the only way to preserve them. If we hurt a hair of their heads, the Captain will not spare a man of us.

Block. What signifies the Captain, or Bluff either, now we can muster a dozen hands! But why han't the crew sent off another boat?

Wind. Ey! I never thought o'that—our people must ha' been overpowered, and if these dogs suspect it—(*Apart*).

Block. What say you?

Wind. How were they to know we had lost our own boat? let the worst come to pass, we have a snug birth here, well stored and victualled, and with his tools we could build a lugger in a month.

Swiv. Belike we could! but it's a bad look out to lose the freight tho' (Mutineers *murmur*).

Wind. No! there's a way to save it; the day breaks—in half an hour, we may see a grey horse a mile, as the saying is.

Mut. What then?

Wind. While I and Swivel make a signal from the rock, do you follow with Crusoe and his wife.—Diego, if he should be on board, will then see them at our mercy, and will not dare set sail to leave us.

Mut. That's right!

Wind. Away, lads! be lively!

Mut. Huzza! bear a hand!

Wind. Heugh! you grumbling scoundrels!

[*Music.*]

[*Exeunt* Windlass *and* Swivel, *on one side*—Mutineers *in confusion and haste, on the other.*

SCENE III.

Represents that part of the Coast on which Crusoe *was wrecked—To the left, in the front, is a Pole, on which is affixed this Inscription,* "*I was cast on this Island, September* 30*th,* 1659, Robinson Crusoe"—*On this Pole are perceived the notches, by which means he counted the time—To the left, in the distance, a steep Rock, with an ascent to it, overlooking the Sea—the whole of the right occupied with a Wood of Cedar Trees, which is in the form of an amphitheatre—On the right, Rocks under the Wood, and a chasm distinguishes the opening to the Secret Pass—In the centre, the Sea—The whole sombre, extensive, and wildly picturesque—It is early dawn, which gradually increases.*

Music.—(Diego *discovered increasing the Fire, which flames on the summit of the Rock*).

Diego. I watch in vain! in vain I feed the beacon's fires; no sound, no signal is returned that speaks approaching aid, or cheers expiring hope. These Indians, on whom we have relied, dreading a conflict so unequal, have possibly detained their more courageous chief, and all again is doubt, suspense, and agony! (*Music—he descends*). What can have happened? The early dawn already shews the dark grey line of the horizon, yet my father comes not, or my friend; they surely must be safe—had the secret passage been discovered, ere now these wretches had explored it. At intervals, confused and distant sounds have broke upon the stillness of the night, and thro' this vaulted chasm, accents of supplication and complaint have seem'd to float upon the wailing blast—Again! hark! it is not fancy! Oh, mother! mother!

Bluff. (Entering in the distance to the right). So, I'm right at last.

(Diego *starts and listens).*

—Diego! Captain!

Diego. Bluff! my friend! then all is well. I must have been deceived.

Bluff. Hush! not so loud! Have the Indians appeared—have they arrived?

Diego. No! since midnight I have watched incessantly; but tell me—

Bluff. We must extinguish that fire.

Diego. Why so? You know its purpose?

Bluff. I do, but—it—it may be a guide for foes, as well as friends.

Diego. Foes! my heart misgives me, I dread to ask—

Bluff. You shall know all, but first—
Diego. Silence!

(Friday *has appeared at the mouth of the Cave*).

Fri. Massa Diego!
Bluff. 'Tis Friday!

MUSIC.—(Diego *has run eagerly to* Friday, *who meets him with great delight, till enquiries are made, when his expression instantly varies, and he describes in action the situation of* Ines *and* Crusoe).

Bluff. (*Observing them*). I say, Blackee! what do you turn up the white of your eyes, and keep bailing out bad luck there for? Be alive, my lad, and smother the flame, quick!

Diego. They are lost, inevitably lost! nothing now can save them.

Bluff. Nothing! you forget, you forget—courage, Captain! do not shame your mother! she has a heart as feeling as your own, but as fearless as your father's! remember how he was saved, how wonderfully found. Never believe the hand that preserved him then, means to desert him now—perhaps at this very moment—

(*The low and lengthened note of a Conch is heard.—The groupe become fixed—at the second sound the Canoes appear*).

Fri. (*With the most extravagant gestures, exclaims*) 'Tis Iglou! 'tis de Carib! (*he runs up the Rock and extinguishes the Fire*).

Bluff. I said it, I was sure on't!

Diego. Yes, I see—I acknowledge the innocent are never friendless.

MUSIC.—(*The dawn has so far advanced, as to make all the objects distinct. The March of the friendly Indians is heard.* Iglou *lands, gives*

a signal of command to the rest, and is welcomed by Friday *and* Diego. Iglou *points to his Warriors, and intimates their intention to stand by him and* Crusoe *to the last*).

The Indians Enter in March—Bluff *looking at them with surprize and satisfaction.*

Bluff. Ecod! they are a set of clean made fellows. I say, Captain, what a pity 'tis they can't abide the smell of gunpowder—if they could but stand fire, we should be a match for a score of such fellows as Windlass.

(Diego *has received the explanation of* Iglou's *plan from* Friday).

Diego. Friday informs me, that Iglou has selected from his tribe, those who, by a slight intercourse with Europeans, have become acquainted with our arms, and the manner of using them.

Bluff. Ay, ay!

Diego. Our method of attack and defence, they meet by stratagems peculiar to themselves, as snares, ambush, and sudden assault.

Bluff. Why, they are at it now.

Diego. Observe!

Music.—(Friday *has been explaining to the Savages the use of his Pistols, persuading them not to be alarmed, &c.*—Iglou *has ordered his people to the Wood, and they are seen lopping down branches with their Tomahawks, each man returning with a bough*—Iglou, *by a signal, causes the Indians to crouch behind their branches, and not one appears in sight.*—Iglou *in front, with his ear to the ground).*

Diego. Some one approaches! 'tis a single step —we must act as occasion justifies.

MUSIC—(Bluff *retires to the Chasm, from which he observes what passes;* Diego, Friday, *and* Iglou *retire to the upper end).*

Enter NIPCHEESE, *tipsy.*

Nip. Oh dear, oh dear! when will all my troubles end? Every thing I do, makes bad, worse. I thought to dispel fear by drinking, instead of that, it makes me see danger double.

(*The Indians move slowly, and form a line behind* Nipcheese, *still concealed by the branches*).

—I can't move an inch without meeting some accommodating body, ready and willing to blow out my brains—it's really very unpleasant. First, I was beset with savages, then nearly buried alive, and presently I suppose, I shall—ey! Now whether my head runs round, or those trees have run round, rot me if I can tell. I have it—this Island is enchanted! I shouldn't be surprized if I am transformed as Crusoe is, and look for all the world like an old *he*-goat on his hinder legs —Lord! what will Mrs. Nipcheese say then! However, I'll hide my jewels in the crannies of that rock, till its time to embark, and then—

(*He approaches the Chasm,* Bluff *starts forward with a Pistol presented*).

Another pistol! don't! don't fire, you'll oblige me exceedingly.

Bluff. Another word, and 'tis your last!

(Nipcheese *makes an effort to get away—the Indians shout and drop their branches*—Nipcheese *falls on his knees*—Diego *and* Friday *starting forward at the same instant, to prevent an attack from* Iglou).

Diego. Tell me instantly the plans of your accomplices.

Nip. I'll tell you every thing, give you every thing, only save me from being roasted, and made a meal of! (*holding out the Case of Jewels, which* Friday *snatches*).

Diego. Where is my mother? Where is Ines and Crusoe?

Nip. In the cave—they'll be here presently.

Diego. And Windlass?

Nip. He'll be here too—you may kill him and welcome!

Diego. What's his intent?

Nip. To make somebody swim to the ship, and tell a parcel of lies to the crew—I was afraid he'd pitch upon me, and having no stomach for water, got out of his way, and tumbled into yours.

Bluff. The ship! well thought on—I'll be before hand with them. They have warped her close in shore, and I can paddle one of the canoes there in the turning of a capstan.

Diego. Right!

Bluff. Give us a shove off, Friday.

(*He gets into* Iglou's *Canoe, and* Friday *pushes it off*).

Diego. Now aid us to protect my father, assist in preserving my mother, and you will save yourself.

Nip. I will, I will, as I'm a sinner, and hope to be saved.

Diego. Do not think we shall lose sight of you; not a word you utter will escape us. If I observe the least attempt at treachery, tho' I perish in the act, that moment is your last!

Nip. You needn't doubt me; I always have an

eye to business, and make it a rule to stick by the strongest.

Diego. When they have brought hither, and secured their prisoners, decoy them from the spot, as you may best be able *(retires).*

[*Music.*]

(Iglou *forms the Indians into separate concealed clusters, resembling clumps of Bushes*—Diego *takes a station near the side*).

Fri. See da! poor Massa Crusoe come!

The Party enter, with CRUSOE *and* INES *bound.*

Wind. Now then, belay them to those trees, while the gunner hails the vessel from the rock. (*He sees* Nipcheese). So, you land-lubber, where have you been skulking?

Nip. Skulking! I've been waiting for you: 'twas no use to hail the ship before it was light, so I amused myself by reading an almanack.

Wind. What, read in the dark, you drunken scoundrel!

Nip. I beg your pardon, I've been sober this five minutes, and the book that I was examining is in large text hand—only look! (*Pointing to the inscription*).

Wind. It's a rum sort o'log book, sure enough! Messmates! What's that writing at the top?

Nip. That's what I can't make out.

(*The Seamen have secured* Crusoe *and* Ines—Swivel *ascends the Rock, and makes signal to the Ship—at the call of* Windlass *the Mutineers come forward*—Iglou *appears, and attempts to cut the cords that confine the Captives—at this moment the Parrot perches on the stump to*

which Crusoe *is bound, and cries,* "Poor Robin, poor Robin Crusoe)."

Wind. Ey! what are you at now! *(Turning on* Nipcheese).

Nip. Me! I never opened my lips—this Island is haunted—and—

Wind. Haunted! pshaw!—none of your nonsense.

(Diego *shews himself, and makes* Crusoe *and* Ines *understand his intention*).

Block. This is the way he kept his reckoning, I suppose!

Wind. We know that well enough; but look aloft, tell us what's on the cross-trees.

Block. "I came, to this, i—s—land—

Wind. Island, you dunce!—"I came to this Island," isn't that it? (*To* Nipcheese).

Nip. Yes, that's plain enough. I don't think you'll leave it though in a hurry.

(*Here the Parrot flies off, and in passing* Friday, *who is on the watch near* Ines, *cries,* "Friday, poor Friday)."

Wind. Again! you blackguard—

Nip. Zounds, don't be so savage—you won't believe me—but if this place isn't bewitched, I'm a Dutchman.

(The Mutineers take a survey of the place, and examine their Captives).

Wind. All right! all's safe!—Go on. (*Advancing again to the Inscription*). What do all these pot-hooks and hangers stand for?

Nip. Let me try again—I can see much clearer than I could just now,—"I came to this Island September 30th, 1659, Robinson Crusoe."

Wind. He has been on this station a plaguy long time then.

Nip. Yes, but I think he has quitted his station by this time.

(During this, the Indians have encompassed the Captives—and slowly moved off with them—still concealed by the boughs).

Swiv. (*From the Rock*). They return the signal,—I see the launch and jolly-boat putting off.

Wind. That's well—be ready.—Ey! 'sdeath and fire! where are the prisoners?

All. The prisoners!

Nip. The prisoners! bless my soul, they are gone, sure enough! And the trees are gone too!

Wind. Pursue instantly!

Swiv. Keep your ground! I see them, they are protected by a swarm of Indians!

Wind. Indians! pshaw! a single shot will disperse a thousand—follow me!

Nip. Follow! Hurra, my boys—hurra!

MUSIC.—(Windlass, *and the whole of the Mutineers rush out).*

—I'll remain here as a corps de reserve. (*Shouting without*). There's work! there's chopping and lopping! If they fire at random, they'll be sure to hit me! By the lord, they're coming back again! *(He runs off).*

MUSIC.—*(The Indians are seen flying before the Mutineers, and pass off.*—Robinson Crusoe *and* Ines *enter, followed by* Windlass—*they combat*—Crusoe, *exhausted, is disarmed*—Ines *arrests the blow of* Windlass, *and a struggle ensues*—Friday *enters, and encounters the Boatswain at the instant* Pariboo *starts forward to revenge himself on* Crusoe—Pariboo *is met by*

Iglou—*they engage each other with Daggers, while* Friday *drives off* Windlass, *&c. During this,* Crusoe *and* Ines *have been secured by Mutineers, and borne off.*—Pariboo *overcomes* Iglou —Friday *runs on at the moment, and throws himself before his Father.*—Iglou *recovers the Dagger which has been wrested from him, and the combat is renewed with ferocity.*—Pariboo *is disarmed, but instantly snatches a Tomahawk from* Iglou, *and is at the point of dispatching him, when* Friday *returns with the Dog, who rushes upon the hostile Chief, and carries off the Weapon.*—Pariboo *flies, is pursued, and driven from the Rock into the Sea by* Iglou.

Diego, Ines, *and* Crusoe, *brought in secured*—Windlass *and the Mutineers fronting them*).

Diego. Perfidious villain!

Wind. You sought our lives! prepare now to lose your own. Comrades, present—fire!

Mut. No, no, no.

Swiv. Leave them to their fate, but spare their lives.

Wind. What! refuse! then my own hand shall—*(Levelling a Pistol).*

Music.—(*The Indians rush on, headed by* Iglou, *and make a defence with their Shields before the Captives*—Friday *at the same moment dashing the Pistol from the hand of* Windlass).

Wind. Now will you assist—

Mut. Ay, ay. *(The Indians shout).*

(*The Mutineers attack, and at the same instant the Crew of the Vessel, headed by* Bluff, *rush forward, cheering*).

Bluff. Now, you damned dogs, we have you.

(*He strikes down the Boatswain, and the Muti-*

neers drop their arms). Joy, Captain, joy! I told you how 'twould be—the crew are true to a man, and the ship's your own again.

Diego. Secure those miscreants till their fate shall be determined.

MUSIC.—(*They form a Procession, and depart*—Iglou, Friday, *and the Indians marching in the front and rear*).

SCENE IV.

A Picturesque View of the sea shore from beneath a shed built by Crusoe.—*The Music still continues*—Iglou *and his Troop march in, and halt at the back of the Scene.*

Enter DIEGO *and* INES, *in great joy, followed by* ROBINSON CRUSOE *between* IGLOU *and* FRIDAY.

Cru. Courageous Chief! and you, my ever faithful Friday!—well have you repaid my service; amply have you proved your gratitude!—In saving you, I have preserved the lives of those, far dearer than my own. (*Embracing* Ines). Now then, collect those memorials I selected, and prepare for my departure; your last act of duty is at length arrived.

MUSIC.—(Friday *starts, trembles, and shews signs of grief*).

I understand—but, remember, I have found a wife and son, you a father!

MUSIC.—(Friday *intimates his affection to his Father, but his wish to follow* Crusoe).

—His heart is with his parent,—his service with his master!—

(Friday *turns from one to the other, and at length drops at the feet of* Crusoe).

—Be happy then, we will never part!—Iglou, you lose him but for a time,—I shall again revisit and reward my benefactors!

Enter BLUFF, *and the* Mutineers, *guarded by the Crew.*

Bluff. Come, my lads, don't look so blank.—After all, it is but hanging, you know, and that can't happen twice in your lives!—They're as mute as stock-fish! pretty fellows for Mutineers, an't you?—I say, Captain, speak a word to 'em.

Cru. Let me pronounce *(To* Diego*)*. Wretched and misguided men, live!—and if you can, live peaceably, learn to appreciate that first of blessings—Liberty!—by enduring in this Island, the fate to which you had devoted others—I leave it you, far different than I found it—you will possess every means of shelter, comfort, and protection!—Endeavour to deserve them, and you may yet be happy!

Enter NIPCHEESE, *as the* Mutineers *go off.*

Bluff. Ah, Master Nipcheese, are you above board yet?

Nip. Yes I am, to my very great astonishment. O, Captain! I hope you'll not leave me in this horrible island. Those rascals forced me into the plot, and if you'll take me once more into favour, you shall find me as honest a steward as ever had charge of a bread-room.

Bluff. He's chip in porridge, Captain, neither good nor harm: I'll answer for him, he'll never get into this scrape willingly.

Diego. Well, I forgive him.

Nip. Do you? Bless you! I shall be a man of business again. O, Mr. Friday, there are all your brothers and sisters arrived, come, I suppose, in search of your honour'd papa. Never saw so large a family in my life!

Cru. Away, Friday, and receive them. Collect the memorials I wish to preserve, and, then, all hands aboard.

[*Music.*]

(The various articles belonging to Crusoe, *affixed to branches, are borne by the Indians, still under the direction of* Iglou. *His Quadrant, Compass, Telescope, Journal, &c.* Friday *carries the Umbrella, with the Parrot perched on it—a kind of Car formed by the Indians, with a canopy of leaves, is mounted by* Crusoe *with his Dog;* Diego *and* Ines *at each side, and the whole pass off in Procession).*

The following Round sung during the Procession:

Give the word,
Let's aboard!
Every heart be jolly!
Danger o'er,
Sigh no more,
Banish melancholy!

Man the boat,
Once afloat,
Let the can go round, boys;
Toddy swig,
Dance a jig,
We are homeward bound, boys!

Give the word,
&c. &c.

SCENE THE LAST.

[*Music*].

The Ship lying at anchor near the Shore, surrounded with Canoes—On the left the exterior of the Shed, overhung by Rocks.—Crusoe, Diego, Ines, *and* Friday, *discovered seated near the side—the Stage filled by the Friendly Indians*—Iglou *prostrates himself to* Crusoe, *and presents a branch of the Palm, intimating his desire that* Crusoe *should witness a Festival in honour of their friendly compact.*

A Ballet is then performed by three Quadroon Girls decorated with Feathers, &c.—Iglou *and the rest occasionally bearing part*—Antikoo *next appears, and performs various feats of activity peculiar to the Caribs; at the conclusion, a Gun is fired from the Vessel—the Party rise, take leave of* Iglou, *and depart. —The Groupe prostrate themselves towards the Vessel at the report of the Gun—the Boat is seen rowing to the Ship—the Sails are set, and the distant voices of the Crew singing the Round, are heard as on board the Vessel, and sinking on the ear, as the receding Vessel diminishes to the sight.—Tableau.*

THE END.

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